A BOOK OF BRAVE DEEDS

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THIRD EDITION

REVISED IN CONFERENCE BY

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
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VAN DYKE, NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

TWENTY VOLUMES *RICHLY ILLUSTRATED*

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BRAVE DEEDS

EDITED BY

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE

VOLUME X.

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DARING AND DOING

BY

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

"Verily, good deeds
Do no imperishable record find
Save in the rolls of heaven, where *hers* may live
A theme for angels, when they celebrate
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth
Has witnessed."

So wrote Wordsworth in his lines on Grace Darling, whose heroic conduct made her name so famous sixty years ago, and whose story illustrates the neglect of which the poet complains. It was in the mouths of English-speaking people everywhere, at the time when he celebrated it in his verse; "it was echoed with applause amongst all ranks," not only in her own country, but I remember hearing it when a boy on the wild shores of Lake Ontario. Who of the rising generation knows anything of Grace Darling's exploit, — who except the readers of Wordsworth's poetry?

When Byron was at Seville the Maid of Zaragoza could be seen walking daily on the Prado, "decorated

with medals and orders by command of the Junta;" and he gave her fame to the world.

> "Her lover sinks — she sheds no ill-timed tear;
> Her chief is slain — she fills his fatal post;
> Her fellows flee — she chides their base career;
> The foe retires — she heads the sallying host."

Ask in any company of young people to-day, who of them ever heard of the Maid of Zaragoza or read of her in "Childe Harold," and how many will reply? The heroism of Grace Darling yet lives in the traditions of the dangerous Northumberland coast, and the pride of Spain still keeps alive the memory of the Maid Agostina; and their stories are now and then retold in books of daring exploits, with others as famous, or as deserving of fame. It is the aim of this volume to revive for a new generation of readers some of the best-known of these Brave Deeds, and to rescue yet a few more from the fate of the numberless unknown acts of courage and self-sacrifice which find, not only "no imperishable record," but no record at all, in this "forgetful earth."

Forgetful indeed it is; yet how dazzled we are, how we delight to laud the lightning-like deed which leaps forth when courage and occasion meet! It may seem the result of chance; but the poltroon evades such chances; the feeble heart shrinks and lets them pass by. How would *we* meet them? is the question the young ask themselves, too often with self-distrust.

Among the most impressive things I remember reading in school was the story of Thermopylæ in our Historical Reader; a narrative which I read or heard read in class perhaps a score of times, but always with wondering interest, as I pictured Leonidas and his little band devoting themselves to certain death, to check the invading Persian host in that narrow pass. To this day the marvel and the glory of it rekindle in my memory, as in my boyish imagination I still see the three hundred Spartans combing their long, flowing hair, as was their custom before a battle, and then, when the incredulous Xerxes hurled his legions against them, literally choking the pass with heaps of the enemy's dead. And well I remember the tormenting question, — Were I a man, what would *I* do, called upon thus to defend my country and kindred with my life? How glorious to have been one of the immortal three hundred! But my bosom was haunted with the fear that I might have chosen the ignominious part of the one Spartan who ran away, to be shunned as a pestilence by his people during the remainder of the life he had so basely saved. My sympathies were always with this despised traitor and coward, while his fate was a lesson I hoped I might never forget.

"Though faith repine and reason chafe,
There comes a Voice without reply, —
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

Another scene that I lived over and over in that old Historical Reader, which so many inferior Readers have since replaced, was that most thrilling one where the six foremost men of Calais went forth to deliver the keys of their city to the conqueror Edward, and were led before him with halters about their necks, offering their own persons to his vengeance, to purchase pardon for the rest of those whom war and famine had spared during the siege they had so obstinately prolonged. I trembled for them at each re-reading, although I knew so well how the tale was to end; and tears would get into my voice if it came my turn to read of the good Queen Philippa's intercession for them, on her knees, before her obdurate lord. The tale is re-told in the pages that follow; and youthful readers will again ask their own hearts how they would have felt in the plight of those six burghers, and whether there are such wholly noble souls in modern times.

Perhaps the finest use of a brave deed is to teach us that this, too, is a heroic age, and that the highest possibilities of mankind exist in the race to-day. What is it that thrills us in the story of Horatius but something of Horatius beating in our own hearts? Our pulse leaps with the gallop of the Six Hundred riding into the Valley of Death at Balaklava, because, under whatever hindrances or pettinesses of this commonplace life, there exists the same devotion which animated

them, and which the right occasion might call out. Long after the Revolutionary War, our forefathers in that struggle were lauded as if there were no longer any such men on earth. Then came our great Civil War, showing that we were a nation of heroes; and, later, the war with Spain, demonstrating that the breed is never extinct. Between the exploit of young Decatur and his gallant band, sailing by night into the harbor of Tripoli, recapturing the frigate Philadelphia in a hand-to-hand fight, and burning her in the midst of the enemy's fleet, and that of Hobson and his volunteers, sinking the Merrimac under the batteries below Santiago, — between the former deed, at the beginning of the century, and the latter, near its close, there is the gulf of years; but the daring of the doers is the same.

Courage is often a matter of habit and temperament, and cowardice mere excess of imagination. A man who has faced danger as he would go to a feast, may feel his knees shake under him and his voice stick in his throat, when forced to stand before an audience to acknowledge the honors bestowed upon him by his admirers. He would dispense with the honors rather than pay that price. The young lawyer who breaks down in his first address to the court, does so, very likely, not because of any flaw in his character, but because of that very quality of imaginative nervousness which will insure him success when controlled

and converted into power. The schoolboy whose voice trembles and memory fails when he gets up to speak his piece, may have in him the making of a higher order of orator than the one who goes through his part with unruffled stolidity.

I have read somewhere a story of a boy soldier in the trenches of El Caney, who at the first sound of the enemy's guns and of the singing bullets fell flat on his face, in terror so abject that neither taunts nor kicks from his comrades could rouse any manhood in him. He was seen there by General Chaffee, the officer in command, who ordered him to get up and fight.

"I can't!" he whimpered.

"Shot?"

"No; I'm scared!"

"A fine soldier!" said the general. Then, seeing what a mere boy he was, he took him kindly by the shoulder, and said, "There isn't so much danger as you think. Get up and take your gun, and I'll stand by you."

The boy got up, white and shaking, and fired his first shot high in the air.

"Keep cool! and try again!" said the general encouragingly; and in three minutes, said the narrative, "that kid was fighting like a veteran." The story may be of doubtful authenticity, but it illustrates a truth of our curiously complex human nature.

Opportunities for the display of heroic qualities

in warfare, are becoming more and more rare; and let us devoutly hope that the new century will see less and less of them, until they cease altogether. But occasions for brave conduct in daily life will never cease. Constantly we hear or read of some rescue at sea, or from a burning house, or in the horror attending a mine explosion, where the rudest men cheerfully risk their own lives to save their fellows.

Our records in the following pages show that women and young girls are as capable of noble deeds as youths and men. Such deeds often depend less upon mere valor and physical strength, than upon a quick perception of what should be done in desperate emergencies and a readiness to do it, — qualities often possessed by women in the highest degree. The mother who saved the lives of her children by catching the head of a mad dog in the folds of her skirt, and holding it muffled between her knees until his pursuers came up, did what no unarmed man could have done better, if as well. Then there is the other story told by Dr. John Brown in his "Spare Hours," of a slight and delicate woman who on going to her room one night with a candle saw a man's foot under the bed. She made no outcry, but setting down the candle, exclaimed aloud, "I've forgotten that key again, I declare!" then, leaving the candle burning and the door open, went deliberately downstairs, got the watchman, and entrapped the burglar. Not only is woman not deficient in heroism

of this sort, but in the more commonplace, but no less noble kind, — in patient endurance, and in acts of self-sacrifice seldom rewarded and so often unrecognized, — she is the superior of man.

No act, however bold, if bad in itself, or prompted by a base motive, can be deemed a brave deed. The assassin who takes the life of a great and good man may astound the nations by a single desperate stroke; but he gains no credit for courage, while all the world shudders at the enormity of his crime. Not even the bravery and patriotism of Charlotte Corday, nor all the blood-thirsty cruelties of her infamous victim, can veil to our eyes the crimson stain her own hand left upon her name.

Not unto all of us is it given to perform the dazzling act, but the celebration of such acts in others may inspire us to postpone our own ease and pleasure for the sake of those to whom we owe love and service, and to meet all the ills of life with cheerful courage.

"When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must!'
The youth replies, 'I can!'"

It is to fan in us this noble fire that these records of Brave Deeds are to be preserved. It matters little to the doers that we remember and applaud them, but it matters much to us. We need their example more than they need our praise.

John Townsend Trowbridge.

HORATIUS

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.

(From Lays of Ancient Rome.)

By LORD MACAULAY.

I.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome!

III.

The horseman and the footman
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place;
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

IV.

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

V.

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
  Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
  Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
  Is to the herdsmen dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
  The great Volsinian mere.

VII.

But now no stroke of woodman
  Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
  Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
  Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water fowl may dip
  In the Volsinian mere.

VIII.

The harvests of Arretium,
  This year, old men shall reap,
This year, young boys in Umbro
  Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
  This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
  Whose sires have marched to Rome.

IX.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

X.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

XI.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten:
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

XII.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

XIV.

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves.

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

XVII.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

XVIII.

I wis' in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

XIX.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the council roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town."

XX.

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here!"
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium

On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the four-fold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

XXV.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.

"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

XXVII.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods,

XXVIII.

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

XXIX.

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.

In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

XXXI.

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:

Then lands were fairly portioned;
  Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
  In the brave days of old.

XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman
  More hateful than a foe;
And the Tribunes beard the high,
  And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
  In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
  In the brave days of old.

XXXIV.

Now while the Three were tightening
  Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
  To take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
  Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
  And loosed the props below.

XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
  Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
  Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

XXXVII.

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns:
Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,

From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice-accursed sail."

XLI.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

XLII.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.

Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.

Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

XLIX.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:

And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

L.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

LI.

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud,
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

LII.

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

LIV

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

LV.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream.
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

LVIII.

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

LIX.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

LXIII.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

LXVI.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

LXVIII.

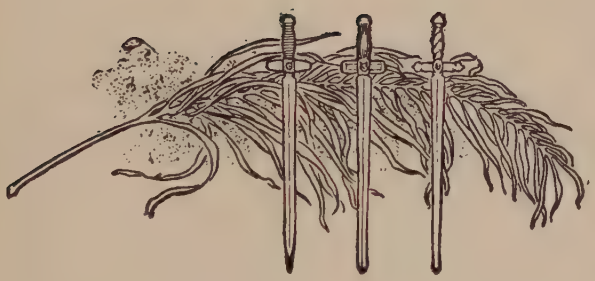
And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

LXX.

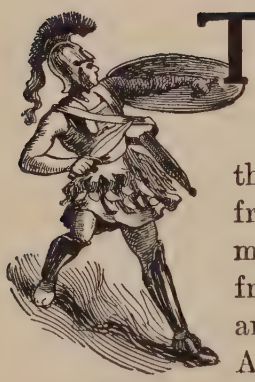
When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.



THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ

(From A Book of Golden Deeds.)

By C. M. YONGE.



Greek Warrior.

THERE was trembling in Greece. "The Great King," as the Greeks called the chief potentate of the East, whose domains stretched from the Indian Caucasus to the Ægæus, from the Caspian to the Red Sea, was marshalling his forces against the little free states that nestled amid the rocks and gulfs of the Eastern Mediterranean. Already had his might devoured the cherished colonies of the Greeks on the eastern shore of the Archipelago, and every traitor to home institutions found a ready asylum at that despotic court, and tried to revenge his own wrongs by whispering incitements to invasion. "All people, nations, and languages," was the commencement of the decrees of that monarch's court; and it was scarcely a vain boast, for his satraps ruled over subject kingdoms, and among his tributary nations he counted the Chaldean, with his learning and old civilization, the wise and steadfast Jew, the skilful Phœnician, the learned Egyptian, the wild freebooting Arab

of the desert, the dark-skinned Ethiopian, and over all these ruled the keen-witted, active native Persian race, the conquerors of all the rest, and led by a chosen band proudly called the Immortals. His many capitals — Babylon the great, Susa, Persepolis, and the like — were names of dreamy splendor to the Greeks, described now and then by Ionians from Asia Minor who had carried their tribute to the king's own feet, or by courtier slaves who had escaped with difficulty from being all too serviceable at the tyrannic court. And the lord of this enormous empire was about to launch his countless host against the little cluster of states, the whole of which together would hardly equal one province of the huge Asiatic realm! Moreover, it was a war not only on the men but on their gods. The Persians were zealous adorers of the sun and of fire, they abhorred the idol-worship of the Greeks, and defiled and plundered every temple that fell in their way. Death and desolation were almost the best that could be looked for at such hands — slavery and torture from cruelly barbarous masters would only too surely be the lot of numbers, should their land fall a prey to the conquerors.

True it was that ten years back the former Great King had sent his best troops to be signally defeated upon the coast of Attica; but the losses at Marathon had but stimulated the Persian lust of conquest, and the new King Xerxes was gathering together such myriads of men as should crush down the Greeks and overrun their country by mere force of numbers.

The muster place was at Sardis, and there Greek spies had seen the multitudes assembling and the state and magnificence of the king's attendants. Envoys

had come from him to demand earth and water from each state in Greece, as emblems that land and sea were his; but each state was resolved to be free, and only Thessaly, that which lay first in his path, consented to yield the token of subjugation. A council was held at the Isthmus of Corinth, and attended by deputies from all the states of Greece to consider of the best means of defence. The ships of the enemy would coast round the shores of the Ægean Sea, the land army would cross the Hellespont on a bridge of boats lashed together, and march southwards into Greece. The only hope of averting the danger lay in defending such passages as, from the nature of the ground, were so narrow that only a few persons could fight hand to hand at once, so that courage would be of more avail than numbers.

The first of these passes was called Tempe, and a body of troops was sent to guard it; but they found that this was useless and impossible, and came back again. The next was at Thermopylæ. Look in your map of the Archipelago, or Ægean Sea, as it was then called, for the great island of Negropont, or by its old name, Eubœa. It looks like a piece broken off from the coast, and to the north is shaped like the head of a bird, with the beak running into a gulf, that would fit over it, upon the mainland, and between the island and the coast is an exceedingly narrow strait. The Persian army would have to march round the edge of the gulf. They could not cut straight across the country, because the ridge of mountains called Œta rose up and barred their way. Indeed, the woods, rocks, and precipices came down so near the seashore, that in two

places there was only room for one single wheel track between the steeps and the impassable morass that formed the border of the gulf on its south side. These two very narrow places were called the gates of the pass, and were about a mile apart. There was a little more width left in the intervening space; but in this there were a number of springs of warm mineral water, salt and sulphurous, which were used for the sick to bathe in, and thus the place was called Thermopylæ, or the Hot Gates. A wall had once been built across the westernmost of these narrow places, when the Thessalians and Phocians, who lived on either side of it, had been at war with one another; but it had been allowed to go to decay, since the Phocians had found out that there was a very steep narrow mountain path along the bed of a torrent, by which it was possible to cross from one territory to the other without going round this marshy coast road.

This was, therefore, an excellent place to defend. The Greek ships were all drawn up on the further side of Eubœa to prevent the Persian vessels from getting into the strait and landing men beyond the pass, and a division of the army was sent off to guard the Hot Gates. The council at the Isthmus did not know of the mountain pathway, and thought that all would be safe as long as the Persians were kept out of the coast path.

The troops sent for this purpose were from different cities, and amounted to about four thousand, who were to keep the pass against two millions. The leader of them was Leonidas, who had newly become one of the two kings of Sparta, the city that above all in Greece

trained its sons to be hardy soldiers, dreading death infinitely less than shame. Leonidas had already made up his mind that the expedition would probably be his death, perhaps because a prophecy had been given at the Temple at Delphi that Sparta should be saved by the death of one of her kings of the race of Hercules. He was allowed by law to take with him three hundred men, and these he chose most carefully, not merely for their strength and courage, but selecting those who had sons, so that no family might be altogether destroyed. These Spartans, with their helots or slaves, made up his own share of the numbers, but all the army was under his generalship. It is even said that the three hundred celebrated their own funeral rites before they set out, lest they should be deprived of them by the enemy, since, as we have already seen, it was the Greek belief that the spirits of the dead found no rest till their obsequies had been performed. Such preparations did not daunt the spirits of Leonidas and his men, and his wife, Gorgo, was not a woman to be faint-hearted or hold him back. Long before, when she was a very little girl, a word of hers had saved her father from listening to a traitorous message from the King of Persia; and every Spartan lady was bred up to be able to say to those she best loved that they must come home from battle "with the shield or on it"—either carrying it victoriously or borne upon it as a corpse.

When Leonidas came to Thermopylæ, the Phocians told him of the mountain path through the chestnut woods of Mount Œta, and begged to have the privilege of guarding it on a spot high up on the mountain side, assuring him that it was very hard to find at the other

end, and that there was every probability that the enemy would never discover it. He consented, and encamping around the warm springs, caused the broken wall to be repaired, and made ready to meet the foe.

The Persian army were seen covering the whole country like locusts, and the hearts of some of the southern Greeks in the pass began to sink. Their homes in the Peloponnesus were comparatively secure—had they not better fall back and reserve themselves to defend the Isthmus of Corinth? But Leonidas, though Sparta was safe below the Isthmus, had no intention of abandoning his northern allies, and kept the other Peloponnesians to their posts, only sending messengers for further help.

Presently a Persian on horseback rode up to reconnoitre the pass. He could not see over the wall, but in front of it and on the ramparts, he saw the Spartans, some of them engaged in active sports, and others in combing their long hair. He rode back to the king, and told him what he had seen. Now Xerxes had in his camp an exiled Spartan Prince, named Demaratus, who had become a traitor to his country, and was serving as counsellor to the enemy. Xerxes sent for him, and asked whether his countrymen were mad to be thus employed instead of fleeing away; but Demaratus made answer that a hard fight was no doubt in preparation, and that it was the custom of the Spartans to array their hair with especial care when they were about to enter upon any great peril. Xerxes would, however, not believe that so petty a force could intend to resist him, and waited four days, probably expecting his fleet to assist him, but as it did not appear, the attack was made.

The Greeks, stronger men and more heavily armed, were far better able to fight to advantage than the Persians with their short spears and wicker shields, and beat them off with great ease. It is said that Xerxes three times leapt off his throne in despair at the sight of his troops being driven backwards; and thus for two days it seemed as easy to force a way through the Spartans as through the rocks themselves. Nay, how could slavish troops, dragged from home to spread the victories of an ambitious king, fight like freemen who felt that their strokes were to defend their homes and children?

But on that evening a wretched man, named Ephialtes, crept into the Persian camp, and offered, for a great sum of money, to show the mountain path that would enable the enemy to take the brave defenders in the rear! A Persian general, named Hydarnes, was sent off at night-fall with a detachment to secure this passage, and was guided through the thick forests that clothed the hill-side. In the stillness of the air at day-break, the Phocian guides of the path were startled by the crackling of the chestnut leaves under the tread of many feet. They started up, but a shower of arrows was discharged on them, and forgetting all save the present alarm, they fled to a higher part of the mountain, and the enemy, without waiting to pursue them, began to descend.

As day dawned, morning light showed the watchers of the Grecian camp below a glittering and shimmering in the torrent bed where the shaggy forests opened; but it was not the sparkle of water, but the shine of gilded helmets and the gleaming of silvered spears! Moreover, a Cimmerian crept over to the wall from the

Persian camp with tidings that the path had been betrayed, that the enemy were climbing it, and would come down beyond the Eastern Gate. Still, the way was rugged and circuitous, the Persians would hardly descend before midday, and there was ample time for the Greeks to escape before they could thus be shut in by the enemy.

There was a short council held over the morning sacrifice. Megistias, the seer, on inspecting the entrails of the slain victim, declared, as well he might, that their appearance boded disaster. Him Leonidas ordered to retire, but he refused, though he sent home his only son. There was no disgrace to an ordinary tone of mind in leaving a post that could not be held, and Leonidas recommended all the allied troops under his command to march away while yet the way was open. As to himself and his Spartans, they had made up their mind to die at their post, and there could be no doubt that the example of such a resolution would do more to save Greece than their best efforts could ever do if they were careful to reserve themselves for another occasion.

All the allies consented to retreat, except the eighty men who came from Mycæne and the seven hundred Thespians, who declared that they would not desert Leonidas. There were also four hundred Thebans who remained; and thus the whole number that stayed with Leonidas to confront two million of enemies were fourteen hundred warriors, besides the helots or attendants on the three hundred Spartans, whose number is not known, but there was probably at least one to each. Leonidas had two kinsmen in the camp, like himself,

claiming the blood of Hercules, and he tried to save them by giving them letters and messages to Sparta; but the one answered that he "had come to fight, not to carry letters;" and the other, that "his deeds would tell all that Sparta wished to know." Another Spartan, named Dienices, when told that the enemy's archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the sun, replied, "So much the better, we shall fight in the shade." Two of the three hundred had been sent to a neighboring village, suffering severely from a complaint in the eyes. One of them called Eurytus, put on his armor, and commanded his helot to lead him to his place in the ranks; the other called Aristodemus, was so overpowered with illness that he allowed himself to be carried away with the retreating allies. It was still early in the day when all were gone, and Leonidas gave the word to his men to take their last meal. "To-night," he said, "we shall sup with Pluto."

Hitherto, he had stood on the defensive, and had husbanded the lives of his men; but he now desired to make as great a slaughter as possible, so as to inspire the enemy with dread of the Grecian name. He therefore marched out beyond the wall, without waiting to be attacked, and the battle began. The Persian captains went behind their wretched troops and scourged them on to the fight with whips! Poor wretches, they were driven on to be slaughtered, pierced with the Greek spears, hurled into the sea, or trampled into the mud of the morass; but their inexhaustible numbers told at length. The spears of the Greeks broke under hard service, and their swords alone remained; they began to fall, and Leonidas himself was among the first

"The Small Desperate Band Stood Side by Side
Fighting to the Last"

of the slain. Hotter than ever was the fight over his corpse, and two Persian princes, brothers of Xerxes, were there killed; but at length word was brought that Hydarnes was over the pass, and that the few remaining men were thus enclosed on all sides. The Spartans and Thespians made their way to a little hillock within the wall, resolved to let this be the place of their last stand; but the hearts of the Thebans failed them, and they came towards the Persians holding out their hands in entreaty for mercy. Quarter was given to them, but they were all branded with the king's mark as untrustworthy deserters. The helots probably at this time escaped into the mountains; while the small desperate band stood side by side on the hill still fighting to the last, some with swords, others with daggers, others even with their hands and teeth, till not one living man remained amongst them when the sun went down. There was only a mound of slain, bristled over with arrows.

Twenty thousand Persians had died before that handful of men! Xerxes asked Demaratus if there were many more at Sparta like these, and was told there were eight thousand. It must have been with a somewhat failing heart that he invited his courtiers from the fleet to see what he had done to the men who dared to oppose him! and showed them the head and arm of Leonidas set up upon a cross; but he took care that all his own slain, except a thousand, should first be put out of sight. The body of the brave king was buried where he fell, as were those of the other dead. Much envied were they by the unhappy Aristodemus, who found himself called by no name but the "Coward,"

and was shunned by all his fellow-citizens. No one would give him fire or water, and after a year of misery, he redeemed his honor by perishing in the forefront of the battle of Platæa, which was the last blow that drove the Persians ingloriously from Greece.

The Greeks then united in doing honor to the brave warriors who, had they been better supported, might have saved the whole country from invasion. The poet Simonides wrote the inscriptions that were engraved upon the pillars that were set up in the pass to commemorate this great action. One was outside the wall, where most of the fighting had been. It seems to have been in honor of the whole number who had for two days resisted —

> "Here did four thousand men from Pelops' land
> Against three hundred myriads bravely stand."

In honor of the Spartans was another column —

> "Go, traveller, to Sparta tell
> That here, obeying her, we fell."

On the little hillock of the last resistance was placed the figure of a stone lion, in memory of Leonidas, so fitly named the lion-like, and Simonides, at his own expense, erected a pillar to his friend, the seer Megistias —

> "The great Megistias' tomb you here may view,
> Who slew the Medes, fresh from Spercheius fords;
> Well the wise seer the coming death foreknew,
> Yet scorn'd he to forsake his Spartan lords."

The names of the three hundred were likewise engraven on a pillar at Sparta.

Lion, pillars, and inscriptions have all long since passed away, even the very spot itself has changed; new soil has been formed, and there are miles of solid ground between Mount Œta and the gulf, so that the Hot Gates no longer exist. But more enduring than stone or brass — nay, than the very battle-field itself — has been the name of Leonidas. Two thousand three hundred years have sped since he braced himself to perish for his country's sake in that narrow, marshy coast road, under the brow of the wooded crags, with the sea by his side. Since that time how many hearts have glowed, how many arms have been nerved at the remembrance of the Pass of Thermopylæ, and the defeat that was worth so much more than a victory.

HOW PLINY THE YOUNGER SAVED HIS MOTHER FROM THE DANGER OF VESUVIUS.

From His Letter to Tacitus.

DURING all this time my mother and I continued at Misenum, my uncle having left us; I spent such time as was left on my studies (it was on their account indeed that I had stopped behind) till it was time for my bath. After which I went to supper and then fell into a short and uneasy sleep. There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth, which did not alarm us much, as this is quite an ordinary occurrence in Campania; but it was so particularly violent that night that it not only shook, but actually overturned, as it would seem, everything about us. My mother rushed into my chamber, where she found me rising in order to awaken her. We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea. As I was

at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behavior, in this dangerous juncture, courage or folly; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if I had been perfectly at my leisure.

Just then a friend of my uncle's, who had lately come to him from Spain, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, reproved her for her calmness, and me at the same time for my careless security; nevertheless I went on with my author. Though it was now morning, the light was still exceedingly faint and doubtful; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined — there was no remaining without imminent danger — we therefore resolved to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us, and (as to a mind distracted with terror every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed on us in dense array to drive us forward as we came out. Being at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots, which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated

Pliny and His Mother.

backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud, broken with rapid, zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame; these last were like sheet-lightning, but much larger. Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great energy and urgency: "If your brother," he said, "if your uncle be safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him: why, therefore, do you delay your escape a moment?" We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his.

Upon this our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterwards the cloud began to descend and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capreæ and the promontory of Misenum. My mother now besought, urged, even commanded me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however, she would willingly meet death if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine.

But I absolutely refused to leave her, and, taking her by the hand, compelled her to go with me. She com-

plied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I looked back; a dense mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the high-road," I said, "while we can still see, for fear that, should we fall in the road, we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowds that are following us." We had scarcely sat down when night came upon us, not such as we have when the sky is cloudy, or when there is no moon, but that of a room when it is shut up and all the lights put out

You might hear the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the shouts of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and seeking to recognize each other by the voices that replied; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world. Among these there were some who augmented the real terrors by others imaginary or wilfully invented. I remember some who declared that one part of Misenum had fallen, that another was on fire; it was false, but they found people to believe them.

It now grew rather lighter, which we imagined to be the forerunner of an approaching burst rather of flames (as in truth it was) than the return of day; however, the fire fell at a distance from us; then again

we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to stand up to shake off, otherwise, we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast that during all this scene of horror not a sign or expression of fear escaped me, had not my support been grounded in that miserable though mighty consolation that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I was perishing with the world itself.

At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud or smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun shone out, though with a lurid light, like when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered deep with ashes, as if with snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear, though indeed with a much larger share of the latter; for the earthquake still continued, while many frenzied persons ran up and down, heightening their own and their friends' calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place till we could receive some news of my uncle.

THE ROCK OF THE CAPITOL

(From A Book of Golden Deeds.)

By C. M. YONGE.

Gaulish Warrior.

THE city of Rome was gradually rising on the banks of the Tiber, and every year was adding to its temples and public buildings.

Every citizen loved his city and her greatness above all else. There was as yet little wealth among them; the richest owned little more than a few acres, which they cultivated themselves by the help of their families, and sometimes of a few slaves, and the beautiful Campagna di Roma, girt in by hills looking like amethysts in the distance, had not then become almost uninhabitable from pestilential air, but was rich and fertile, full of highly cultivated small farms, where corn was raised in furrows made by a small hand plough, and herds of sheep, goats, and oxen browsed in the pasture lands. The owners of these lands would on public days take off their rude working-dress and broad-brimmed straw hat, and putting on the white toga with a purple hem, would enter

the city, and go to the valley called the Forum or Market-place to give their votes for the officers of state who were elected every year; especially the two consuls, who were like kings all but the crown, wore purple togas richly embroidered, sat on ivory chairs, and were followed by lictors carrying an axe in a bundle of rods for the execution of justice. In their own chamber sat the Senate, the great council composed of the patricians, or citizens of highest birth, and of those who had formerly been consuls. They decided on peace or war, and made the laws, and were the real governors of the state, and their grave dignity made a great impression on all who came near them. Above the buildings of the city rose steep and high the Capitoline Hill, with the Temple of Jupiter on its summit, and the strong wall in which was the chief stronghold and citadel of Rome, the Capitol, the very centre of her strength and resolution. When a war was decided on, every citizen capable of bearing arms was called into the Forum, bringing his helmet, breastplate, short sword and heavy spear, and the officers, called tribunes, chose out a sufficient number, who were formed into bodies called legions, and marched to battle under the command of one of the consuls. Many little States or Italian tribes, who had nearly the same customs as Rome, surrounded the Campagna; and so many disputes arose, that every year, as soon as the crops were saved, the armies marched out, the flocks were driven to folds on the hills, the women and children were placed in the walled cities, and a battle was fought, sometimes followed up by the siege of the city of the defeated. The Romans did not always obtain the victory, but there was a

staunchness about them that was sure to prevail in the long run; if beaten one year, they came back to the charge the next, and thus they gradually mastered one of their neighbors after another, and spread their dominion over the central part of Italy.

They were well used to Italian and Etruscan ways of making war; but after nearly four hundred years of this kind of fighting, a stranger and wilder enemy came upon them. These were the Gauls, a tall, strong, brave people, long limbed and red haired, of the same race as the Highlanders of Scotland. They had gradually spread themselves over the middle of Europe, and had for some generations past lived among the Alpine mountains, whence they used to come down upon the rich plains of northern Italy for forays, in which they slew and burnt, and drove off cattle, and now and then, when a country was quite depopulated, would settle themselves in it. And thus, the Gauls conquering from the north and the Romans from the south, these two fierce nations at length came against one another.

The old Roman story is that it happened thus: The Gauls had an unusually able leader, whom Latin historians call Brennus, but whose real name was most likely Bran, and who is said to have come out of Britain. He had brought a great host of Gauls to attack Clusium, a Tuscan city, and the inhabitants sent to Rome to entreat succor. Three ambassadors, brothers of the noble old family of Fabius, were sent from Rome to intercede for the Clusians. They asked Brennus what harm the men of Clusium had done the Gauls, that they thus made war on them, and, according to Plutarch's account, Brennus made answer that the injury

was that the Clusians possessed land that the Gauls wanted, remarking, that it was exactly the way in which the Romans themselves treated their neighbors, adding, however, that this was neither cruel nor unjust, but according —

> "To the good old plan
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."[1]

The Fabii, on receiving this answer, were so foolish as to transgress the rule, owned even by the savage Gauls, that an ambassador should neither fight nor be fought with; they joined the Clusians, and one brother, named Quintus, killed a remarkably large and tall Gallic chief in single combat. Brennus was justly enraged, and sent messengers to Rome to demand that the brothers should be given up to him for punishment. The priests and many of the Senate held that the rash young men had deserved death as covenant-breakers; but their father made strong interest for them, and prevailed not only to have them spared, but even chosen as tribunes to lead the legions in the war that was expected.[2] Thus he persuaded the whole nation to take on itself the guilt of his sons, a want of true self-devotion uncommon among the old Romans, and which was severely punished.

The Gauls were much enraged, and hurried southwards, not waiting for plunder by the way, but declaring that they were friends to every State save Rome. The

[1] These lines of Wordsworth's on Rob Roy's grave almost literally translate the speech Plutarch gives the first Kelt of history, Brennus.

[2] These events happened during an experiment made by the Romans of having six military tribunes instead of consuls.

Romans on their side collected their troops in haste, but with a lurking sense of having transgressed; and since they had gainsaid the counsel of their priests, they durst not have recourse to the sacrifices and ceremonies by which they usually sought to gain the favor of their gods. Even among heathens, the saying has often been verified, "a sinful heart makes failing hand," and the battle on the banks of the river Allia, about eleven miles from Rome, was not so much a fight as a rout. The Roman soldiers were ill drawn up, and were at once broken. Some fled to Veii and other towns, many were drowned in crossing the Tiber, and it was but a few who showed in Rome their shame-stricken faces, and brought word that the Gauls were upon them.

Had the Gauls been really in pursuit, the Roman name and nation would have perished under their swords; but they spent three days in feasting and sharing their plunder, and thus gave the Romans time to take measures for the safety of such as could yet escape. There seems to have been no notion of defending the city, the soldiers had been too much dispersed; but all who still remained and could call up something of their ordinary courage, carried all the provisions they could collect into the stronghold of the Capitol, and resolved to hold out there till the last, in hopes that the scattered army might muster again, or that the Gauls might retreat, after having revenged themselves on the city. Every one who could not fight, took flight, taking with them all they could carry, and among them went the white-clad troop of vestal virgins, carrying with them their censer of fire, which was esteemed sacred, and never allowed to be extinguished. A man

named Albinus, who saw these sacred women footsore, weary, and weighed down with the treasures of their temple, removed his own family and goods from his cart and seated them in it — an act of reverence for which he was much esteemed — and thus they safely reached the city of Cumæ. The only persons left in Rome outside the Capitol were eighty of the oldest senators and some of the priests. Some were too feeble to fly, and would not come into the Capitol to consume the food that might maintain fighting men; but most of them were filled with a deep, solemn thought that, by offering themselves to the weapons of the barbarians, they might atone for the sin sanctioned by the Republic, and that their death might be the saving of the nation. This notion that the death of a ruler would expiate a country's guilt, was one of the strange presages abroad in the heathen world of that which alone takes away the sin of all mankind.

On came the Gauls at last. The gates stood open, the streets were silent, the houses' low-browed doors showed no one in the paved courts. No living man was to be seen, till at last, hurrying down the steep empty streets, they reached the great open space of the Forum, and there they stood still in amazement, for ranged along a gallery was a row of ivory chairs, and in each chair sat the figure of a white-haired, white-bearded man, with arms and legs bare, and robes either of snowy white, white bordered with purple, or purple richly embroidered, ivory staves in their hands, and majestic, unmoved countenances. So motionless were they, that the Gauls stood still, not knowing whether they beheld men or statues. A wondrous scene it

must have been, as the brawny, red-haired Gauls, with freckled visage, keen little eyes, long broad sword, and wide plaid garment, fashioned into loose trousers, came curiously down into the market-place, one after another;

Stood Silent and Transfixed at the Spectacle of this Grand Figure.

and each stood silent and transfixed at the spectacle of those grand figures, still unmoving, save that their large full liquid dark eyes showed them to be living beings. Surely these Gauls deemed themselves in the

presence of that council of kings who were sometimes supposed to govern Rome, nay, if they were not before the gods themselves. At last, one Gaul, ruder, or more curious than the rest, came up to one of the venerable figures, and, to make proof whether he were flesh and blood, stroked his beard. Such an insult from an uncouth barbarian was more than Roman blood could brook, and the Gaul soon had his doubt satisfied by a sharp blow on the head from the ivory staff. All reverence was dispelled by that stroke; it was at once returned by a death thrust, and the fury of the savages wakening in proportion to the awe that had at first struck them, they rushed on the old senators, and slew each one in his curule chair.

Then they dispersed through the city, burning, plundering, and destroying. To take the Capitol they soon found to be beyond their power, but they hoped to starve the defenders out; and in the meantime they spent their time in pulling down the outer walls, and such houses and temples as had resisted the fire, till the defenders of the Capitol looked down from their height on nothing but desolate black burnt ground, with a few heaps of ruins in the midst, and the barbarians roaming about in it, and driving in the cattle that their foraging parties collected from the country round. There was much earnest faith in their own religion among the Romans: they took all this ruin as the just reward of their shelter of the Fabii, and even in their extremity were resolved not to transgress any sacred rule. Though food daily became more scarce and starvation was fast approaching, not one of the sacred geese that were kept in Juno's Temple was touched; and one Fabius Dorso,

who believed that the household gods of his family required yearly a sacrifice on their own festal day on the Quirinal Hill, arrayed himself in the white robes of a sacrificer, took his sacred images in his arms, and went out of the Capitol, through the midst of the enemy, through the ruins to the accustomed altar, and there performed the regular rites. The Gauls, seeing that it was a religious ceremony, let him pass through them untouched, and he returned in safety; but Brennus was resolved on completing his conquest, and while half his forces went out to plunder, he remained with the other half, watching the moment to effect an entrance into the Capitol; and how were the defenders, worn out with hunger, to resist without relief from without? And who was there to bring relief to them, who were themselves the Roman State and government?

Now there was a citizen, named Marcus Furius Camillus, who was, without question, at that time, the first soldier of Rome, and had taken several of the chief Italian cities, especially that of Veii, which had long been a most dangerous enemy. But he was a proud, haughty man, and had brought on himself much dislike; until, at last, a false accusation was brought against him, that he had taken an unfair share of the plunder of Veii. He was too proud to stand a trial; and, leaving the city, was immediately fined a considerable sum. He had taken up his abode at the city of Ardea, and was there living when the plundering half of Brennus' army was reported to be coming thither. Camillus immediately offered the magistrates to undertake their defence; and getting together all the men who could

bear arms, he led them out, fell upon the Gauls as they all lay asleep and unguarded in the dead of night, made a great slaughter of them, and saved Ardea. All this was heard by the many Romans who had been living dispersed since the rout of Allia; and they began to recover heart and spirit, and to think that if Camillus would be their leader, they might yet do something to redeem the honor of Rome, and save their friends in the Capitol. An entreaty was sent to him to take the command of them; but, like a proud, stern man as he was, he made answer, that he was a mere exile, and could not take upon himself to lead Romans without a decree from the Senate giving him authority. The Senate was — all that remained of it — shut up in the Capitol; the Gauls were spread all round; how was that decree to be obtained?

A young man, named Pontius Cominius, undertook the desperate mission. He put on a peasant dress, and hid some corks under it, supposing that he should find no passage by the bridge over the Tiber. Travelling all day on foot, he came at night to the bank, and saw the guard at the bridge; then, having waited for darkness, he rolled his one thin light garment, with the corks wrapped up in it, round his head, and trusted himself to the stream of Father Tiber, like "good Horatius" before him; and he was safely borne along to the foot of the Capitoline Hill. He crept along, avoiding every place where he saw lights or heard noise, till he came to a rugged precipice, which he suspected would not be watched by the enemy, who would suppose it too steep to be climbed from above or below. But the resolute man did not fear the giddy, dangerous

ascent, even in the darkness; he swung himself up by the stems and boughs of vines and climbing plants, his naked feet clung to the rocks and tufts of grass, and at length he stood on the top of the rampart, calling out his name to the soldiers who came in haste around him, not knowing whether he were friend or foe. A joyful sound must his Latin speech have been to the long-tried, half-starved garrison, who had not seen a fresh face for six long months! The few who represented the Senate and people of Rome were hastily awakened from their sleep, and gathered together to hear the tidings brought them at so much risk. Pontius told them of the victory at Ardea, and that Camillus and the Romans collected at Veii were only waiting to march to their succor till they should give him lawful power to take the command. There was little debate. The vote was passed at once to make Camillus Dictator, an office to which Romans were elected upon great emergencies, and which gave them, for the time, absolute kingly control; and then Pontius, bearing the appointment, set off once again upon his mission, still under shelter of night, clambered down the rock, and crossed the Gallic camp before the barbarians were yet awake.

There was hope in the little garrison; but danger was not over. The sharp-eyed Gauls observed that the shrubs and creepers were broken, the moss frayed, and fresh stones and earth rolled down at the crag of the Capitol: they were sure that the rock had been climbed, and, therefore, that it might be climbed again. Should they, who were used to the snowy peaks, dark abysses, and huge glaciers of the Alps, be afraid to climb where

a soft dweller in a tame Italian town could venture a passage? Brennus chose out the hardiest of his mountaineers, and directed them to climb up in the dead of night, one by one, in perfect silence, and thus to surprise the Romans, and complete the slaughter and victory, before the forces assembling at Veii could come to their rescue.

Silently the Gauls climbed, so stilly that not even a dog heard them; and the sentinel nearest to the post, who had fallen into a dead sleep of exhaustion from hunger, never awoke. But the fatal stillness was suddenly broken by loud gabbling, cackling, and flapping of heavy wings. The sacred geese of Juno, which had been so religiously spared in the famine, were frightened by the rustling beneath, and proclaimed their terror in their own noisy fashion. The first to take the alarm was Marcus Manlius, who started forward just in time to meet the foremost climbers as they set foot on the rampart. One, who raised an axe to strike, lost his arm by one stroke of Manlius' short Roman sword; the next was by main strength hurled backwards over the precipice, and Manlius stood alone on the top, for a few moments, ready to strike the next who should struggle up. The whole of the garrison were in a few moments on the alert, and the attack was entirely repulsed; the sleeping sentry was cast headlong down the rock; and Manlius was brought, by each grateful soldier, that which was then most valuable to all, a little meal and a small measure of wine. Still, the condition of the Capitol was lamentable: there was no certainty that Pontius had ever reached Camillus in safety; and, indeed, the discovery of his

path by the enemy would rather have led to the supposition that he had been seized and detected. The best hope lay in wearying out the besiegers; and there seemed to be more chance of this, since the Gauls often could be seen from the heights, burying the corpses of their dead; their tall, bony forms looked gaunt and drooping, and, here and there, unburied carcases lay amongst the ruins. Nor were the flocks and herds any longer driven in from the country. Either all must have been exhausted, or else Camillus and his friends must be near, and preventing their raids. At any rate, it appeared as if the enemy was quite as ill off as to provisions as the garrison, and in worse condition as to health. In effect, this was the first example of the famous saying, that Rome destroys her conquerors. In this state of things one of the Romans had a dream that Jupiter, the special god of the Capitol, appeared to him, and gave the strange advice that all the remaining flour should be baked, and the loaves thrown down into the enemy's camp. Telling the dream, which may, perhaps, have been the shaping of his own thoughts, that this apparent waste would persuade the barbarians that the garrison could not soon be starved out, this person obtained the consent of the rest of the besieged. Some approved the stratagem, and no one chose to act contrary to Jupiter's supposed advice; so the bread was baked, and tossed down by the hungry men.

After a time, there was a report from the outer guards that the Gallic watch had been telling them that their leader would be willing to speak with some of the Roman chiefs. Accordingly, Sulpitius, one of the

tribunes, went out, and had a conference with Brennus, who declared that he would depart, provided the Romans would lay down a ransom, for their Capitol and their own lives, of a thousand pounds' weight of gold. To this Sulpitius agreed, and, returning to the Capitol the gold was collected from the treasury, and

Brennus Throws His Sword on the Scales.

carried down to meet the Gauls, who brought their own weights. The weights did not meet the amount of gold ornaments that had been contributed for the purpose, and no doubt the Gauls were resolved to have all that they beheld; for when Sulpitius was about to try to arrange the balance, Brennus insultingly threw his sword into his own scale, exclaiming, *Væ victis!* "Woe to the conquered!" The Roman was not yet fallen so low as not to remonstrate, and the

dispute was waxing sharp, when there was a confused outcry in the Gallic camp, a shout from the heights of the Capitol, and into the midst of the open space rode a band of Roman patricians and knights in armor, with the Dictator Camillus at their head.

He no sooner saw what was passing, than he commanded the treasure to be taken back, and, turning to Brennus, said, "It is with iron, not gold, that Romans guard their country."

Brennus declared that the treaty had been sworn to, and that it would be a breach of faith to deprive him of the ransom; to which Camillus replied, that he himself was Dictator, and no one had the power to make a treaty in his absence. The dispute was so hot, that they drew their swords against one another, and there was a skirmish among the ruins; but the Gauls soon fell back, and retreated to their camp, when they saw the main body of Camillus's army marching upon them. It was no less than forty thousand in number; and Brennus knew he could not withstand them with his broken, sickly army. He drew off early the next morning; but was followed by Camillus, and routed, with great slaughter, about eight miles from Rome; and very few of the Gauls lived to return home, for those who were not slain in battle were cut off in their flight by the country people, whom they had plundered.

In reward for their conduct on this occasion, Camillus was termed Romulus, Father of his Country, and Second Founder of Rome; Marcus Manlius received the honorable surname of Capitolinus; and even the geese were honored by having a golden image raised to their honor in Juno's temple, and a live goose was yearly

carried in triumph, upon a soft litter, in a golden cage, as long as any heathen festivals lasted. The reward of Pontius Cominius does not appear; but surely he, and the old senators who died for their country's sake, deserve to be forever remembered for their brave contempt of life when a service could be done to the State.

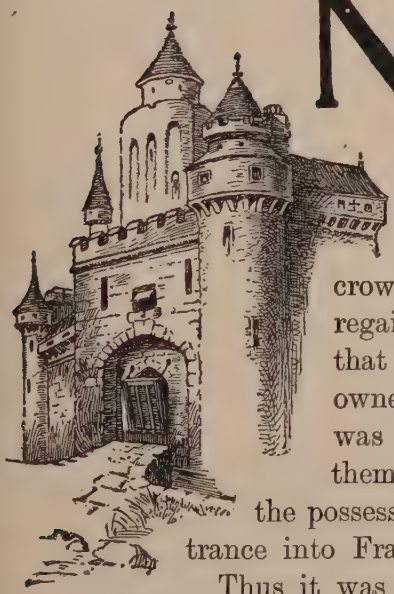
The truth of the whole narrative is greatly doubted, and it is suspected that the Gallic conquest was more complete than the Romans ever chose to avow. Their history is far from clear up to this very epoch, when it is said that all their records were destroyed; but even when place and period are misty, great names and the main outline of their actions loom through the cloud, perhaps exaggerated, but still with some reality; and if the magnificent romance of the sack of Rome be not fact, yet it is certainly history, and well worthy of note and remembrance, as one of the finest extant traditions of a whole chain of Golden Deeds.

THE KEYS OF CALAIS

(From A Book of Golden Deeds.)

By C. M. YONGE.

"Edward wins our cities, but Philippa conquers hearts."



NOWHERE does the continent of Europe approach Great Britain so closely as at the straits of Dover, and when her sovereigns were full of the vain hope of obtaining the crown of France, or at least of regaining the great possessions that their forefathers had owned as French nobles, there was no spot so coveted by them as the fortress of Calais, the possession of which gave an entrance into France.

Thus it was that when, in 1346, Edward III. had beaten Philippe VI. at the battle of Crécy, the first use he made of his victory was to march upon Calais, and lay siege to it. The walls

were exceedingly strong and solid, mighty defences of masonry, of huge thickness and like rocks for solidity, guarded it, and the king knew that it would be useless to attempt a direct assault. Indeed, during all the middle ages, the modes of protecting fortifications were far more efficient than the modes of attacking them. The walls could be made enormously massive, the towers raised to a great height, and the defenders so completely sheltered by battlements that they could not easily be injured, and could take aim from the top of their turrets, or from their loop-hole windows. The gates had absolute little castles of their own, a moat flowed round the walls, full of water, and only capable of being crossed by a drawbridge, behind which the portcullis, a grating armed beneath with spikes, was always ready to drop from the archway of the gate and close up the entrance. The only chance of taking a fortress by direct attack was to fill up the moat with earth and faggots, and then raise ladders against the walls; or else to drive engines against the defences, battering-rams which struck them with heavy beams, mangonels which launched stones, sows whose arched wooden backs protected troops of workmen who tried to undermine the wall, and moving towers consisting of a succession of stages or shelves, filled with soldiers, and with a bridge with iron hooks, capable of being launched from the highest story to the top of the battlements. The besieged could generally disconcert the battering-ram by hanging beds or mattresses over the walls to receive the brunt of the blow, the sows could be crushed with heavy stones, the towers burnt by well directed flaming missiles, the ladders overthrown, and

in general the besiegers suffered a great deal more damage than they could inflict. Cannon had indeed just been brought into use at the battle of Crécy, but they only consisted of iron bars fastened together with hoops, and were as yet of little use, and thus there seemed to be little danger to a well guarded city from any enemy outside the walls.

King Edward arrived before the place with all his victorious army early in August, his good knights and squires arrayed in glittering steel armor, covered with surcoats richly embroidered with their heraldic bearings; his stout men-at-arms, each of whom was attended by three bold followers; and his archers, with their cross-bows to shoot bolts, and long-bows to shoot arrows of a yard long, so that it used to be said that each went into battle with three men's lives under his girdle, namely the three arrows he kept there ready to his hand. With the king was his son, Edward, Prince of Wales, who had just won the golden spurs of knighthood so gallantly at Crécy, when only in his seventeenth year, and likewise the famous Hainault knight, Sir Walter Mauny, and all that was noblest and bravest in England.

This whole glittering army, at their head the king's great royal standard bearing the golden lilies of France quartered with the lions of England, and each troop guided by the square banner, swallow-tailed pennon or pointed pennoncel of their leader, came marching to the gates of Calais, above which floated the blue standard of France with its golden flowers, and with it the banner of the governor, Sir Jean de Vienne. A herald, in a rich long robe embroidered with the arms of England, rode up to the gate, a trumpet sounding before him,

and called upon Sir Jean de Vienne to give up the place to Edward, King of England, and of France, as he claimed to be. Sir Jean make answer that he held the town for Philippe, King of France, and that he would defend it to the last; the herald rode back again and the English began the siege of the city.

At first they only encamped, and the people of Calais must have seen the whole plain covered with the white canvas tents, marshalled round the ensigns of the leaders, and here and there a more gorgeous one displaying the colors of the owner. Still there was no attack upon the walls. The warriors were to be seen walking about in the leathern suits they wore under their armor; or if a party was to be seen with their coats of mail on, helmet on head, and lance in hand, it was not against Calais that they came; they rode out into the country, and by and by might be seen driving back before them herds of cattle and flocks of sheep or pigs that they had seized and taken away from the poor peasants; and at night the sky would show red lights where farms and homesteads had been set on fire. After a time, in front of the tents, the English were to be seen hard at work with beams and boards, setting up huts for themselves, and thatching them over with straw or broom. These wooden houses were all ranged in regular streets, and there was a market-place in the midst, whither every Saturday came farmers and butchers to sell corn and meat, and hay for the horses; and the English merchants and Flemish weavers would come by sea and by land to bring cloth, bread, weapons, and everything that could be needed to be sold in this warlike market.

The Governor, Sir Jean de Vienne, began to perceive that the King did not mean to waste his men by making vain attacks on the strong walls of Calais, but to shut up the entrance by land, and watch the coast by sea so as to prevent any provisions from being taken in, and so to starve him into surrendering. Sir Jean de Vienne, however, hoped that before he should be entirely reduced by famine, the King of France would be able to get together another army and come to his relief, and at any rate he was determined to do his duty, and hold out for his master to the last. But as food was already beginning to grow scarce, he was obliged to turn out such persons as could not fight and had no stores of their own, and so one Wednesday morning he caused all the poor to be brought together, men, women, and children, and sent them all out of the town, to the number of seventeen hundred. It was probably the truest mercy, for he had no food to give them, and they could only have starved miserably within the town, or have hindered him from saving it for his sovereign; but to them it was dreadful to be driven out of house and home, straight down upon the enemy, and they went along weeping and wailing, till the English soldiers met them and asked why they had come out. They answered that they had been put out because they had nothing to eat, and their sorrowful, famished looks gained pity for them. King Edward sent orders that not only should they go safely through his camp, but that they should all rest, and have the first hearty dinner that they had eaten for many a day, and he sent every one a small sum of money before they left the camp, so that many of them

went on their way praying aloud for the enemy who had been so kind to them.

A great deal happened whilst King Edward kept watch in his wooden town and the citizens of Calais guarded their walls. England was invaded by King David II. of Scotland, with a great army, and the good Queen Philippa, who was left to govern at home in the name of her little son Lionel, assembled all the forces that were left at home, and sent them to meet him. And one autumn day, a ship crossed the Straits of Dover, and a messenger brought King Edward letters from his Queen to say that the Scots army had been entirely defeated at Nevil's Cross, near Durham, and that their King was a prisoner, but that he had been taken by a squire named John Copeland, who would not give him up to her.

King Edward sent letters to John Copeland to come to him at Calais, and when the squire had made his journey, the King took him by the hand saying, "Ha! welcome, my squire, who by his valor has captured our adversary the King of Scotland."

Copeland, falling on one knee, replied, "If God, out of His great kindness, has given me the King of Scotland, no one ought to be jealous of it, for God can, when He pleases, send His grace to a poor squire as well as to a great Lord. Sir, do not take it amiss if I did not surrender him to the orders of my lady the Queen, for I hold my lands of you, and my oath is to you, not to her."

The King was not displeased with his squire's sturdiness, but made him a knight, gave him a pension of £500 a year, and desired him to surrender his prisoner

to the Queen, as his own representative. This was accordingly done, and King David was lodged in the Tower of London. Soon after, three days before All Saints' Day, there was a large and gay fleet to be seen crossing from the white cliffs of Dover, and the King, his son, and his knights rode down to the landing-place to welcome plump, fair-haired Queen Philippa, and all her train of ladies, who had come in great numbers to visit their husbands, fathers, or brothers in the wooden town. Then there was a great court, and numerous feasts and dances, and the knights and squires were constantly striving who could do the bravest deed of prowess to please the ladies. The King of France had placed numerous knights and men-at-arms in the neighboring towns and castles, and there were constant fights whenever the English went out foraging, and many bold deeds that were much admired were done. The great point was to keep provisions out of the town, and there was much fighting between the French who tried to bring in supplies, and the English who intercepted them. Very little was brought in by land, and Sir Jean de Vienne and his garrison would have been quite starved but for two sailors of Abbeville, named Marant and Mestriel, who knew the coast thoroughly, and often, in the dark autumn evenings, would guide in a whole fleet of little boats, loaded with bread and meat for the starving men within the city. They were often chased by King Edward's vessels, and were sometimes very nearly taken, but they always managed to escape. and thus they still enabled the garrison to hold out.

So all the winter passed, Christmas was kept with brilliant feastings and high merriment by the King and

his Queen in their wooden palace outside, and with lean cheeks and scanty fare by the besieged within. Lent was strictly observed perforce by the besieged, and Easter brought a betrothal in the English camp; a very unwilling one on the part of the bridegroom, the young Count of Flanders, who loved the French much better than the English, and had only been tormented into giving his consent by his unruly vassals because they depended on the wool of English sheep for their cloth works. So, though King Edward's daughter Isabel was a beautiful fair-haired girl of fifteen, the young Count would scarcely look at her; and in the last week before the marriage day, while her robes and her jewels were being prepared, and her father and mother were arranging the presents they should make to all their court on the wedding-day, the bridegroom, when out hawking, gave his attendants the slip, and galloped off to Paris, where he was welcomed by King Philippe.

This made Edward very wrathful, and more than ever determined to take Calais. About Whitsuntide he completed a great wooden castle upon the sea-shore, and placed in it numerous warlike engines, with forty men-at-arms and two hundred archers, who kept such a watch upon the harbor that not even the two Abbeville sailors could enter it, without having their boats crushed and sunk by the great stones that the mangonels launched upon them. The townspeople began to feel what hunger really was, but their spirits were kept up by the hope that their King was at last collecting an army for their rescue.

And Philippe did collect all his forces, a great and

noble army, and came one night to the hill of Sangate, just behind the English army, the knights' armor glancing and their pennons flying in the moonlight, so as to be a beautiful sight to the hungry garrison who could see the white tents pitched upon the hill-side. Still there were but two roads by which the French could reach their friends in the town — one along the sea-coast, the other by a marshy road higher up the country, and there was but one bridge by which the river could be crossed. The English King's fleet could prevent any troops from passing along the coast road, the Earl of Derby guarded the bridge, and there was a great tower, strongly fortified, close upon Calais. There were a few skirmishes, but the French King, finding it difficult to force his way to relieve the town, sent a party of knights with a challenge to King Edward to come out of his camp and do battle upon a fair field.

To this Edward made answer, that he had been nearly a year before Calais, and had spent large sums of money on the siege, and that he had nearly become master of the place, so that he had no intention of coming out only to gratify his adversary, who must try some other road if he could not make his way in by that before him.

Three days were spent in parleys, and then, without the slightest effort to rescue the brave, patient men within the town, away went King Philippe of France, with all his men, and the garrison saw the host that had crowded the hill of Sangate melt away like a summer cloud.

August had come again, and they had suffered privation for a whole year for the sake of the King who

deserted them at their utmost need. They were in so grievous a state of hunger and distress that the hardiest could endure no more, for ever since Whitsuntide, no fresh provisions had reached them. The Governor, therefore, went to the battlements and made signs that he wished to hold a parley, and the King appointed Lord Basset and Sir Walter Mauny to meet him, and appoint the terms of surrender.

The Governor owned that the garrison was reduced to the greatest extremity of distress, and requested that the King would be contented with obtaining the city and fortress, leaving the soldiers and inhabitants to depart in peace.

But Sir Walter Mauny was forced to make answer that the King, his lord, was so much enraged at the delay and expense that Calais had cost him, that he would only consent to receive the whole on unconditional terms, leaving him free to slay, or to ransom, or make prisoners whomsoever he pleased, and he was known to consider that there was a heavy reckoning to pay, both for the trouble the siege had cost him and the damage the Calesians had previously done to his ships.

The brave answer was: "These conditions are too hard for us. We are but a small number of knights and squires, who have loyally served our lord and master as you would have done, and have suffered much ill and disquiet, but we will endure far more than any man has done in such a post, before we consent that the smallest boy in the town shall fare worse than ourselves. I therefore entreat you, for pity's sake, to return to the King and beg him to have com-

passion, for I have such an opinion of his gallantry that I think he will alter his mind."

The King's mind seemed, however, sternly made up; and all that Sir Walter Mauny and the barons of the council could obtain from him was that he would pardon the garrison and townsmen on condition that six of the chief citizens should present themselves to him, coming forth with bare feet and heads, with halters round their necks, carrying the keys of the town, and becoming absolutely his own to punish for their obstinacy as he should think fit.

On hearing this reply, Sir Jean de Vienne begged Sir Walter Mauny to wait till he could consult the citizens, and, repairing to the market-place, he caused a great bell to be rung, at sound of which all the inhabitants came together in the town-hall. When he told them of these hard terms he could not refrain from weeping bitterly, and wailing and lamentation arose all round him. Should all starve together, or sacrifice their best and most honored after all suffering in common so long?

Then a voice was heard; it was that of the richest burgher in the town, Eustache de St. Pierre. "Messieurs, high and low," he said, "it would be a sad pity to suffer so many people to die through hunger, if it could be prevented; and to hinder it would be meritorious in the eyes of our Saviour. I have such faith and trust in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I name myself as first of the six."

As the burgher ceased, his fellow-townsmen wept aloud, and many, amid tears and groans, threw themselves at his feet in a transport of grief and gratitude.

Another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up and said, "I will be second to my comrade, Eustache." His name was Jean Daire. After him, Jacques Wissant, another very rich man, offered himself as companion to these, who were both his cousins; and his brother Pierre would not be left behind: and two more, unnamed, made up this gallant band of men willing to offer their lives for the rescue of their fellow-townsmen.

Sir Jean de Vienne mounted a little horse — for he had been wounded, and was still lame — and came to the gate with them, followed by all the people of the town, weeping and wailing, yet, for their own sakes and their children's, not daring to prevent the sacrifice. The gates were opened, the governor and the six passed out, and the gates were again shut behind them. Sir Jean then rode up to Sir Walter Mauny, and told him how these burghers had voluntarily offered themselves, begging him to do all in his power to save them; and Sir Walter promised with his whole heart to plead their cause. De Vienne then went back into the town, full of heaviness and anxiety; and the six citizens were led by Sir Walter to the presence of the King, in his full court. They all knelt down, and the foremost said: "Most gallant King, you see before you six burghers of Calais, who have all been capital merchants, and who bring you the keys of the castle and town. We yield ourselves to your absolute will and pleasure, in order to save the remainder of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, out of your nobleness of mind, to have pity on us."

Strong emotion was excited among all the barons

and knights who stood round, as they saw the resigned countenances, pale and thin with patiently-endured hunger, of these venerable men, offering themselves in

Queen Philippa threw Herself on Her Knees.

the cause of their fellow-townsmen. Many tears of pity were shed; but the King still showed himself implacable, and commanded that they should be led away, and their heads stricken off. Sir Walter Mauny interceded for them with all his might, even telling the

King that such an execution would tarnish his honor, and that reprisals would be made on his own garrisons; and all the nobles joined in entreating pardon for the citizens, but still without effect; and the headsman had been actually sent for, when Queen Philippa, her eyes streaming with tears, threw herself on her knees amongst the captives, and said, "Ah, gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea, with much danger, to see you, I have never asked you one favor; now I beg as a boon to myself, for the sake of the Son of the Blessed Mary, and for your love to me, that you will be merciful to these men!"

For some time the King looked at her in silence; then he exclaimed: "Dame, dame, would that you had been anywhere than here! You have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you; I therefore give these men to you, to do as you please with."

Joyfully did Queen Philippa conduct the six citizens to her own apartments, where she made them welcome, sent them new garments, entertained them with a plentiful dinner, and dismissed them each with a gift of six nobles. After this, Sir Walter Mauny entered the city, and took possession of it; retaining Sir Jean de Vienne and the other knights and squires till they should ransom themselves, and sending out the old French inhabitants; for the King was resolved to people the city entirely with English, in order to gain a thoroughly strong hold of this first step in France.

The King and Queen took up their abode in the city; and the houses of Jean Daire were, it appears, granted to the Queen — perhaps, because she considered the man himself as her charge, and wished to secure

them for him — and her little daughter Margaret was, shortly after, born in one of his houses. Eustache de St. Pierre was taken into high favor, and was placed in charge of the new citizens whom the King placed in the city.

Indeed, as this story is told by no chronicler but Froissart, some have doubted of it, and thought the violent resentment thus imputed to Edward III. inconsistent with his general character; but it is evident that the men of Calais had given him strong provocation by attacks on his shipping — piracies which are not easily forgiven — and that he considered that he had a right to make an example of them. It is not unlikely that he might, after all, have intended to forgive them, and have given the Queen the grace of obtaining their pardon, so as to excuse himself from the fulfilment of some over-hasty threat. But, however this may have been, nothing can lessen the glory of the six grave and patient men who went forth, by their own free will, to meet what might be a cruel and disgraceful death, in order to obtain the safety of their fellow-townsmen.

WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH

(From Heroes of Chivalry.)

How the good Knight Bayard kept a bridge over the river Garillan for the space of half an hour, single-handed against two hundred Spaniards; and of many things which happened in five years in France, Italy and Spain.

TOWARDS the close of the war between the French and Spaniards in the kingdom of Naples, the two parties were for some time encamped on the opposite banks of the river Garillan. You must know that if there were brave and gallant commanders on the side of the French, so were there also on that of the Spaniards, and among others the great Captain Gonzalvo Ferrande, a wise and wary man; and another called Pedro de Pas. He was but two cubits in height, but a bolder creature could not be found; and he was so hump-backed and so short, that when he was on horseback, one could only see his head above the saddle.

One day this Pedro de Pas resolved to give the French an alarm, and crossed the river at a ford he was

acquainted with, with about a hundred and twenty horse, having placed behind each horseman a foot soldier armed with a hacquebute. His object was to draw the French upon him, and induce them to abandon the bridge; while the Spaniards should attack it in force and gain it. He executed his enterprise admirably, and gave the French so sharp and warm an alarm that they all thronged to that quarter, thinking it was the whole effort of the Spaniards.

A Mêlée on Foot.

The good Knight, who always desired to be where blows were exchanged, was quartered near the bridge with a brave gentleman called the Squire Le Basco, squire of the stables to the King of France, Louis the Twelfth. These lost no time, when they heard the noise, in arming and getting to horse, proposing to go to the quarter where

the affair was going on. But the good Knight looking over the river, perceived about two hundred Spanish horse making straight for the bridge, which they would have gained with little resistance; and that would have been the total destruction of the French army. He desired his companion to go and collect some men as quickly as possible to defend the bridge, or they would all be lost, and promised to do his best to keep them in play till his return. He then went lance in hand to the bridge, on the other side of which were the Spaniards already prepared to pass; but like a furious lion he put his lance in rest and charged the troop who were already upon the bridge, so that three or four of them were overthrown, of whom two fell into the water and never rose again, for the river was wide and deep. This done, they cut him out plenty of work, for he was so fiercely assailed, that but for his excellent chivalry he could not have kept them at bay; but he backed his horse against the barrier of the bridge that they might not get in his rear, and like a chafed tiger defended himself so well with his sword that the Spaniards knew not what to say, and thought he was no man, but a fiend. In short, he maintained his post long and well till Le Basco arrived with about a hundred men-at-arms, who made the Spaniards abandon the bridge, and were pursuing them a good mile beyond, when they perceived a large body of seven or eight hundred horse coming to the enemy's support. The good Knight said to his companions, "Gentlemen, we have done enough to-day in having saved the bridge, let us retreat in as compact a body as possible." This they did at a good

rapid pace, the good Knight bringing up their rear and receiving every charge of the enemy.

At length he began to be sore pressed from his poor horse failing him through weariness, for he had fought on him the whole day. At this juncture a large body of the enemy made a fresh charge on the French, some of whom were borne to the ground. The good Knight's horse was driven backward against a ditch, where he was surrounded by twenty or thirty, who cried, "Yield, signor, yield." He was still fighting and could only say, "Gentlemen, I must needs yield, for alone I cannot resist your numbers."

His comrades were already at some distance retiring straight for their bridge, when one of them named Guyfray, a gentleman of Dauphiny, exclaimed, "Oh! gentlemen, we have lost all! The good Captain Bayard is dead or prisoner, for he is not with us. And to-day he has led us so well and gotten us so much honor! I vow to God, that if I must go alone, I will return and be slain or taken but I will have some news of him." I know not which of the troop was most grieved when they found that Guyfray spoke the truth. They all dismounted, looked to their girths, and remounting galloped with invincible courage after the Spaniards, who were leading away the flower and jewel of all knighthood, solely by the failure of his horse.

You must know that the Spaniards, confident in their numbers, did not condescend to disarm the good Knight whom they were carrying off, nor to take from him his sword, though they deprived him of a battle-axe he carried in his hand; and as they marched, kept asking him who he was. He who knew well that if

he told them his name he would never escape alive, (for the Spaniards feared him more than any Frenchman), replied merely that he was a gentleman. Meanwhile his comrades came up crying "France! France! turn, Spaniards, turn; you bear not off thus the flower of chivalry." The Spaniards, in spite of their numbers, were astonished at this cry; nevertheless they received without flinching this heavy charge of the French, though some of the best mounted of them were borne to the ground. Seeing this, the good Knight, who needed but a horse, leaped from his own, and without putting foot in stirrup bounded on a noble steed whose rider Salvator de Borgia, a gallant gentleman, had been borne to the earth by the Squire Le Basco. When he found himself mounted he commenced wondrous feats of arms, crying, "France! France! 'Tis Bayard! Bayard! you have let escape." When the Spaniards heard the name, and perceived their error in having left him his arms without requiring him to yield, rescue or no rescue (for had he once given his word he would never have broken it), their hearts failed them, and wheeling about, they retreated at a gallop to their camp; and the French, overjoyed to have recovered their true guidon of honor, returned merrily to their quarters, where they talked of nothing for a week but their brilliant adventure and the feats of the good Knight. . . .

To enumerate the virtues of the good Knight were superfluous. All things pass away but the love of God. Suffice it then to say that he loved God above all things; he never swore or blasphemed; and in all his affairs and necessities he ever had recourse to Him;

being fully persuaded that by Him and His infinite goodness all things are ordered, nor did he ever leave his chamber without recommending himself to Him in prayer. He loved his neighbor as himself, and never possessed a crown but it was at the service of the first who needed it. He was a great alms-giver, and he gave in secret; he succored widows in distress, and during his life had given in marriage a hundred poor orphan girls, gentlefolk and others. If a gentleman under his command was dismounted he remounted him, and in a manner not to offend his delicacy, often exchanging a Spanish charger worth two or three hundred crowns for a nag worth but six, and giving the gentleman to understand that the latter was just the horse to suit

Chevalier Bayard.

himself. So graciously did he confer his gifts. He was a sorry flatterer; and never swerved from speaking the truth were it to the greatest of princes. He looked with contempt upon this world's wealth, and was at his death no richer than at his birth. In war none excelled him. In conduct he was Fabius Maximus; in enterprise, a Coriolanus; and in courage and magnanimity, a second Hector. Dreadful to the enemy; gentle and courteous to his friends. Three qualities marked him for a perfect soldier: He was a greyhound in attack, a wild boar in defence, and a wolf in retreat. In short it would take a good orator his life to recount all his virtues; I who am unskilled in learning cannot pretend to it. But I humbly pray all readers of this history to be indulgent to what I have written, for I have done my best; though far short of what was due to the praise of so perfect and virtuous a person as the good Knight without fear and without reproach, the gentle Lord de Bayard; whose soul may God of his holy grace receive into Paradise. Amen.

. . . . . .

Here endeth the very joyous, pleasant, and refreshing history of the feats, exploits, triumphs, and achievements of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, the gentle Lord de Bayard.

JOAN OF ARC

THE PERIL OF FRANCE

Before the peasant girl of Domremy came to the aid of France, that country was indeed in peril. The English, aided by the powerful Duke of Burgundy, had gradually increased their French possessions until they were practically masters of the whole region north of the river Loire. Charles the Dauphin was the lawful king, but his mother, Isabella, had disinherited him in favor of the famous Henry V. of England, her daughter's husband. And the son of this military king, the infant Henry VI., had already been proclaimed king of France as well as of England. Charles was a lazy, pleasure-loving prince, who seemed too weak or too undecided to save the crown which was slipping from his grasp. At last, in 1428, Orléans, the key to the south of France, was also seized by the English. This was the final stroke; France seemed about to realize her worst fears of becoming an English province. But an ancient legend had foretold that a maiden would come out of Domremy forest to save her country in its direst need. And this prophecy was soon to be fulfilled. Joan of Arc, the daughter of poor peasants in Domremy, knew the legend and felt herself to be the destined maiden. Mysterious voices of the saints whom she piously loved seemed to point her the way for accomplishing the two things which must save France — the crowning of the dauphin and the relief of Orléans. In 1428, at the age of seventeen, she undertook the task which ended in her glorious success and final martyrdom. The following pages tell of her brave deeds as a maiden champion.

JOAN OF ARC

JOAN OF ARC

(From Brave Lives and Noble.)

By CLARA L. MATEAUX.

ONE thing was plain to all who listened to the confused news that reached such places as Domremy, and that was — could Prince Charles once be properly crowned at Rheims, after the fashion of his great ancestors, there would be comparative safety; but that could not be done unless the City of Orleans should be properly protected; "but how? but how?" was the question. It seemed unanswerable.

"How, indeed!" grumbled a disabled soldier who had begged a loaf, and in return was telling the last ill news concerning the Battle of Herrings. "Hearts and arms have grown craven before these island warriors. As things are, nothing less than a miracle can set the crown on our Charles's head. Uncrowned he is helpless and lost."

The young girl — she was but sixteen — wandered away, her heart full of excitement and indignation, as

she looked up at the stars, shining softly over the beech-tree, and thought of the tradition of that maid who was to serve her country; and presently, in the dim light, a strange glamour taking possession of Joan, it seemed to her as if she were a flame and heard a voice bidding her be brave and good, as became the chosen one. Her task was the making a way clear for Prince Charles, who, through her means, should be victoriously crowned at Rheims, and save France.

Faith had not died out of Joan's heart, at any rate. She could not rest for thinking of this strange fancy of her over-excited mind. Again and again it occurred, and at last she was bidden to go at once to the governor of Vaucouleurs, and reveal her vision to him, which she did after many difficulties and much opposition from her parents, who thought their girl gone mad, and besought her with tears to be still.

When she stood before the officer, a mere country child in a shabby red stuff dress, and told him she was appointed to drive the hated English out of France, after seeing the Dauphin crowned at Rheims, he laughed rudely in her face, and ordered her to "be off home and cease bragging."

Charles, with his followers, was four hundred miles away; his exchequer empty; his useless soldiers desperate and downcast. Perhaps because of all this, he did not laugh at this strange story of an inspired village maid; he was not ready to throw away even so slight a chance; besides, he and his councillors being in extremity, and those being days when strange causes turned the affairs of nations, it was worth trying what this girl's claim to the miraculous might be worth.

They sent for her, more by way of a passing amusement than aught else, and she came joyfully and readily.

A great crowd of knights, splendidly attired, filled the large hall into which this poor farmer's maid was shown. The prince stood in the background. Looking neither to the right nor left, she advanced, and kneeling instantly before Charles, exclaimed, without hesitation or tremor, "God give you good life, my gentle king."

"It is not I who am king," he replied hastily, to try her.

"It is you and no other, sir, and I am Joan — Joan of Arc — come by God's order to announce that you will be crowned at Rheims, and that I am to aid you in the siege of Orleans."

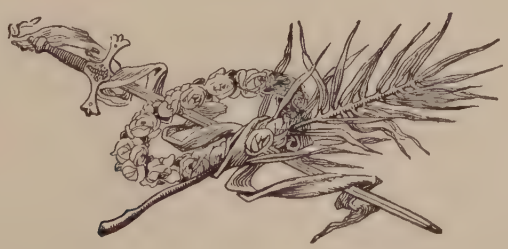
The Dauphin led Joan aside, and held long and serious conference with her, then he came back, declaring that she had revealed to him things known only to himself and God, and that he believed her inspired. After this a suit of armor was made for her. She girded on a sword which was found, as she said it would be, buried by the altar of St. Catherine, and she was presented to the excited multitude mounted on a war-steed, which she managed with all ease and grace. The people were now as excited with hope as they had been depressed with despair, and clamored loudly for this young prophetess to lead them against the English, who were invading and spoiling their land. And so it was that seven thousand men, full of hope and enthusiasm, marched forth headed by the maid; and above her floated a white banner, on which was the fair inscription, "*Jhesu Marie*," and by her rode valiant cap-

tains, marshalled by "Dunois" the brave, old fighting-men who would fain have advised from long experience, but that she would not. Yet all she did and ordered proved strangely successful, and soon all were content to be guided by this fearless village girl — Joan, or, rather, Jeanne d'Arc of Domremy — who, believing herself inspired, inspired all about her.

At first the English laughed aloud at the report that an obscure village maid was advancing to give them battle. Orleans was closely begirt with hostile fortresses, and reduced to its last extremity. What could an army headed by a girl avail the good city in this dire plight? But a strange, cold trepidation soon unnerved their warlike arms. What if the holy saints were indeed with the strange commander; or even supposing she were a sorceress and witch, a worse reputation by far in those days, both in French and English eyes. However, they boldly prepared to repulse her: let her be what she would else, she was but a woman; she could know naught of the difficulties of a siege, and the valor of English soldiers. But little Joan seemed to know more than all the weather-beaten men of war about her, and prepared at once to relieve the city. First, however, in the name of St. Catherine, she ordered that all bad characters should leave the camp, and that all the soldiers should attend mass, and confess their sins with humbleness and contrition. This done, they were to march to the attack, right through the crowded English forces, which were garrisoned in forts that, except at the river Loire's approaches, encircled Orleans in a most impregnable chain.

Who does not know the rest of this strange story? — how the young maid in shining armor led the soldiers, exhorting, rallying, sweeping all before her. Fighting with the vigor of a man-at-arms, and the enthusiasm of a crusader — here, there, everywhere — until panic seized upon the English soldiers, and they flung down their arms and fled before this strange champion; and at last left a clear way open to Rheims, where, with the "Maid of Orleans" at his right hand, was solemnly crowned Charles the King.

Her task finished, she begged to return to Domremy. It was, however, not to be, though she vowed, almost with tears, that the skill and the cunning had departed from her. She was prevailed upon to stay, and, all heavy-hearted, led that fatal sally where she was at length unhorsed, wounded, and taken prisoner — a joyous *Te Deum* being raised by the captors of this heroine of seventeen, who had baffled and defeated their bravest and best.



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

(From The Boy's Book of Heroes.)

By HELENA PEAKE.

ON the 30th of August, 1586, Sidney went with his uncle to invest Doesburg, a fortress on the river Issel. This place was important because it opened the way to Zutphen, and if Zutphen were once taken, the English and Dutch would command the river. Doesburg was gained, and Zutphen soon after surrounded; Leicester guarding it by water, and Sir Philip Sidney, Count Louis of Nassau, and Sir John Norris, guarding it by land.

News was brought to the English camp that a large supply of food was at a place called Deventer, not far off, and Leicester was resolved that it should not be brought into the town, whilst the garrison were equally resolved to receive it. On the morning of the 22d of September, Sidney advanced to the walls of Zutphen with only two hundred men. Before he set out he was clad in complete armor, but meeting the marshal of the camp only lightly armed, he took off some of the armor that covered his legs. There was a mist at the time he

set out, but when he had galloped quite close to the town, it dispersed, and he found a thousand of the enemy in readiness to receive him. The fight soon began, his horse was killed under him, and he mounted another. The battle was furious, and the Spaniards, although they were five times as many as the English, were totally routed. In the last charge, Sir Philip was wounded severely in the thigh; his horse, being very mettlesome, rushed furiously from the battle-field, and carried him a mile and a half, wounded and bleeding, to the spot where Leicester stood. When he lay in his anguish on the field, a bottle of water was brought to him that he might quench his thirst; but seeing a soldier near him, wounded like himself, look wistfully at it, he ordered it to be carried to him, saying, "This man's necessity is greater than mine."

His friends and his soldiers were overcome with grief when his state became known; at the sight of his sufferings they almost forgot the glory of his triumph. Yet amidst all his pain, he never ceased declaring that as long as he lived his life was the queen's, and not his own, and that his friends ought not to be discouraged. They laid him gently in his uncle's barge; slowly it glided down the river to Arnheim, in Gelderland, and whilst he lay patiently in it, he was heard to express the hope that his wound was not mortal, and that he might yet have time to become holier before he died.

Day after day he lay in great pain, but talking kindly the while to the friends who grouped lovingly around him, and tended by his wife, Walsingham's daughter, who had hastened to Arnheim as soon as she heard tidings of his disaster. When he felt he could only live

a little time longer, he made his confession of Christian faith, and settled his earthly affairs, remembering in his will all those whom he had loved. He took a tender farewell of his brother Robert, telling him "to love his memory and cherish his friends, and to govern his own will by the word of his Creator." And then having called for music, while sweet strains filled the chamber, silent with coming death, the spirit passed from this world.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord:" such were the words inscribed on his coffin; and the perfectness of his character, and the regard in which men held him, cannot be better expressed than in the language of the old chronicle which says, "As his life was most worthie, so his end was most godlie. The love men bore him, left fame behind him; his friendlie courtesie to many procured him good-will of all."

A DEED OF DERING-DO

(From Brave Men in Action.)

By STEPHEN J. MACKENNA.

WHEN William of Orange, in 1690, broke up in disgust from the first siege of Limerick and sulkily retired to England, he left a military legacy to General Ginckle, which that astute Dutchman scarcely cared to accept.

In the previous year, even while the Boyne was yet gorged with the corpses of those slain in the great battle on its banks, General Douglas, with five cavalry and twelve infantry regiments and some artillery of William's army, had set down before Athlone, never doubting that the stronghold — which is said even to this day to command Ireland — would fall into his hands as an easy prey. The town, divided into Irish and English portions respectively situated on the west and east shores of the Shannon, was held for King James by old Colonel Grace, as staunch a soldier perhaps as ever buckled on sword and spurs, who, seeing that the English side was untenable, at once burned

that quarter to the ground, previous to retiring into the Irish one; and further strengthened his position by breaking down one of the arches of the bridge which Sir Philip Sidney had built in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

The event proved that Colonel Grace's soldiership, which was at first much blamed even by his own party, was quite correct; for General Douglas was completely baffled in his efforts to take the place, and after a siege of seven days had to beat a retreat which was so precipitate as to almost deserve the name of a flight. Naturally King William was extremely annoyed at this repulse; he was still more chagrined at the military fault he had himself committed in attempting to take Limerick, while Athlone still controlled nearly the whole of the west of Ireland on behalf of his rival; while the complete failure of his efforts to dislodge the French and Irish from the first-named city, brought up his anger to boiling point. Therefore, previous to his departure for England, he had laid it on General Ginckle as a solemn duty that Athlone must be taken in the course of the next year's campaign; and the sturdy Hollander, loath though he was, had no option but to move on that fortress in the month of June 1691.

Advancing from Ballymore, — which he captured with some difficulty, and hanged the little garrison when it fell, as his brutal testimony to the bravery of their defence, — Ginckle found that the English town had again been occupied, half ruined though it was since Grace had burned it; and that, in fact, the whole place had been made much stronger than it was when it succeeded in beating off Douglas in the previous

year. The garrison, too, was considerably greater now than had been the case then; for a large portion of the best Irish irregular troops, released from Limerick, were in and all around it; the new French general, St. Ruth, with a capitally equipped army of five thousand horse and twenty-five thousand foot, lay within a couple of miles of the Irish town, on the western bank of the river; large stores of ammunition and food had been accumulated; the fortifications had been restored where they had formerly suffered; formidable out-works had been added at every available point; and General Ginckle felt that to capture Athlone in its present excellent condition was indeed a feat which could not be accomplished without exceeding difficulty, and a very large leaven of luck.

General Ginckle.

Nevertheless, he obeyed his master's orders; but he went about the work with a leisurely care which the French and Irish declared to be cowardice, but which really was nothing but a sample of that masterly inactivity which has often gained victories when greater bustle and energy might well have lost them. His choice of position was a matter of considerable deliberation, and even when he had made his decision, he took no step whatever in advance until he had fully entrenched what he held, and had thus secured himself on all sides.

He had plenty of siege artillery, able engineers, a fine corps of Sappers and Miners, and there were with him a number of officers of what were even then the scien-

tific arms of the service, who had taken active part in some of the greatest sieges during the Continental wars of the period. When occupied in making his dispositions, and they took a considerable time to accomplish, Ginckle was pleased to learn from his spies that St. Ruth affected to despise him; that instead of looking to his fortifications and the due training of his troops, the French general had given himself over to gayety and dissipation; and that, best of all, he was leading the Irish officers, to a certain extent, into similar courses. There was nothing (as he said himself) that General Ginckle liked better than being despised by a military opponent in the field, for then the wily old fellow knew the chances were strongly in favor of his own ultimate triumph.

The first task set to the Orange army was the reduction of the re-occupied English (eastern) town, and that was not difficult of accomplishment when the strength and weight of Ginckle's artillery are taken into consideration. He bombarded it from a safe distance. his showers of heavy cannon-balls in a few days tumbled the whole place into a mass of indistinguishable ruins, and his infantry moved to assault it in full confidence that the Irish, under the command of Colonel Fitzgerald, would fly before them at the first sound of their trumpets and drums. In that they were quite mistaken; the native soldiery fought like Grecian heroes of old, and it was not until the smoking ruins were literally piled up with their dead,—and with Ginckle's, too,—that they made an orderly retreat across the Shannon, leaving the Dutchman in profound grief for the loss of a vast number of his best troops, whose lives

might readily have been spared had he only continued the bombardment until not an archway should be left to cover an Irish head. However, he was not a man to cry long over spilt milk, and he set at once to work to improve the position he had so dearly won.

Unfortunately for Ginckle, old Colonel Grace — whose military acuteness had been again vindicated by the expulsion of the Irish from the eastern portion of Athlone — had been wise enough in his generation to break down the very furtherest or most western arch of the bridge across the Shannon, so that the greater portion of that structure, while nominally in Ginckle's possession, was really but a sort of trap along which his men were constantly uselessly exposing their lives — and losing them — under the Irish fire. To obviate this practice, which he could not well forbid without lessening the rivalry of courage in his troops, Ginckle planted at his end of the long causeway a strong battery armed with half a dozen mortars and the same number of heavy guns. Behind that, and on either flank, he erected others at an increased elevation, until the whole of his formidable attack bore some distant resemblance to a gigantic flight of stairs, commencing almost level with the flowing water, and culminating on the highest point of the shattered débris of the English town in his possession.

At first, all these guns — whose position has been thus plainly detailed for the better understanding of the daring deed that has to be recounted — were trained to sweep the bridge, and so hammer all together on the Castle on the Irish side overlooking it; and a second tremendous bombardment, with only the breadth of the

river between the muzzles of the guns and their stern old target, was forthwith commenced. The fire, thus concentrated on one point, soon began to make itself felt, and though it was vigorously replied to by the Irish, the vast superiority of the metal with which Ginckle's batteries (seven in number) were armed, was not to be mastered or even sensibly reduced, and the Castle fell by degrees into complete ruins. Nor was the great artillery contest carried on merely by day — night found the guns still thundering away, and the whole country round was still lit up by the ceaseless flashes, while their roar could be heard many a long mile away.

The Castle at last reduced, Ginckle's bombardment was by degrees expanded so as to embrace the whole of the opposing town, and in due time that also seemed to crumble away under the deluge of shot, until at last there was scarce a vestige of a complete building left standing. The walls, which were very old, of massive proportions and the sturdiest strength, still preserved something of their former appearance, but they also did so by being constantly repaired by the Irish masons who fell in hundreds while engaged in their work; but as fast as they were slain others ran forward to climb up and take their places, with a devoted courage which has never been surpassed and seldom even equalled in the annals of defensive operations.

Untimely, however, the walls yielded under the ceaselessly terrific fire from the splendidly served batteries of the Dutch general, and at last there was, practically speaking, no town of Athlone left; and Ginckle found himself in the unpleasant position of having utterly

destroyed a fortress without capturing it, or being master of a place which he was powerless to enter because the bright Shannon still flowed calmly defiant between his army and the forces of the Irish and French on the other side. He found himself quite unable to advance; to retreat would be a humiliation his King would never permit or condone, — what was to be done?

Nor was that dilemma the worst of the case, for the provisions of the English were running very short: already the men were on half rations; the supplies from the country had failed altogether; and the communications with Dublin — the only source from whence could be obtained food, stores, and ammunition, which latter also was failing — were cut off by the clouds of Irish light-horse, who completely surrounded Ginckle up to the river's bank, and waged on him a most harassing and distressing guerilla warfare, which was carried on with almost entire impunity.

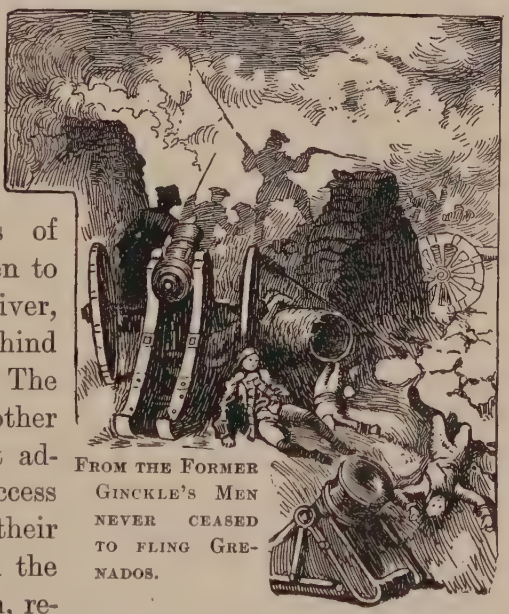
At this juncture one of the German engineer officers of Ginckle's staff bethought him of a device he had seen successfully employed at a siege in the Low Countries, and, on being submitted to a Council of War, it was resolved to give it a trial at Athlone. It will be remembered that Queen Elizabeth's Bridge, on which the Irish had not fired for obvious reasons, was still intact, save at the arch which Colonel Grace had destroyed — the arch closest to the western, or Irish, shore — and the German's plan was to push forward along the bridge, and under a heavy fire from all the guns, a strong force with concealed means of spanning the gap, so that the Williamite troopers might be enabled to

enter the battered fortress and dispose of the Irish and French armies in detail. To aid the movement, fresh batteries were added to those already in existence; and it was ordered that the fire of all, both new and old, should be concentrated upon the point where the broken arch touched Connaught soil. A formidable, yet easily removable, work was also erected on the Williamite side of the gap, and the Irish speedily built up an opposition structure on their position. From the former Ginckle's men never ceased to fling grenados and other fiery missiles into the latter, which was only composed of "wattle-and-dab," supplemented with great loose stones from the adjacent ruins; and finally the flames caught and nearly entirely destroyed it. So fierce was the blaze, so suffocating the volumes of smoke — the wind was blowing steadily from east to west — that the Irish were compelled to abandon their part of the arch by nightfall, and they retired to the nooks and crevices still left of the old Castle, to find what shelter they might in its ruins, never doubting that the Williamites would also withdraw for rest during the dark hours, as was the custom of their infantry, though their guns mostly thundered the whole night through.

So stern and uncompromising had been the day's conflict, so severe had been Ginckle's loss of men, shot down wholesale while on the bridge and drowned in the Shannon, that the Irish felt certain there would be no further attack until the next day, which was Sunday; and accordingly they foolishly went to sleep in full security, without even taking the ordinary precaution of posting the usual sentries. At dawn the effects of their folly broke on them with full force; for they

woke up to find that, whilst they slumbered, the enemy had been busy; had laid a certain number of great beams from their own side of the broken arch to the Irish one; while a strong Williamite column was, at that very moment of discovery, steadily and quickly marching along the causeway itself.

With a celerity that was almost miraculous, the Irish brought every single gun they had to bear on the invading party, and the latter were met with such an overpowering volley from great and small arms combined, that they hesitated, wavered, a few broke, and soon the whole attacking column went about, leaving numbers of their wounded men to drown in the river, and retreated behind their batteries. The defenders on the other shore took instant advantage of the success that had fallen to their lot; they manned the broken arch again, rebuilt their breastwork, whose foundations had not been entirely destroyed by the fire of Saturday; while a small but daring band of their bravest men sought to tear up the great beams, laid by the English during the night across the gap of salvation. In this they were



From the Former Ginckle's Men never ceased to fling Grenados.

only partially successful, and for more reasons than one. First, they had not taken with them proper tools for the task; second, the timbers were of ponderous weight and strength, and had been securely clamped with irons and bound with massive chains; third, the foothold for operations was exceeding limited; and last, the enemy's batteries once more directed every muzzle on that one spot, and maintained such an accurate fire as sent hundreds of the gallant Irishmen to find their death in the water below.

Ginckle was furious at the retreat of his column; he stamped and swore with all the vigor and volubility of another Ernulphus; and he ordered four of the principal officers of the party into close arrest, until such time as a court-martial could sit to punish their poltroonery. But valuable moments were slipping by, and there was still a decent prospect of success were prompt measures taken; so, mastering his rage, he re-formed the column, added another of equal strength to follow it in support, and advanced it on the causeway with the ominous observation (which was speedily passed through the entire ranks of the expedition), that "if it wavered again, their own (the English) batteries should play on it, and leave not a man of them alive."

The Irish from the Connaught shore, saw this double column advancing without much trepidation. For they were now able to train a number of large guns on its head and flank; their sharpshooters along the ruins lining the river banks, above and below what had been the town, were enabled to open a deliberate fire from their safe nooks of vantage; their repaired breastwork, manned with determined warriors from Maxwell's regi-

ment of dragoons (of course dismounted), was still a very efficient temporary fortification; and best of all, there was not a vestige of cross-planking now left on the few main beams still spanning the broken arch, so that the Williamites who might venture to crawl across those naked timbers would only do so to meet an immediate death by sword, bullet, or in the deep waters flowing underneath. Still the column, covered by a pitiless fire from all Ginckle's batteries and dropping its men by whole platoons into the Shannon, continued to press forward; their grenadiers threw their flaming missiles into and on the dry wattle-breastwork with a persistence which at length ended in a similar conflagration to that of the previous afternoon; and, the wind still holding in the same quarter as before, the smoke and flames forced the Irish, who were falling in great numbers, back into the ruins of the Castle, whether they would or not.

Suddenly, and to the great consternation of the defenders, the attacking column opened at its head and divided into two parts down to its very centre, whence, with a great cheer, the English rapidly pushed forward a wooden gallery, in the nature of a drawbridge on upright hinges, which had been constructed by the German engineer; and this machine was at once run forward on wheels to the very edge of the broken arch.

Arrived there, the supporting chains which held this novel gangway upright on its platform were let go; the machine dropped on the beams laid the previous night, and there was a safe and convenient substitute for the arch, uniting once more the bridge and the Irish town of Athlone.

An horrific cry of fury and disappointed rage burst from the powder-blackened mouths of the baffled Irish, who had never once dreamed of the possibility of such a contrivance as this gangway being concealed in the centre of their enemy's column; and it instantly became apparent to every one that the place was lost unless that gallery could be destroyed, for already the English Grenadiers were securing it in position, laying down additional planking, and preparing it to receive the head of their columns, now massed at its very foot.

For a single moment there was a pause — a fearful pause on that Sunday morning in the pleasant summer time — and then the Irish gunners and infantry recovered themselves, poured in the hottest fire they had yet achieved, and literally filled the waterway under the bridge with the corpses of Ginckle's men. So fast, however, as the latter fell, so fast did others pour on the causeway from the English side; and there could be no doubt that the Dutchman had made up his mind to set foot in Connaught that day, though it cost him half his army.

There was but one hope for the Irish — the immediate destruction of the fatal gallery of communication.

A sergeant in Maxwell's dragoons, Custume by name, grasped the situation at a glance, and cried aloud, as he stepped out from the huddled ranks of his comrades, in words that Irish history will never cease to preserve —

"Are there ten men here, who will die with me for Ireland?"

Not a second's pause now — there were not ten, but hundreds upon hundreds; and from amongst the

strongest and most active of them the devoted sergeant picked out the number he had stated. All of them were in the full armor of their corps-back-piece and front-piece of wrought steel, thigh pieces that stood out over the knee as well, and great jack-boots of horsehide, stout enough to ward off most bullets, and to resist any sabre-slash the arm of man could deliver.

"Fling aside your swords, men; 'tis axes we want!" was the sergeant's next order.

Immediately he was obeyed, for there were plenty of tools all around, and then, with the simple words, "Follow me, boys, for Ireland!" Custume ran up to the inside of the Irish breastwork, climbed over it with the agility of a cat, and landed on the other side face to face with the English, was closely followed by his sacrificial ten, and forthwith all set to work to hew away the gallery, to wrench up and fling into the river the planks just laid down, to destroy the dire machine

"Follow Me, Boys, — for Ireland!"

designed to destroy themselves, their comrades, and their cause!

Ginckle's troops were absolutely struck dumb and motionless with profound astonishment at a deed of daring such as they had never witnessed before, and one being done under their very noses; even the gunners on the eastern shore ceased from their deadly work in blank amazement, and contemporary history tells us that for a brief space there was entire silence, that not a single sound could be heard in the stillness of the summer morning — not a sound, save the chopping, ripping, and wrenching of the hammer-headed axes mightily working in the sinewy hands of the eleven, whose immediate death was as certain as sunset.

Then the English suddenly woke from their stupor, but not before excellent progress had been made by Custume and his heroic little knot of patriots — the batteries belched forth again, musket, pistol, and grenado recommenced their fearful work, and in five minutes the glorious leader and every one of his followers were floating dead in the Shannon, but surrounded with the planks, boards, and railings they had torn from the gallery ere they died.

The same moment that the last of them toppled over, struck to the death by a bullet, and fell into the wild waves of the Shannon, again went up the hoarse cry from another sergeant in Maxwell's ranks: "Are there ten men who will die with me for Ireland?"

Ten? Ten hundred if need be; but there was no room for more than the specified number to efficiently work at cutting away the gallery; and immediately a

second eleven equipped as had been their self-sacrificing predecessors, clambered over the breastwork and took up the task which grim death had forced their comrades to abandon. Fast flew shot, shell, grape, bullets, and grenados from the English — whizzing, bursting, and ripping up the woodwork all around the Irish eleven; but more fast went the axes in their hands, faster went plank after plank over the side, faster and yet faster did the gallery disappear; until, at length, not a vestige of it save its wheeled platform on the English side, remained; and there was no longer any foothold for attack but the naked beams; just as useless as they had been in the morning.

An exultant scream of triumph went up from the Irish soldiers crowding every ruin in the town to see this desperate venture performed, and the air rang again, even momentarily mastering the roar of the cannon, with their wild applause, with their wilder calls to the heroes of this second scene in the terrible tragedy, to return ere it was too late.

Too late? Too late indeed; for already nine of them were floating dead amidst the wreck below, and only two were able to spring back as they cut the last support of the gallery adrift, to re-clamber over the breastwork, and to fall into their comrades' arms on the other side — faint indeed to absolute unconsciousness, but alive, and bearing no wounds of a mortal nature.

The English columns, positively appalled by such a deed of heroic devotion, and unable to fire another musket shot or fling another grenado in their mute astonishment, were immediately recalled from their now perilous position by Ginckle himself; and as they re-

tired along the causeway, the Irish volleys broke out afresh with fearful vigor, and the retreating troops fell in whole masses into the river, dead when they dropped, or to die in its cold embrace, for the heavy burden of their accoutrements contained the death-warrants of all who once went over.

Athlone was saved a second time, and though the English eventually captured it — chiefly owing to the absurd conflicts between Saint Ruth and the Irish commanding officers — they never made the slightest impression by way of the bridge which the twenty Irish Heroes died in defending, and only used the causeway as a supplement when they had already gained a footing in Connaught by other means.

THE STORY OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

(From Tales of a Grandfather.)

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I TOLD you, my dear Hugh, that Edward I. of England had reduced Scotland almost entirely to the condition of a conquered country, although he had obtained possession of the kingdom less by his bravery, than by cunningly taking advantage of the disputes and divisions that followed amongst the Scots themselves after the death of Alexander III.

The English, however, had in point of fact obtained possession of the country, and governed it with much rigor. The Lord High Justice Ormesby called all men to account, who would not take the oath of allegiance to King Edward. Many of the Scots refused this, as what the English King had no right to demand from them. Such persons were called into the courts of justice, fined, deprived of their estates, and otherwise severely punished. Then Hugh Cres-

singham, the English Treasurer, tormented the Scottish nation by collecting money from them under various pretexts. The Scots were always a poor people, and their native kings had treated them with much kindness, and seldom required them to pay any taxes. They were, therefore, extremely enraged at finding themselves obliged to pay to the English treasurer much larger sums of money than their own good kings had ever demanded from them; and they became exceedingly dissatisfied.

Besides these modes of oppression, the English soldiers, who, I told you, had been placed in garrison in the different castles of Scotland, thought themselves masters of the country, treated the Scots with great contempt, took from them by main force whatever they had a fancy to, and if the owners offered to resist, abused them, beat and wounded, and sometimes killed them; for which acts of violence the English officers did not check or punish their soldiers. Scotland was, therefore, in great distress, and the inhabitants, exceedingly enraged, only wanted some leader to command them, to rise up in a body against the English or *Southern* men, as they called them, and recover the liberty and independence of their country, which had been destroyed by Edward the First.

Such a leader arose in the person of William Wallace, whose name is still so often mentioned in Scotland. It is a great pity we do not know exactly the history of this brave man; for at the time when he lived, every one was so busy fighting, that there was no person to write down the history of what took place; and afterwards, when there was more leisure for composition,

the truths that were collected were greatly mingled with falsehood. What I shall tell you of him is generally believed to be true.

William Wallace was none of the high nobles of Scotland, but the son of a private gentleman, called Wallace of Ellerslie,[1] in Renfrewshire, near Paisley. He was very tall and handsome, and one of the strongest and bravest men that ever lived. He had a very fine countenance, with a quantity of fair hair, and was particularly dexterous in the use of all weapons which were then employed in battle. Wallace, like all Scotsmen of high spirit, had looked with great indignation upon the usurpation of the crown by Edward, and upon the insolences which the English soldiers committed on his countrymen. It is said, that when he was very young, he went a-fishing for sport in the river of Irvine, near Ayr. He had caught a good many trouts, which were carried by a boy who attended him with a fishing-basket, as is usual with anglers. Two or three English soldiers, who belonged to the garrison of Ayr, came up to Wallace, and insisted, with their usual insolence, on taking the fish from the boy. Wallace was contented to allow them a part of the trouts, but he refused to part with the whole basketful. The soldiers insisted, and from words came to blows. Wallace had no better weapon than the butt-end of his fishing-rod; but he

[1] "He wes cummyn of Gentil-men
In sympil state set he wes then:
Hys Fadyre wes a manly Knycht;
Hys Modyre wes a Lady brycht;
. . . . .
Hys eldare Brodyre the Herytage
Had, and joysyd in his Dayis."

WYNTOUN, viii. 13.

struck the foremost of the Englishmen so hard under the ear with it, that he killed him on the spot; and getting possession of the slain man's sword, he fought with so much fury that he put the others to flight, and brought home his fish safe and sound. The English governor of Ayr sought for him, to punish him with death for this action; but Wallace lay concealed among the hills and great woods till the matter was forgotten, and then appeared in another part of the country. He is said to have had other adventures of the same kind, in which he gallantly defended himself, sometimes when alone, sometimes with very few companions, against superior numbers of the English, until at last his name became generally known as a terror to them.

But the action which occasioned his finally rising in arms, is believed to have happened in the town of Lanark. Wallace was at this time married to a lady of that place, and residing there with his wife. It chanced, as he walked in the market-place, dressed in a green garment, with a rich dagger by his side, that an Englishman came up, and insulted him on account of his finery, saying, a Scotsman had no business to wear so gay a dress, or carry so handsome a weapon. It soon came to a quarrel, as on many former occasions; and Wallace, having killed the Englishman, fled to his own house, which was speedily assaulted by all the English soldiers. While they were endeavoring to force their way in at the front of the house, Wallace escaped by a back door, and got in safety to a rugged and rocky glen, near Lanark, called the Cartland crags, all covered with bushes and trees, and full of high precipices, where he knew he should be safe from the pursuit of the

English soldiers.[1] In the meantime, the governor of Lanark, whose name was Hazelrigg, burned Wallace's house, and put his wife and servants to death; and by committing this cruelty, increased to the highest pitch, as you may well believe, the hatred which the champion had always borne against the English usurper. Hazelrigg also proclaimed Wallace an outlaw, and offered a reward to any one who should bring him to an English garrison, alive or dead.

On the other hand, Wallace soon collected a body of men, outlawed like himself, or willing to become so, rather than any longer endure the oppression of the English. One of his earliest expeditions was directed against Hazelrigg, whom he killed, and thus avenged the death of his wife. He fought skirmishes with the soldiers who were sent against him, and often defeated them; and in time became so well known and so formidable, that multitudes began to resort to his standard, until at length he was at the head of a considerable army, with which he proposed to restore his country to independence.

About this time is said to have taken place a memorable event, which the Scottish people called the *Barns of Ayr*. It is alleged that the English governor of Ayr had invited the greater part of the Scottish nobility and gentry in the western parts, to meet him at some large buildings called the barns of Ayr, for the purpose of friendly conference upon the affairs of the nation. But the English earl entertained the treacherous purpose of

[1] In the western face of the chasm of Cartland crags, a few yards above the new bridge, a cave in the rock is pointed out by tradition as having been the hiding-place of Wallace.

putting the Scottish gentlemen to death. The English soldiers had halters with running nooses ready prepared, and hung upon the beams which supported the roof; and as the Scottish gentlemen were admitted by two and two at a time, the nooses were thrown over their heads, and they were pulled up by the neck, and thus hanged or strangled to death. Among those who were slain in this base and treacherous manner, was, it is said, Sir Reginald Crawford, Sheriff of the county of Ayr, and uncle to William Wallace.

When Wallace heard what had befallen, he was dreadfully enraged, and collecting his men in a wood near the town of Ayr, he resolved to be revenged on the authors of this great crime. The English in the meanwhile made much feasting, and when they had eaten and drunk plentifully, they lay down to sleep in the same large barns[1] in which they had murdered the Scottish gentlemen. But Wallace, learning that they kept no guard or watch, not suspecting there were any enemies so near them, directed a woman who knew the place to mark with chalk the doors of the lodgings where the Englishmen lay. Then he sent a party of men, who, with strong ropes, made all the doors so fast on the outside, that those within could not open them. On the outside the Scots had prepared heaps of straw, to which they set fire, and the barns of Ayr, being themselves made of wood, were soon burning in a bright flame. Then the English were awakened, and en-

[1] "The Sotheron drew to thar lugying but mar,
Four thousand hailt that nycht was intill Ayr,
In great *bernyss*, biggyt without the toun,
The justice lay, with mony bald barroun."

BLIND HARRY, vii. 333.

deavored to get out to save their lives. But the doors, as I told you, were secured on the outside, and bound fast with ropes; and, besides, the blazing houses were surrounded by the Scots, who forced those who got out to run back into the fire, or else put them to death on the spot; and thus great numbers perished miserably. Many of the English were lodged in a convent, but they had no better fortune than the others; for the prior of the convent caused all the friars to arm themselves, and, attacking the English guests, they put most of them to the sword. This was called the "Friar of Ayr's Blessing." We cannot tell if this story of the *Barns of Ayr* be exactly true; but it is probable there is some foundation for it, as it is universally believed in that country.

Thus Wallace's party grew daily stronger and stronger, and many of the Scottish nobles joined with him. Among these were Sir William Douglas, the Lord of Douglasdale, and the head of a great family often mentioned in Scottish history. There was also Sir John the Grahame, who became Wallace's bosom friend and greatest confidant. Many of these great noblemen, however, deserted the cause of the country on the approach of John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, the English governor, at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army. They thought that Wallace would be unable to withstand the attack of so many disciplined soldiers, and hastened to submit themselves to the English, for fear of losing their estates. Wallace, however, remained undismayed, and at the head of a considerable army. He had taken up his camp upon the northern side of the river Forth, near the

town of Stirling. The river was there crossed by a long wooden bridge, about a mile above the spot where the present bridge is situated.

The English general approached the banks of the river on the southern side. He sent two clergymen to offer a pardon to Wallace and his followers, on condition that they should lay down their arms. But such was not the purpose of the high-minded champion of Scotland.

He sent Two Clergymen to offer a Pardon to Wallace.

"Go back to Warenne," said Wallace, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the King of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating of peace, but of abiding battle, and restoring freedom to our country. Let the English come on; — we defy them to their very beards!"

The English, upon hearing this haughty answer, called loudly to be led to the attack. Their leader, Sir Richard Lundin, a Scottish knight, who had gone over to the enemy at Irvine, hesitated, for he was a skilful soldier, and he saw that, to approach the Scottish army, his troops must pass over the long, narrow wooden bridge; so that those who should get over first

might be attacked by Wallace with all his forces, before those who remained behind could possibly come to their assistance. He therefore inclined to delay the battle. But Cressingham, the treasurer, who was ignorant and presumptuous, insisted that it was their duty to fight, and put an end to the war at once; and Lundin gave way to his opinion, although Cressingham, being a churchman, could not be so good a judge of what was fitting as he himself, an experienced officer.

The English army began to cross the bridge, Cressingham leading the van, or foremost division of the army; for, in those military days, even clergymen wore armor and fought in battle. That took place which Sir Richard Lundin had foreseen. Wallace suffered a considerable part of the English army to pass the bridge, without offering any opposition; but when about one half were over, and the bridge was crowded with those who were following, he charged those who had crossed with his whole strength, slew a very great number, and drove the rest into the river Forth, where the greater part were drowned. The remainder of the English army, who were left on the southern bank of the river, fled in great confusion, having first set fire to the wooden bridge, that the Scots might not pursue them. Cressingham was killed in the very beginning of the battle; and the Scots detested him so much, that they flayed the skin from his dead body, and kept pieces of it, in memory of the revenge they had taken upon the English treasurer. Some say they made saddle-girths of this same skin, a purpose for which I do not think it could be very fit. It must be owned to have been a dishonorable thing of the Scots to insult

thus the dead body of their enemy, and shows that they must have been then a ferocious and barbarous people.

The remains of Surrey's great army fled out of Scotland after this defeat; and the Scots, taking arms on all sides, attacked the castles in which the English soldiers continued to shelter themselves, and took most of them by force or stratagem. Many wonderful stories are told of Wallace's exploits on these occasions; some of which are no doubt true, while others are either invented, or very much exaggerated. It seems certain, however, that he defeated the English in several combats, chased them almost entirely out of Scotland, regained the towns and castles of which they had possessed themselves, and recovered for a time the complete freedom of the country. He even marched into England, and laid Cumberland and Northumberland waste, where the Scottish soldiers, in revenge for the mischief which the English had done in their country, committed great cruelties. Wallace did not approve of their killing the people who were not in arms, and he endeavored to protect the clergy.

A Feudal Castle.

men and others, who were not able to defend themselves. "Remain with me," he said to the priests of Hexham, a large town in Northumberland, "for I cannot protect you from my soldiers when you are out of my presence." The troops who followed Wallace received no pay, because he had no money to give them; and that was one great reason why he could not keep them under restraint, or prevent their doing much harm to the defenceless country people. He remained in England more than three weeks, and did a great deal of mischief to the country.

Indeed, it appears, that, though Wallace disapproved of slaying priests, women, and children, he partook of the ferocity of the times so much, as to put to death without quarter all whom he found in arms. In the north of Scotland, the English had placed a garrison in the strong castle of Dunnottar, which, built on a large and precipitous rock, overhangs the raging sea. Though the place is almost inaccessible, Wallace and his followers found their way into the castle, while the garrison in great terror fled into the church or chapel, which was built on the very verge of the precipice. This did not save them, for Wallace caused the church to be set on fire. The terrified garrison, involved in the flames, ran some of them upon the points of the Scottish swords, while others threw themselves from the precipice into the sea, and swam along to the cliffs, where they hung like sea-fowl, screaming in vain for mercy and assistance.

The followers of Wallace were frightened at this dreadful scene, and falling on their knees before the priests who chanced to be in the army, they asked

forgiveness for having committed so much slaughter within the limits of a church dedicated to the service of God. But Wallace had so deep a sense of the injuries which the English had done to his country, that he only laughed at the contrition of his soldiers, — "I will absolve you all, myself," he said. "Are you Scottish soldiers, and do you repent for a trifle like this, which is not half what the invaders deserved at our hands!" So deep-seated was Wallace's feeling of national resentment, that it seems to have overcome, in such instances, the scruples of a temper which was naturally humane.

Edward I. was in Flanders when all these events took place. You may suppose he was very angry when he learned that Scotland, which he thought completely subdued, had risen into a great insurrection against him, defeated his armies, killed his treasurer, chased his soldiers out of their country, and invaded England with a great force. He came back from Flanders in a mighty rage, and determined not to leave that rebellious country until it was finally conquered; for which purpose he assembled a very fine army, and marched into Scotland.

In the meantime the Scots prepared to defend themselves, and chose Wallace to be Governor, or Protector of the kingdom, because they had no king at the time. He was now titled Sir William Wallace, Protector, or Governor, of the Scottish nation. But although Wallace, as we have seen, was the best soldier and bravest man in Scotland, and therefore the most fit to be placed in command at this critical period, when the King of England was coming against them with such

great forces, yet the nobles of Scotland envied him this important situation, because he was not a man born in high rank, or enjoying a large estate. So great was their jealousy of Sir William Wallace, that many of these great barons did not seem very willing to bring forward their forces, or fight against the English, because they would not have a man of inferior condition to be general. This was base and mean conduct, and it was attended with great disasters to Scotland.[1] Yet, notwithstanding this unwillingness of the great nobility to support him, Wallace assembled a large army; for the middling, but especially the lower classes, were very much attached to him. He marched boldly against the King of England, and met him near the town of Falkirk. Most of the Scottish army were on foot, because, as I already told you, in those days only the nobility and great men of Scotland fought on horseback. The English king, on the contrary, had a very large body of the finest cavalry in the world, Normans and English, all clothed in complete armor. He had also the celebrated archers of England, each of whom was said to carry twelve Scotsmen's lives under his girdle; because every archer had twelve arrows stuck in his belt, and was expected to kill a man with every arrow.

The Scots had some good archers from the Forest of

1 "These mean and selfish jealousies were increased by the terror of Edward's military renown, and in many by the fear of losing their English estates; so that at the very time when an honest love of liberty, and a simultaneous spirit of resistance, could alone have saved Scotland, its nobility deserted it at its utmost need, and refused to act with the only man whose military talents and prosperity were equal to the emergency." — Tytler's *Hist. of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 157.

Ettrick, who fought under command of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill; but they were not nearly equal in number to the English. The greater part of the Scottish army were on foot, armed with long spears; they were placed thick and close together, and laid all their spears so close, point over point, that it seemed as difficult to break through them, as through the wall of a strong castle. When the two armies were drawn up facing each other, Wallace said to his soldiers, "I have brought you to the ring, let me see how you can dance;" meaning, I have brought you to the decisive field of battle, let me see how bravely you can fight.

The English made the attack. King Edward, though he saw the close ranks and undaunted appearance of the Scottish infantry, resolved nevertheless to try whether he could not ride them down with his fine cavalry. He therefore gave his horsemen orders to advance. They charged accordingly, at full gallop. It must have been a terrible thing to have seen these fine horses riding as hard as they could against the long lances, which were held out by the Scots to keep them back; and a dreadful cry arose when they came against each other.

The fine line of cavalry was commanded by the Earl Marshal of England, whose progress was checked by a morass. The second line of English horse was commanded by Antony Beck, the Bishop of Durham, who, nevertheless, wore armor, and fought like a lay baron. He wheeled round the morass; but when he saw the deep and firm order of the Scots, his heart failed, and he proposed to Sir Ralph Basset of Drayton, who commanded under him, to halt till Edward himself brought

up the reserve. "Go say your mass, bishop," answered Basset, contemptuously, and advanced at full gallop with the second line. However, the Scots stood their ground with their long spears; many of the foremost of the English horses were thrown down, and the riders were killed as they lay rolling, unable to rise, owing to the weight of their heavy armor. But the Scottish horse did not come to the assistance of their infantry, but, on the contrary, fled away from the battle. It is supposed that this was owing to the treachery or ill-will of the nobility, who were jealous of Wallace. But it must be considered that the Scottish cavalry were few in number; and that they had much worse arms, and weaker horses than their enemies. The English cavalry attempted again and again to disperse the deep and solid ranks in which Wallace had stationed his foot soldiers. But they were repeatedly beaten off with loss, nor could they make their way through that wood of spears, as it is called by one of the English historians. King Edward then commanded his archers to advance; and these approaching within arrow-shot of the Scottish ranks, poured on them such close and dreadful volleys of arrows, that it was impossible to sustain the discharge. It happened at the same time, that Sir John Stewart was killed by a fall from his horse; and the archers of Ettrick Forest, whom he was bringing forward to oppose those of King Edward, were slain in great numbers around him. Their bodies were afterwards distinguished among the slain, as being the tallest and handsomest men of the army.

The Scottish spearmen being thus thrown into some degree of confusion by the loss of those who were slain

by the arrows of the English, the heavy cavalry of Edward again charged with more success than formerly, and broke through the ranks, which were already disordered. Sir John Grahame, Wallace's great friend and companion, was slain, with many other brave soldiers; and the Scots, having lost a very great number of men, were at length obliged to take to flight.

This fatal battle was fought upon 22d July, 1298. Sir John the Grahame lies buried in the churchyard of Falkirk. A tombstone was laid over him, which has been three times renewed since his death. The inscription bears, "That Sir John the Grahame, equally remarkable for wisdom and courage, and the faithful friend of Wallace, being slain in battle by the English, lies buried in this place."[1] A large oak-tree in the adjoining forest was long shown as marking the spot where Wallace slept before the battle, or, as others said, in which he hid himself after the defeat. Nearly forty years ago grandpapa saw some of its roots; but the body of the tree was even then entirely decayed, and there is not now, and has not been for many years, the least vestige of it to be seen.

After this fatal defeat of Falkirk, Sir William Wallace seems to have resigned his office of Governor of

[1] "The gravestone of Sir John De Grahame is in the churchyard of Falkirk, having the following Latin motto, with a translation: —

'Mente Manuque Potens, et Vallæ Fidus Achates
Conditur Hic Gramus, Bello Interfectus ab Anglis.
xxii. Julii, Anno 1298.

'Heir lyes Ser John the Grame, baith wight and wise,
Ane of the Chiefs who rescewit Scotland thrise,
Ane better Knight not to the world was lent,
Nor was gude Grame of truth and hardiment.'"

Nimmo's *Hist. of Sterlingshire*, p. 198.

Scotland. Several nobles were named guardians in his place, and continued to make resistance to the English armies; and they gained some advantages, particularly near Roslin, where a body of Scots, commanded by John Comyn of Badenoch, who was one of the guardians of the kingdom, and another distinguished commander, called Simon Fraser, defeated three armies — or detachments — of English in one day.

Nevertheless, the King of England possessed so much wealth, and so many means of raising soldiers, that he sent army after army into the poor, oppressed country of Scotland, and obliged all its nobles and great men, one after another, to submit themselves once more to his yoke. Sir William Wallace alone, or with a very small band of followers, refused either to acknowledge the usurper Edward, or to lay down his arms. He continued to maintain himself among the woods and mountains of his native country for no less than seven years after his defeat at Falkirk, and for more than one year after all the other defenders of Scottish liberty had laid down their arms. Many proclamations were sent out against him by the English, and a great reward was set upon his head; for Edward did not think he could have any secure possession of his usurped kingdom of Scotland while Wallace lived. At length he was taken prisoner; and, shame it is to say, a Scotsman, called Sir John Menteith, was the person by whom he was seized and delivered to the English. It is generally said that he was made prisoner at Robroyston, near Glasgow; and the tradition of the country bears, that the signal made for rushing upon him and taking him unawares was, when one of his pre-

tended friends, who betrayed him, should turn a loaf, which was placed on the table, with its bottom or flat side uppermost. And in after times it was reckoned ill-breeding to turn a loaf in that manner if there was a person named Menteith in company; since it was as much as to remind him that his namesake had betrayed Sir William Wallace, the Champion of Scotland.

English Knights.

Whether Sir John Menteith was actually the person by whom Wallace was betrayed is not perfectly certain. He was, however, the individual by whom the patriot was made prisoner and delivered up to the English, for which his name and his memory have been long loaded with disgrace.

Edward having thus obtained possession of the person whom he considered as the greatest obstacle to his complete conquest of Scotland, resolved to make Wallace an example to all Scottish patriots who should in future venture to oppose his ambitious projects. He caused this gallant defender of his country to be brought to trial in Westminster Hall, before the English judges,

and produced him there crowned, in mockery with a green garland, because they said he had been king of outlaws and robbers among the Scottish woods. Wallace was accused of having been a traitor to the English crown; to which he answered, "I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject." He was then charged with having taken and burnt towns and castles, with having killed many men, and done much violence. He replied, with the most calm resolution, "that it was true he had killed very many Englishmen, but it was because they had come to subdue and oppress his native country of Scotland; and far from repenting what he had done, he declared he was only sorry that he had not put to death many more of them."

Notwithstanding that Wallace's defence was a good one, both in law and in common sense (for surely every one has not only a right to fight in defence of his native country, but is bound in duty to do so), the English judges condemned him to be executed. So this brave patriot was dragged upon a sledge to the place of execution, where his head was struck off, and his body divided into four quarters, which, according to the cruel custom of the time, were exposed upon spikes of iron on London Bridge, and were termed the limbs of a traitor.

No doubt King Edward thought that by exercising this great severity towards so distinguished a patriot as Sir William Wallace, he should terrify all the Scots into obedience, and so be able in future to reign over their country without resistance. But though Edward was a powerful, a brave, and a wise king, and though

he took the most cautious, as well as the most strict, measures to preserve the obedience of Scotland, yet his claim, being founded in injustice and usurpation, was not permitted by Providence to be established in security or peace. Sir William Wallace, that immortal supporter of the independence of his country, was no sooner deprived of his life in the cruel and unjust manner I have told you, than other patriots arose to assert the cause of Scottish liberty.

THE RISE OF ROBERT THE BRUCE

(From Tales of a Grandfather.)

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I HOPE, my dear child, that you have not forgotten that all the cruel wars in Scotland arose out of the debate between the great lords who claimed the throne after King Alexander the Third's death, which induced the Scottish nobility rashly to submit the decision of that matter to King Edward of England, and thus opened the way to his endeavoring to seize the kingdom of Scotland to himself. You recollect, also, that Edward had dethroned John Baliol, on account of his attempting to restore the independence of Scotland, and that Baliol had resigned the crown of Scotland into the hands of Edward as lord paramount. This John Baliol, therefore, was very little respected in Scotland; he had renounced the kingdom, and had been absent from it for fifteen years, during the greater part of which time he remained a prisoner in the hands of the King of England.

It was therefore natural that such of the people of Scotland as were still determined to fight for the deliverance of their country from the English yoke, should look around for some other king, under whom they might unite themselves to combat the power of England. The feeling was universal in Scotland, that they would not any longer endure the English government; and therefore such great Scottish nobles as believed they had right to the crown, began to think of standing forward to claim it.

Amongst these, the principal candidates (supposing John Baliol, by his renunciation and captivity, to have lost all right to the kingdom) were two powerful noblemen. The first was Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, the grandson of that elder Robert Bruce, who, as you have heard, disputed the throne with John Baliol. The other was John Comyn, or Cuming, of Badenoch,[1] usually called the Red Comyn, to distinguish him from his kinsman, the Black Comyn, so named from his swarthy complexion. These two great and powerful barons had taken part with Sir William Wallace in the wars against

Robert Bruce.

[1] "He was the son of Marjory, sister of King John Baliol, by her marriage with John Comyn of Badenoch, one of the competitors with Baliol for the crown, but who afterwards withdrew his pretensions and supported the claim and the government of Baliol." — Wood's *Peerage*, vol. i. p. 162.

England; but, after the defeat of Falkirk, being fearful of losing their great estates, and considering the freedom of Scotland as beyond the possibility of being recovered, both Bruce and Comyn had not only submitted themselves to Edward, and acknowledged his title as King of Scotland, but even borne arms, along with the English, against such of their countrymen as still continued to resist the usurper. But the feelings of Bruce concerning the baseness of this conduct are said, by the old traditions of Scotland, to have been awakened by the following incident. In one of the numerous battles, or skirmishes, which took place at the time between the English and their adherents on the one side, and the insurgent or patriotic Scots upon the other, Robert the Bruce was present, and assisted the English to gain the victory. After the battle was over, he sat down to dinner among his southern friends and allies without washing his hands, on which there still remained spots of the blood which he had shed during the action. The English lords, observing this, whispered to each other in mockery, "Look at that Scotsman who is eating his own blood!" Bruce heard what they said, and began to reflect that the blood upon his hands might be indeed called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen, who were fighting for the independence of Scotland whilst he was assisting its oppressors, who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct. He was so much shocked and disgusted, that he arose from table, and, going into a neighboring chapel, shed many tears, and, asking pardon of God for the great crime he had been guilty of, made a solemn vow that he would atone for it by doing

all in his power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke. Accordingly, he left, it is said, the English army, and never joined it again, but remained watching an opportunity for restoring the freedom of his country.

Now this Robert the Bruce was a remarkably brave and strong man: there was no man in Scotland that was thought a match for him except Sir William Wallace, and now that Wallace was dead, Bruce was held the best warrior in Scotland. He was very wise and prudent, and an excellent general: that is, he knew how to conduct an army, and place them in order for battle, as well or better than any great man of his time. He was generous, too, and courteous by nature; but he had some faults, which perhaps belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion he was sometimes relentless and cruel.

Robert the Bruce had fixed his purpose, as I told you, to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and he desired to prevail upon Sir John the Red Comyn, who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this purpose, Bruce posted down from London to Dumfries, on the borders of Scotland, and requested an interview with John Comyn. They met in the church of the Minorites in that town, before the high altar. What passed betwixt them is not known with certainty; but they quarrelled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the crown, or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English; or, as many writers say, because Bruce charged Comyn with having betrayed

to the English his purpose of rising up against King Edward. It is, however, certain that these two haughty barons came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce, who I told you was extremely passionate, forgot the sacred character of the place in which they stood, and struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Having done this rash deed, he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse. Two gentlemen of the country, Lindesay and Kirkpatrick, friends of Bruce, were then in attendance on him. Seeing him pale, bloody, and in much agitation, they eagerly inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter in doubt?" said Kirkpatrick. "I will mak sicker!" — that is, I will make certain.

Accordingly he and his companion, Lindesay, rushed into the church, and made the matter certain with a vengeance by despatching the wounded Comyn with their daggers. His uncle, Sir Robert Comyn, was slain at the same time.

This slaughter of Comyn was a rash and cruel action; and the historian of Bruce observes, that it was followed by the displeasure of Heaven; for no man ever went through more misfortunes than Robert Bruce, although he at length rose to great honor.

After the deed was done, Bruce might be called desperate. He had committed an action which was sure to bring down upon him the vengeance of all Comyn's relations, the resentment of the King of England, and the displeasure of the Church, on account of having slain

his enemy within consecrated ground. He determined, therefore, to bid them all defiance at once, and to assert his pretensions to the throne of Scotland. He drew his own followers together, summoned to meet him such barons as still entertained hopes of the freedom of the country, and was crowned King at the Abbey of Scone, the usual place where the Kings of Scotland assumed their authority.

Everything relating to the ceremony was hastily performed. A small circlet of gold was hurriedly made, to represent the ancient crown of Scotland, which Edward had carried off to England. The Earl of Fife, descendant of the brave Macduff, whose duty it was to have placed the crown on the King's head, would not give his attendance. But the ceremonial was performed by his sister, Isabella, Countess of Buchan, though without the consent either of her brother or husband. A few barons, whose names ought to be dear to their country, joined Bruce in his attempt to vindicate the independence of Scotland.

Edward was dreadfully incensed when he heard that after all the pains which he had taken, and all the blood which had been spilled, the Scots were making this new attempt to shake off his authority. Though now old, feeble, and sickly, he made a solemn vow, at a great festival, in presence of all his court, that he would take the most ample vengeance upon Robert the Bruce and his adherents; after which he would never again draw his sword upon a Christian, but would only fight against the unbelieving Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Land. He marched against Bruce accordingly, at the head of a powerful army.

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on 29th March, 1306. On the 18th May he was excommunicated by the Pope, on account of the murder of Comyn within consecrated ground, a sentence which excluded him from all the benefits of religion, and authorized any one to kill him. Finally, on the 19th June the new king was completely defeated near Methven by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed under him in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scottish knight, who, though he served in the English army, did not choose to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape. The conquerors executed their prisoners with their usual cruelty. Among these were some gallant young men of the first Scottish families, — Hay, ancestor of the Earls of Errol, Somerville, Fraser, and others, who were mercilessly put to death.

Bruce, with a few brave adherents, among whom was the young Lord of Douglas, who was afterwards called the Good Lord James, retired into the Highland mountains, where they were chased from one place of refuge to another, often in great danger, and suffering many hardships. The Bruce's wife, now Queen of Scotland, with several other ladies, accompanied her husband and his few followers during their wanderings. There was no other way of providing for them save by hunting and fishing. It was remarked that Douglas was the most active and successful in procuring for the unfortunate ladies such supplies as his dexterity in fishing or in killing deer could furnish to them.

Driven from one place in the Highlands to another,

starved out of some districts, and forced from others by the opposition of the inhabitants, Bruce attempted to force his way into Lorn; but he found enemies everywhere. The M'Dougals, a powerful family, then called Lords of Lorn, were friendly to the English, and putting their men in arms, attacked Bruce and his wandering companions as soon as they attempted to enter their territory. The chief of these M'Dougals, called John of Lorn, hated Bruce on account of his having slain the Red Comyn in the church at Dumfries, to whom this M'Dougal was nearly related. Bruce was again defeated by this chief, through force of numbers, at a place called Dalry; but he showed, amidst his misfortunes, the greatness of his strength and courage. He directed his men to retreat through a narrow pass, and placing himself last of the party, he fought with and slew such of the enemy as attempted to press hard on them. Three followers of M'Dougal, a father and two sons, called M'Androsser, all very strong men, when they saw Bruce thus protecting the retreat of his followers, made a vow that they would either kill this redoubted champion, or make him prisoner. The whole three rushed on the King at once. Bruce was on horseback, in the strait pass we have described, betwixt a precipitous rock and a deep lake. He struck the first man who came up and seized his horse's rein, such a blow with his sword, as cut off his hand and freed the bridle. The man bled to death. The other brother had grasped Bruce in the mean time by the leg, and was attempting to throw him from horseback. The King, setting spurs to his horse, made the animal suddenly spring forward, so that the Highlander fell under

the horse's feet; and, as he was endeavoring to rise again, Bruce cleft his head in two with his sword. The father, seeing his two sons thus slain, flew desperately at the King, and grasped him by the mantle so close to his body, that he could not have room to wield his long sword. But with the heavy pommel of that weapon, or, as others say, with an iron hammer which hung at his saddle-bow, the King struck this third assailant so dreadful a blow, that he dashed out his brains. Still, however, the Highlander kept his dying grasp on the King's mantle; so that, to be free of the dead body, Bruce was obliged to undo the brooch, or clasp, by which it was fastened, and leave that, and the mantle itself, behind him. The brooch, which fell thus into the possession of M'Dougal of Lorn, is still preserved in that ancient family, as a memorial that the celebrated Robert Bruce once narrowly escaped falling into the hands of their

The Highlander Fell Under the Horse's Feet.

ancestor.[1] Robert greatly resented this attack upon him; and when he was in happier circumstances, did not fail to take his revenge on M'Dougal, or, as he is usually called, John of Lorn.

The King met with many such encounters amidst his dangerous and dismal wanderings; yet, though almost always defeated by the superior numbers of the English, and of such Scots as sided with them, he still kept up his own spirits and those of his followers. He was a better scholar than was usual in those days, when, except clergymen, few people learned to read and write. But King Robert could do both very well; and we are told that he sometimes read aloud to his companions, to amuse them when they were crossing the great Highland lakes in such wretched, leaky boats as they could find for that purpose. Loch Lomond, in particular, is said to have been the scene of such a lecture. You may see by this how useful it is to possess knowledge and accomplishments. If Bruce could not have read to his associates, and diverted their thoughts from their dangers and sufferings, he might not perhaps have been able to keep up their spirits, or secure their continued attachment.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave

[1] "Barbour adds the following circumstance, highly characteristic of the sentiments of chivalry. Mac-Naughton, a Baron of Cowal, pointed out to the Lord of Lorn the deeds of valor which Bruce performed on this memorable retreat, with the highest expression of admiration. 'It seems to give thee pleasure,' said Lorn, 'that he makes such havoc among our friends.' — 'Not so, by my faith,' replied Mac-Naughton; 'but be he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of chivalry, men should bear faithful witness to his valor; and never have I heard of one who, by his knightly feats, has extricated himself from such dangers as have this day surrounded Bruce.'" — *Lord of the Isles, Note to Canto* ii. *Stanza* xi.

King Robert, that he was obliged to separate himself from his Queen and her ladies; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life when the frost and snow should set in. So Bruce left his Queen with the Countess of Buchan and others, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie, and is situated near the head of the river Don in Aberdeenshire. The King also left his youngest brother, Nigel Bruce, to defend the castle against the English; and he himself, with his second brother, Edward, who was a very brave man, but still more rash and passionate than Robert himself, went over to an island called Rachrin, on the coast of Ireland, where Bruce and the few men that followed his fortunes passed the winter of 1306. In the mean time, ill luck seemed to pursue all his friends in Scotland. The castle of Kildrummie was taken by the English, and Nigel Bruce, a beautiful and brave youth, was cruelly put to death by the victors. The ladies who had attended on Robert's Queen, as well as the Queen herself, and the Countess of Buchan, were thrown into strict confinement, and treated with the utmost severity.

The Countess of Buchan, as I before told you, had given Edward great offence by being the person who placed the crown on the head of Robert Bruce. She was imprisoned within the castle of Berwick, in a cage made on purpose. Some Scottish authors have pretended that this cage was hung over the walls with the poor countess, like a parrot's cage out at a window. But this is their own ignorant idea. The cage of the Lady Buchan was a strong wooden and iron piece of

framework, placed within an apartment, and resembling one of those places in which wild beasts are confined. There were such cages in most old prisons to which captives were consigned, who, either for mutiny, or any other reason, were to be confined with peculiar rigor.

The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the captivity of his wife, and the execution of his brother, reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

It was about this time that an incident took place, which, although it rests only on tradition in families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the time. After receiving the last unpleasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens: by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland, while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the Infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of his age might think otherwise.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and

doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing a line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials, and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more."

While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely per-

suaded of the truth of this story, that they would not on any account kill a spider; because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The King landed, and inquired of the first woman he met, what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer, that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, the governor of the castle of Brathwick,[1] had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The King, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly. Now, the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle, was James Douglas, whom we have already mentioned as one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn, he knew the sound well, and cried out, that yonder was the King, he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides; whilst at the same time they could not help weeping when they considered their own forlorn condition, and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted. But

[1] Or Brodick: now a seat of the Duke of Hamilton, Earl of Arran.

they were stout-hearted men, and looked forward to freeing their country, in spite of all that had yet happened![1]

The Bruce was now in sight of Scotland, and not distant from his own family possessions, where the people were most likely to be attached to him. He began immediately to form plans with Douglas, how they might best renew their enterprise against the English. The Douglas resolved to go disguised to his own country, and raise his followers, in order to begin their enterprise by taking revenge on an English nobleman called Lord Clifford, upon whom Edward had conferred his estates, and who had taken up his residence in the castle of Douglas.

Bruce, on his part, opened a communication with the opposite coast of Carrick, by means of one of his followers called Cuthbert. This person had directions that if he should find the countrymen in Carrick disposed to take up arms against the English, he was to make a fire on a headland, or lofty cape, called Turnberry, on the coast of Ayrshire, opposite to the island of Arran. The appearance of a fire on this place was to be a signal for Bruce to put to sea with such men as he had, who were not more than three hundred in number, for the purpose of landing in Carrick and joining the insurgents.

Bruce and his men watched eagerly for the signal, but for some time in vain. At length a fire on Turn-

[1] "There are several natural caves; the principal, and which highly excites the curiosity of strangers of all ranks, is one in the west of the island, opposite to Campbeltown, called the *King's Cave*, because, as tradition asserts, King Robert Bruce and his retinue lodged in it for some time when taking shelter in retired places." — *Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. v. p. 167. *Art.* Arran.

berry head became visible, and the King and his followers merrily betook themselves to their ships and galleys, concluding their Carrick friends were all in arms, and ready to join with them. They landed on the beach at midnight, where they found their spy Cuthbert alone in waiting for them, with very bad news. Lord Percy, he said, was in the country, with two or three hundred Englishmen, and had terrified the people so much, both by threats and actions, that none of them dared to think of rebelling against King Edward.

"Traitor!" said Bruce, "why, then, did you make the signal?"

"Alas!" replied Cuthbert, "the fire was not made by me, but by some other person, for what purpose I know not; but as soon as I saw it burning, I knew that you would come over, thinking it my signal, and therefore I came down to wait for you on the beach, to tell you how the matter stood."

King Robert's first idea was to return to Arran after this disappointment; but his brother Edward refused to go back. He was, as I have told you, a man daring even to rashness. "I will not leave my native land," he said, "now that I am so unexpectedly restored to it. I will give freedom to Scotland, or leave my carcass on the surface of the land which gave me birth."

Bruce, also, after some hesitation, determined that since he had been thus brought to the mainland of Scotland, he would remain there, and take such adventure and fortune as Heaven should send him.

Accordingly, he began to skirmish with the English so successfully, as obliged the Lord Percy to quit Carrick. Bruce then dispersed his men upon various

adventures against the enemy, in which they were generally successful. But then, on the other hand, the King, being left with small attendance, or sometimes almost alone, ran great risk of losing his life by treachery, or by open violence. Several of these incidents are very interesting. I will tell you some of them.

At one time a near relation of Bruce's, in whom he entirely confided, was induced by the bribes of the English to attempt to put him to death. This villain, with his two sons, watched the King one morning, till he saw him separated from all his men, excepting a little boy, who waited on him as a page. The father had a sword in his hand, one of the sons had a sword and a spear, the other had a sword and a battle-axe. Now, when the King saw them so well armed, when there were no enemies near, he began to call to mind some hints which had been given to him, that these men intended to murder him. He had no weapons excepting his sword; but his page had a bow and arrow. He took them both from the little boy, and bade him stand at a distance; "for," said the King, "if I overcome these traitors, thou shalt have enough of weapons; but if I am slain by them, you may make your escape, and tell Douglas and my brother to avenge my death." The boy was very sorry, for he loved his master; but he was obliged to do as he was bidden.

In the mean time the traitors came forward upon Bruce, that they might assault him at once. The King called out to them, and commanded them to come no nearer, upon peril of their lives; but the father

answered with flattering words, pretending great kindness, and still continuing to approach his person. Then the King again called to them to stand. "Traitors," said he, "ye have sold my life for English gold; but you shall die if you come one foot nearer to me." With that he bent the page's bow; and as the old conspirator continued to advance, he let the arrow fly at him. Bruce was an excellent archer; he aimed his arrow so well, that it hit the father in the eye, and penetrated from that into his brain, so that he fell down dead. Then the two sons rushed on the King. One of them fetched a blow at him with an axe, but missed his stroke, and stumbled, so that the King with his great sword cut him down before he could recover his feet. The remaining traitor ran on

But the King Killed Him before He had Time to Draw His Sword.

Bruce with his spear; but the King, with a sweep of his sword, cut the steel head off the villain's weapon, and then killed him before he had time to draw his sword. Then the little page came running, very joyful of his master's victory; and the King wiped his bloody sword, and, looking upon the dead bodies, said, "These might have been reputed three gallant men, if they could have resisted the temptation of covetousness."

In the present day, it is not necessary that generals or great officers, should fight with their own hands, because it is only their duty to direct the movements and exertions of their followers. The artillery and the soldiers shoot at the enemy; and men seldom mingle together, and fight hand to hand. But in ancient times, kings and great lords were obliged to put themselves into the very front of the battle, and fight like ordinary men, with the lance and other weapons. It was, therefore, of great consequence that they should be strong men, and dexterous in the use of their arms. Robert Bruce was so remarkably active and powerful that he came through a great many personal dangers, in which he must otherwise have been slain. I will tell you another of his adventures, which I think will amuse you.

After the death of these three traitors, Robert the Bruce continued to keep himself concealed in his own earldom of Carrick, and in the neighboring country of Galloway, until he should have matters ready for a general attack upon the English. He was obliged, in the mean time, to keep very few men with him, both for the sake of secrecy, and from the difficulty of finding provisions. Now, many of the people of Galloway

were unfriendly to Bruce. They lived under the government of one M'Dougal, related to the Lord of Lorn, who, as I before told you, had defeated Bruce at Dalry, and very nearly killed or made him prisoner. These Galloway men had heard that Bruce was in their country, having no more than sixty men with him; so they resolved to attack him by surprise, and for this purpose they got two hundred men together, and brought with them two or three bloodhounds. These animals were trained to chase a man by the scent of his footsteps, as foxhounds chase a fox, or as beagles and harriers chase a hare. Although the dog does not see the person whose trace he is put upon, he follows him over every step he has taken. At that time these bloodhounds, or sleuthhounds (so called from *slot*, or *sleut*, a word which signifies the scent left by an animal of chase), were used for the purpose of pursuing great criminals. The men of Galloway thought themselves secure, that if they missed taking Bruce, or killing him at the first onset, and if he should escape into the woods, they would find him out by means of these bloodhounds.

The good King Robert Bruce, who was always watchful and vigilant, had received some information of the intention of this party to come upon him suddenly and by night. Accordingly, he quartered his little troop of sixty men on the side of a deep and swift-running river, that had very steep and rocky banks. There was but one ford by which this river could be crossed in that neighborhood, and that ford was deep and narrow, so that two men could scarcely get through abreast; the ground on which they were to land on the side where the King was, was steep, and the path

which led upwards from the water's edge to the top of the bank extremely narrow and difficult.

Bruce caused his men to lie down to take some sleep, at a place about half a mile distant from the river, while he himself, with two attendants, went down to watch the ford, through which the enemy must needs pass before they could come to the place where King Robert's men were lying. He stood for some time looking at the ford, and thinking how easily the enemy might be kept from passing there, providing it was bravely defended, when he heard at a distance the baying of a hound, which was always coming nearer and nearer. This was the bloodhound which was tracing the King's steps to the ford where he had crossed, and the two hundred Galloway men were along with the animal, and guided by it. Bruce at first thought of going back to awaken his men; but then he reflected that it might be only some shepherd's dog.

"My men," he said, "are sorely tired; I will not disturb their sleep for the yelping of a cur, till I know something more of the matter." So he stood and listened; and by and by, as the cry of the hound came nearer, he began to hear a trampling of horses, and the voices of men, and the ringing and clattering of armor, and then he was sure the enemy were coming to the river-side. Then the King thought, "If I go back to give my men the alarm, these Galloway men will get through the ford without opposition; and that would be a pity, since it is a place so advantageous to make defence against them." So he looked again at the steep path, and the deep river, and he thought that

they gave him so much advantage, that he himself could defend the passage with his own hand, until his men came to assist him. His armor was so good and strong, that he had no fear of arrows, and therefore the combat was not so very unequal as it must have otherwise been. He therefore sent his followers to waken his men, and remained alone by the bank of the river.

In the mean while, the noise and trampling of the horses increased; and the moon being bright, Bruce beheld the glancing arms of about two hundred men, who came down to the opposite bank of the river. The men of Galloway, on their part, saw but one solitary figure, guarding the ford, and the foremost of them plunged into the river without minding him. But, as they could only pass the ford one by one, the Bruce, who stood high above them on the bank where they were to land, killed the foremost man with a thrust of his long spear, and with a second thrust stabbed the horse, which fell down, kicking and plunging in his agonies, on the narrow path, and so prevented the others who were following from getting out of the river. Bruce had thus an opportunity of dealing his blows at pleasure among them, while they could not strike at him again. In the confusion, five or six of the enemy were slain, or, having been borne down the current, were drowned in the river. The rest were terrified, and drew back.

But when the Galloway men looked again, and saw they were opposed by only one man, they themselves being so many, they cried out, that their honor would be lost forever if they did not force their way; and en-

couraged each other, with loud cries, to plunge through, and assault him. By this time, the King's soldiers came up to his assistance, and the Galloway men retreated, and gave up their enterprise.[1]

I will tell you another story of this brave Robert Bruce during his wanderings. His adventures are as curious and entertaining as those which men invent for story-books, with this advantage, that they are all true.

About the time when the Bruce was yet at the head of but few men, Sir Aymer de Valence, who was Earl of Pembroke, together with John of Lorn, came into Galloway, each of them being at the head of a large body of men. John of Lorn had a bloodhound with him, which, it was said, had formerly belonged to Robert Bruce himself; and having been fed by the King with his own hands, it became attached to him, and would follow his footsteps anywhere, as dogs are well known to trace their master's steps, whether they be bloodhounds or not. By means of this hound, John of Lorn thought he should certainly find out Bruce, and take revenge on him for the death of his relation Comyn.

When these two armies advanced upon King Robert, he at first thought of fighting with the English earl; but becoming aware that John of Lorn was moving round with another large body to attack him in the rear, he resolved to avoid fighting at that time, lest he should be oppressed by numbers. For this purpose, the

1 "When the soldiers came up, they found the King wearied, but unwounded, and sitting on a bank, where he had cast off his helmet to wipe his brow, and cool himself in the night air." — Tytler, vol. i. p. 258.

King divided the men he had with him into three bodies, and commanded them to retreat by three different ways, thinking the enemy would not know which party to pursue. He also appointed a place at which they were to assemble again. But when John of Lorn came to the place where the army of Bruce had been thus divided the bloodhound took his course after one of these divisions, neglecting the other two, and then John of Lorn knew that the King must be in that party; so he also made no pursuit after the two other divisions of the Scots, but followed that which the dog pointed out, with all his men.

Sir Aymer de Valence.

The King again saw that he was followed by a large body, and being determined to escape from them, if possible, he made all the people who were with him disperse themselves different ways, thinking thus that the enemy must needs lose trace of him. He kept only one man along with him, and that was his own foster-brother, or the son of his nurse. When John of Lorn

came to the place where Bruce's companions had dispersed themselves, the bloodhound, after it had snuffed up and down for a little, quitted the footsteps of all the other fugitives, and ran barking upon the track of two men out of the whole number. Then John of Lorn knew that one of these two must needs be King Robert. Accordingly, he commanded five of his men that were speedy of foot to chase after him, and either make him prisoner or slay him. The Highlanders started off accordingly, and ran so fast that they gained sight of Robert and his foster-brother. The King asked his companion what help he could give him, and his foster-brother answered that he was ready to do his best. So these two turned on the five men of John of Lorn and killed them all. It is to be supposed they were better armed than the others were, as well as stronger and more desperate.

But by this time Bruce was very much fatigued, and yet they dared not sit down to take any rest; for whenever they stopped for an instant, they heard the cry of the bloodhound behind them, and knew by that that their enemies were coming up fast after them. At length they came to a wood through which ran a small river. Then Bruce said to his foster-brother, "Let us wade down this stream for a great way, instead of going straight across, and so this unhappy hound will lose the scent; for if we were once clear of him, I should not be afraid of getting away from the pursuers." Accordingly the King and his attendant walked a great way down the stream, taking care to keep their feet in the water, which could not retain any scent where they had stepped. Then they came ashore on the fur-

ther side from the enemy, and went deep into the wood before they stopped to rest themselves. In the meanwhile the hound led John of Lorn straight to the place where the King went into the water, but there the dog began to be puzzled, not knowing where to go next; for you are well aware that the running water could not retain the scent of a man's foot, like that which remains on turf. So John of Lorn, seeing the dog was at fault, as it is called, that is, had lost the track of that which he pursued, he gave up the chase, and returned to join with Aymer de Valence.

But King Robert's adventures were not ended. His foster-brother and he had rested themselves in the wood, but they had got no food, and were become extremely hungry. They walked on, however, in hopes of coming to some habitation. At length, in the midst of the forest, they met with three men who looked like thieves or ruffians. They were well armed, and one of them bore a sheep on his back, which it seemed as if they had just stolen. They saluted the King civilly; and he, replying to their salutation, asked them where they were going. The men answered, they were seeking for Robert Bruce, for that they intended to join with him. The King answered, that if they would go with him, he would conduct them where they would find the Scottish King. Then the man who had spoken, changed countenance, and Bruce, who looked sharply at him, began to suspect that the ruffian guessed who he was, and that he and his companions had some design against his person, in order to gain the reward which had been offered for his life.

So he said to them, "My good friends, as we are not

well acquainted with each other, you must go before us, and we will follow near to you."

"You have no occasion to suspect any harm from us," answered the man.

"Neither do I suspect any," said Bruce; "but this is the way in which I choose to travel."

The men did as he commanded, and thus they travelled till they came together to a waste and ruinous cottage, where the men proposed to dress some part of the sheep, which their companion was carrying. The King was glad to hear of food; but he insisted that there should be two fires kindled, one for himself and his foster-brother at one end of the house, the other at the other end for their three companions. The men did as he desired. They broiled a quarter of mutton for themselves, and gave another to the King and his attendant. They were obliged to eat it without bread or salt; but as they were very hungry, they were glad to get food in any shape, and partook of it very heartily.

Then so heavy a drowsiness fell on King Robert, that, for all the danger he was in, he could not resist an inclination to sleep. But first, he desired his foster-brother to watch while he slept, for he had great suspicion of their new acquaintances. His foster-brother promised to keep awake, and did his best to keep his word. But the King had not been long asleep ere his foster-brother fell into a deep slumber also, for he had undergone as much fatigue as the King. When the three villains saw the King and his attendant asleep, they made signs to each other, and rising up at once, drew their swords with the purpose to kill them both. But the King slept but lightly, and for as little noise

as the traitors made in rising, he was awakened by it, and starting up, drew his sword, and went to meet them. At the same moment he pushed his foster-brother with his foot, to awaken him, and he got on his feet: but ere he got his eyes cleared to see what was about to happen, one of the ruffians that were advancing to slay the King, killed him with a stroke of his sword. The King was now alone, one man against three, and in the greatest danger of his life; but his amazing strength, and the good armor which he wore, freed him once more from this great peril, and he killed the three men, one after another. He then left the cottage, very sorrowful for the death of his faithful foster-brother, and took his direction towards the place where he had appointed his men to assemble after their dispersion. It was now near night, and the place of meeting being a farm-house, he went boldly into it, where he found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scots-woman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was? The King answered that he was a traveller, who was journeying through the country.

"All travellers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here, for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the King, "for whose sake you make all travellers welcome?"

"It is our rightful King, Robert the Bruce," answered the mistress, "who is the lawful lord of this country; and, although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him King over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the King,

"know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the good woman, in great surprise; "and wherefore are you thus alone? — where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame, "for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death."

So she brought her two sons, and though she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the King: and they afterwards became high officers in his service.

Now, the loyal old woman was getting everything ready for the King's supper, when suddenly there was a great trampling of horses heard round the house. They thought it must be some of the English, or John of Lorn's men, and the good wife called upon her sons to fight to the last for King Robert. But shortly after, they heard the voice of the Good Lord James of Douglas, and of Edward Bruce, the King's brother, who had come with a hundred and fifty horsemen to this farmhouse, according to the instructions that the King had left with them at parting.

Robert the Bruce was right joyful to meet his brother, and his faithful friend Lord James; and had no sooner found himself once more at the head of such a considerable body of followers, than, forgetting hunger and weariness, he began to inquire where the enemy who had pursued them so long had taken up their abode for the night; "for," said he, "as they must suppose us

totally scattered and fled, it is likely they will think themselves quite secure, and disperse themselves into distant quarters, and keep careless watch."

"That is very true," answered James of Douglas, "for I passed a village where there are two hundred of them quartered, who had placed no sentinels; and if you have a mind to make haste, we may surprise them this very night, and do them more mischief than they have been able to do us during all this day's chase."

Then there was nothing but mount and ride; and as the Scots came by surprise on the body of English whom Douglas had mentioned, and rushed suddenly into the village where they were quartered, they easily dispersed and cut them to pieces; thus, as Douglas had said, doing their pursuers more injury than they themselves had received during the long and severe pursuit of the preceding day.

The consequence of these successes of King Robert was, that soldiers came to join him on all sides, and that he obtained several victories both over Sir Aymer de Valence, Lord Clifford, and other English commanders; until at length the English were afraid to venture into the open country as formerly, unless when they could assemble themselves in considerable bodies.

THE EXPLOITS OF DOUGLAS AND RANDOLPH.

(From Tales of a Grandfather.)

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHEN King Edward the First heard that Scotland was again in arms against him, he marched down to the Borders, as I have already told you, with many threats of what he would do to avenge himself on Bruce and his party, whom he called rebels. But he was now old and feeble, and while he was making his preparations, he was taken very ill, and after lingering a long time, at length died on the 6th July, 1307, at a place in Cumberland called Burgh upon the Sands, in full sight of Scotland, and not three miles from its frontier. His hatred to that country was so inveterate, that his thoughts of revenge seemed to occupy his mind on his death-bed. He made his son promise never to make peace with Scotland until the nation was subdued. He gave also very singular directions concerning the disposal of his dead body. He ordered that it should be boiled in a caldron till the flesh parted

from the bones, and that then the bones should be wrapped up in a bull's hide, and carried at the head of the English army, as often as the Scots attempted to recover their freedom. He thought that he had inflicted such distresses on the Scots, and invaded and defeated them so often, that his very dead bones would terrify them. His son, Edward the Second, did not choose to execute this strange injunction, but caused his father to be buried in Westminster Abbey; where his tomb is still to be seen, bearing for an inscription, HERE LIES THE HAMMER OF THE SCOTTISH NATION.[1] And, indeed, it was true, that during his life he did them as much injury as a hammer does to the substances which it dashes to pieces.

Edward the Second was neither so brave nor so wise as his father; on the contrary, he was a weak prince, fond of idle amusements, and worthless favorites. It was lucky for Scotland that such was his disposition. He marched a little way into Scotland[2] with the large army which Edward the First had collected, but went back again without fighting; which gave great encouragement to Bruce's party.

Several of the Scottish nobility now took arms in different parts of the country, declared for King Robert, and fought against the English troops and garrisons. The most distinguished of these was the Good Lord James of Douglas, whom we have often mentioned before. Some of his most memorable exploits respected his own castle of Douglas, in which, being an important fortress, and strongly situated, the English had

[1] Edwardus longus Scotorum Malleus hic est.

[2] To Cumnock, on the frontiers of Ayrshire.

placed a large garrison. James of Douglas saw, with great displeasure, his castle filled with English soldiers, and stored with great quantities of corn, and cattle, and wine, and ale, and other supplies which they were preparing, to enable them to assist the English army with provisions. So he resolved, if possible, to be revenged upon the captain of the garrison and his soldiers.

For this purpose, Douglas went in disguise to the house of one of his old servants, called Thomas Dickson, a strong, faithful, and bold man, and laid a scheme for taking the castle. A holiday was approaching, called Palm Sunday. Upon this day, it was common, in the Roman Catholic times, that the people went to church in procession, with green boughs in their hands. Just as the English soldiers, who had marched down from the castle, got into church, one of Lord James's followers raised the cry of *Douglas, Douglas!* which was the shout with which that family always began battle. Thomas Dickson, and some friends whom he had collected, instantly drew their swords, and killed the first Englishman whom they met. But as the signal had been given too soon, Dickson was borne down and slain. Douglas and his men presently after forced their way into the church. The English soldiers attempted to defend themselves; but being taken by surprise and unprepared, they were, for the greater part, killed or made prisoners, and that so suddenly, and with so little noise, that their companions in the castle never heard of it. So that when Douglas and his men approached the castle gate, they found it open, and that part of the garrison which were left at home,

busied cooking provisions for those who were at church. So Lord James got possession of his own castle without difficulty, and he and his men ate up all the good dinner which the English had made ready. But Douglas dared not stay there, lest the English should come in great force and besiege him ; and therefore he resolved to destroy all the provisions which the English had stored up in the castle, and to render the place unavailing to them.

It must be owned he executed this purpose in a very cruel and shocking manner, for he was much enraged at the death of Thomas Dickson. He caused all the barrels containing flour, meal, wheat, and malt, to be knocked in pieces, and their contents mixed on the floor; then he staved the great hogsheads of wine and ale, and mixed the liquor with the stores; and, last of all, he killed his prisoners, and flung the dead bodies among this disgusting heap, which his men called, in derision of the English, the Douglas Larder. Then he flung dead horses into the well to destroy it — after which he set fire to the castle; and finally marched away, and took refuge with his followers in the hills and forests. "He loved better," he said, "to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak." That is, he loved better to keep in the open field with his men than to shut himself and them up in castles.

When Clifford, the English general, heard what had happened, he came to Douglas Castle with a great body of men, and rebuilt all the defences which Lord James had destroyed, and cleared out the well, and put a good soldier, named Thirlwall, to command the garrison, and desired him to be on his guard, for he suspected that

Lord James would again attack him. And, indeed, Douglas, who did not like to see the English in his father's castle, was resolved to take the first opportunity of destroying this garrison, as he had done the former. For this purpose he again had recourse to stratagem. He laid a part of his followers in ambush in the wood, and sent fourteen men, disguised like countrymen, driving cattle past the gates of the castle.

On Guard on the Castle Wall.

As soon as Thirlwall saw this, he swore that he would plunder the Scots drovers of their cattle, and came out with a considerable part of his garrison for that purpose. He had followed the cattle past the place where Douglas was lying concealed, when all of a sudden the Scotsmen threw off their carrier's cloaks, and appearing in armor, cried the cry of Douglas, and, turning back suddenly, ran to meet the pursuers; and before Thirlwall could make any defence, he heard the same war-

cry behind him, and saw Douglas coming up with those Scots who had been lying in ambush. Thirlwall himself was killed, fighting bravely in the middle of his enemies, and only a very few of his men found their way back to the castle.

When Lord James had thus slain two English commanders or governors of his castle, and was known to have made a vow that he would be revenged on any one who should dare to take possession of his father's house, men became afraid; and the fortress was called, both in England and Scotland, the Perilous Castle of Douglas, because it proved so dangerous to any Englishman who was stationed there. Now, in those warlike times, Master Littlejohn, you must know that the ladies would not marry any man who was not very brave and valiant, so that a coward, let him be ever so rich or high-born, was held in universal contempt. And thus it became the fashion for the ladies to demand proofs of the courage of their lovers, and for those knights who desired to please the ladies to try some extraordinary deed of arms to show their bravery and deserve their favor.

At the time we speak of there was a young lady in England whom many knights and noblemen asked in marriage, because she was extremely wealthy and very beautiful. Once upon a holiday she made a great feast, to which she asked all her lovers and numerous other gallant knights; and after the feast she arose and told them that she was much obliged to them for their good opinion of her, but as she desired to have for her husband a man of the most incontestable bravery, she had formed her resolution not to marry any one save one

who should show his courage by defending the Perilous Castle of Douglas against the Scots for a year and a day. Now this made some silence among the gentlemen present; for although the lady was rich and beautiful, yet there was great danger in placing themselves within the reach of the Good Lord James of Douglas. At last a brave young knight started up and said, that for the love of that lady he was willing to keep the Perilous Castle for a year and a day, if the King pleased to give him leave. The King of England was satisfied, and well pleased to get a brave man to hold a place so dangerous. Sir John Wilton was the name of this gallant knight. He kept the castle very safely for some time; but Douglas at last, by a stratagem,[1] induced him to venture out with a part of the garrison, and then set upon them and slew them. Sir John Wilton himself was killed, and a letter from the lady was found in his pocket. Douglas was sorry for his unhappy end, and did not put to death any of the prisoners as he had formerly done, but dismissed them in safety to the next English garrison.

Other great lords, besides Douglas, were now exerting themselves to attack and destroy the English. Amongst those was Sir Thomas Randolph, whose mother was a sister of King Robert. He had joined with the Bruce when he first took up arms. Afterwards being made prisoner by the English, when the King was defeated

[1] This stratagem was, in its contrivance and success, the same as his former one, save that in place of cattle-driving, Sir James made fourteen of his men take so many sacks, and fill them with grass, as if corn for the county market-town of Lanark, distant twelve miles from the Castle of Douglas. — See Introduction to "Castle Dangerous," *Waverley Novels*, vol. xlvii.

at Methven, as I told you, Sir Thomas Randolph was obliged to join the English to save his life. He remained so constant to them, that he was in company with Aymer de Valence and John of Lorn, when they forced the Bruce to disperse his little band; and he followed the pursuit so close, that he made his uncle's standard-bearer prisoner, and took his banner. Afterwards, however, he was himself made prisoner, at a solitary house on Lyne-water,[1] by the Good Lord James Douglas, who brought him captive to the King. Robert reproached his nephew for having deserted his cause; and Randolph, who was very hot-tempered, answered insolently, and was sent by King Robert to prison. Shortly after, the uncle and nephew were reconciled, and Sir Thomas Randolph, created Earl of Murray by the King, was ever afterwards one of Bruce's best supporters. There was a sort of rivalry between Douglas and him, which should do the boldest and most hazardous actions. I will just mention one or two circumstances, which will show you what awful dangers were to be encountered by these brave

The Invaders.

[1] The Lyne falls into the Tweed a little above Peebles.

men, in order to free Scotland from its enemies and invaders.

While Robert Bruce was gradually getting possession of the country, and driving out the English, Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, remained, with its strong castle, in possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph was extremely desirous to gain this important place; but, as you well know, the castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult or almost impossible even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them.

So while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman named Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private. He then told Randolph, that in his youth he had lived in the castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady, who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the castle by day to see his mistress, he had practised a way of clambering by night down the castle-rock on the south side, and returning at his pleasure; when he came to the foot of the wall, he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high at that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag; and, for the same reason, no watch was placed there. Francis had gone and come so frequently in this dangerous manner, that, though it was now long ago, he told Randolph he knew the road so well, that he would undertake to guide a small party of men by night to the bottom of the wall;

and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was, that of their being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff, in which case every man of them must have perished.

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the rock, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis, who went before them, upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another, and round another, where there was scarce room to support themselves. All the while, these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution. When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm, they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, willing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out, "Aha, I see you well!" The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had

stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed; for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them, merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick (as, indeed, he had no other meaning in what he did and said), passed on without further examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up, and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way; Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed. When once they were within the walls, there was not so much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were speedily destroyed. Thus was Edinburgh castle taken in March, 1312–13.

It was not, however, only by the exertions of great and powerful barons, like Randolph and Douglas, that the freedom of Scotland was to be accomplished. The stout yeomanry, and the bold peasantry of the land, who were as desirous to enjoy their cottages in honorable independence, as the nobles were to reclaim their castles and estates from the English, contributed their full share in the efforts which were made to deliver their country from the invaders. I will give you one instance among many.

There was a strong castle near Linlithgow, or Lithgow, as the word is more generally pronounced, where

an English governor, with a powerful garrison, lay in readiness to support the English cause, and used to exercise much severity upon the Scots in the neighborhood. There lived at no great distance from this stronghold, a farmer, a bold and stout man, whose name was Binnock, or as it is now pronounced, Binning. This man saw with great joy the progress which the Scots were making in recovering their country from the English, and resolved to do something to help his countrymen, by getting possession, if it were possible, of the castle of Lithgow. But the place was very strong, situated by the side of a lake, defended not only by gates, which were usually kept shut against strangers, but also by a portcullis. A portcullis is a sort of door formed of crossbars of iron, like a grate. It has not hinges like a door, but is drawn up by pulleys, and let down when any danger approaches. It may be let go in a moment, and then falls down into the door-way; and as it has great iron spikes at the bottom, it crushes all that it lights upon; thus in case of a sudden alarm, a portcullis may be let suddenly fall to defend the entrance, when it is not possible to shut the gates. Binnock knew this very well, but he resolved to be provided against this risk also when he attempted to surprise the castle. So he spoke with some bold, courageous countrymen, and engaged them in his enterprise, which he accomplished thus: —

Binnock had been accustomed to supply the garrison of Linlithgow with hay, and he had been ordered by the English governor to furnish some cart-loads, of which they were in want. He promised to bring it accordingly; but the night before he drove the hay to

the castle, he stationed a party of his friends, as well armed as possible, near the entrance, where they could not be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions that they should come to his assistance as soon as they could hear him cry a signal, which was to be, "Call all, call all!" Then he loaded a great wagon with hay. But in the wagon he placed eight strong men, well armed, lying flat on their breasts, and covered over with hay so that they could not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside the wagon; and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a strong axe or hatchet. In this way Binnock approached the castle early in the morning; and the watchman, who only saw two men, Binnock being one of them, with a cart of hay, which they expected, opened the gates, and raised up the portcullis, to permit them to enter the castle. But as soon as the cart had gotten under the gateway, Binnock made a sign to his servant, who with his axe suddenly cut asunder the *soam*, that is, the yoke which fastens the horses to the cart, and the horses finding themselves free, naturally started forward, the cart remaining behind under the arch of the gate. At the same moment, Binnock cried as loud as he could, "Call all, call all!" and, drawing the sword which he had under his country habit, he killed the porter. The armed men then jumped up from under the hay where they lay concealed, and rushed on the English guard. The Englishmen tried to shut the gates, but they could not, because the cart of hay remained in the gateway, and prevented the folding-doors from being closed. The portcullis was also let fall, but the grating was caught on the cart,

and so could not drop to the ground. The men who were in ambush near the gate, hearing the cry, "Call all, call all!" ran to assist those who had leaped out from amongst the hay; the castle was taken, and all the Englishmen killed or made prisoners. King Robert rewarded Binnock by bestowing on him an estate, which his posterity long afterwards enjoyed.

Perhaps you may be tired, my dear child, of such stories; yet I will tell you how the great and important castle of Roxburgh was taken from the English, and then we will pass to other subjects.

You must know Roxburgh was then a very large castle, situated near where two fine rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, join each other. Being within five or six miles of England, the English were extremely desirous of retaining it, and the Scots equally eager to obtain possession of it. I will tell you how it was taken.

It was upon the night of what is called Shrove-tide, a holiday which Roman Catholics paid great respect to, and solemnized with much gayety and feasting. Most of the garrison of Roxburgh castle were drinking and carousing, but still they had set watches on the battlements of the castle, in case of any sudden attack; for, as the Scots had succeeded in so many enterprises of the kind, and as Douglas was known to be in the neighborhood, they conceived themselves obliged to keep a very strict guard.

An Englishwoman, the wife of one of the officers, was sitting on the battlements with her child in her arms; and looking out on the fields below, she saw some black objects, like a herd of cattle, straggling near the foot

of the wall, and approaching the ditch or moat of the castle. She pointed them out to the sentinel, and asked him what they were. "Pooh, pooh," said the soldier, "it is farmer such a one's cattle" (naming a man whose farm lay near the castle); "the good man is keeping a jolly Shrove-tide, and has forgot to shut up his bullocks in their yard; but if the Douglas come across them before morning, he is likely to rue his negligence." Now, these creeping objects which they saw from the castle-wall were no real cattle, but Douglas himself and his soldiers, who had put black cloaks above their armor, and were creeping about on hands and feet, in order, without being observed, to get so near to the foot of the castle-wall as to be able to set ladders to it. The poor woman, who knew nothing of this, sat quietly on the wall, and began to sing to her child. You must know that the name of Douglas had become so terrible to the English, that the women used to frighten their children with it, and say to them, when they behaved ill, that they "would make the black Douglas take them." And this soldier's wife was singing to her child, —

> "Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
> Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
> The Black Douglas shall not get ye."

"You are not so sure of that," said a voice close beside her. She felt at the same time a heavy hand, with an iron glove, laid on her shoulder, and when she looked round, she saw the very Black Douglas she had been singing about, standing close beside her, a tall, swarthy strong man. At the same time, another Scotsman was seen ascending the walls, near to the sentinel.

The soldier gave the alarm, and rushed at the Scotsman, whose name was Simon Ledehouse, with his lance ; but Simon parried the stroke, and closing with the sentinel, struck him a deadly blow with his dagger. The rest of the Scots followed up to assist Douglas and Ledehouse, and the castle was taken. Many of the soldiers were put to death, but Douglas protected the woman and the child. I dare say she made no more songs about the Black Douglas.

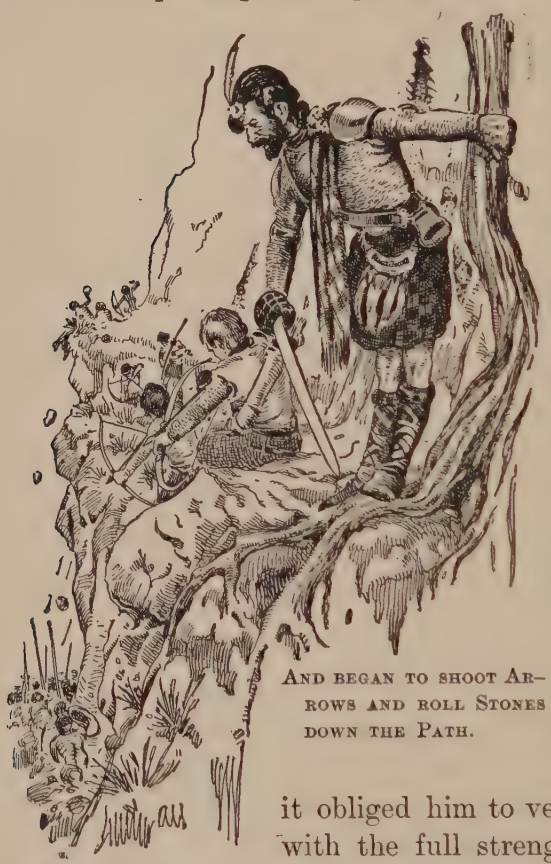
While Douglas, Randolph, and other true-hearted patriots, were thus taking castles and strongholds from the English, King Robert, who had now a considerable army under his command, marched through the country, beating and dispersing such bodies of English as he met on his way. He went to the north country, where he conquered the great and powerful family of Comyn, who retained strong ill-will against him for having slain their relation, the Red Comyn, in the church at Dumfries. They had joined the English with all their forces; but now, as the Scots began to get the upperhand, they were very much distressed. Bruce caused more than thirty of them to be beheaded in one day, and the place where they are buried is called the "Grave of the headless Comyns."

Neither did Bruce forget or forgive John M'Dougal of Lorn, who had defeated him at Dalry, and very nearly made him prisoner, or slain him, by the hands of his vassals, the M'Androssers, and had afterwards pursued him with a bloodhound. When John of Lorn heard that Bruce was marching against him, he hoped to defend himself by taking possession of a very strong pass on the side of one of the largest mountains in

Scotland, Cruachen Ben. The ground was very strait, having lofty rocks on the one hand, and on the other deep precipices, sinking down on a great lake called Lochawe; so that John of Lorn thought himself perfectly secure, as he could not be attacked except in front, and by a very difficult path. But King Robert, when he saw how his enemies were posted, sent a party of light-armed archers, under command of Douglas, with directions to go, by a distant and difficult road, around the northern side of the hill, and thus to attack the men of Lorn in the rear as well as in front, that is, behind, as well as before. He had signals made when Douglas arrived at the place appointed. The King then advanced upon the Lorn men in front, when they raised a shout of defiance, and began to shoot arrows and roll stones down the path, with great confidence in the security of their own position. But when they were attacked by the Douglas and his archers in the rear, the soldiers of M'Dougal lost courage and fled. Many were slain among the rocks and precipices, and many were drowned in the lake, and the great river which runs out of it. John of Lorn only escaped by means of his boat, which he had in readiness upon the lake. Thus King Robert had full revenge upon him, and deprived him of a great part of his territory.

The English now possessed scarcely any place of importance in Scotland, excepting Stirling, which was besieged, or rather blockaded, by Edward Bruce, the King's brother. To blockade a town or castle, is to quarter an army around it, so as to prevent those within from getting provisions. This was done by the Scots before Stirling, till Sir Philip Mowbray, who

commanded the castle, finding that he was like to be reduced to extremity for want of provisions, made an agreement with Edward Bruce that he would surrender the place, providing he were not relieved by the King of England before mid-summer. Sir Edward agreed to these terms, and allowed Mowbray to go to London, to tell King Edward of the conditions he had made. But when King Robert heard what his brother had done, he thought it was too great a risk, since it obliged him to venture a battle with the full strength of Edward II., who had under him England, Ireland, Wales, and great part of France, and could within the time allowed assemble a much more powerful army than the Scots could, even if all Scotland were fully under the King's authority. Sir Edward answered his brother with his



AND BEGAN TO SHOOT ARROWS AND ROLL STONES DOWN THE PATH.

naturally audacious spirit, "Let Edward bring every man he has, we will fight them, were they more." The King admired his courage, though it was mingled with rashness. — "Since it is so, brother," he said, "we will manfully abide battle, and assemble all who love us, and value the freedom of Scotland, to come with all the men they have, and help us to oppose King Edward, should he come with his army to rescue Stirling."

POCAHONTAS

(From Captain John Smith's Narration.)

AT last I was ushered into the presence of Powhatan, and found him seated before a fire, on a seat somewhat resembling a bedstead, covered with a great robe made of raccoon-skins, with all the tails hanging thereto. On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along each side of the house were two rows of men, and behind them as many women, all with their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads were bedecked with the white down of birds, but every one wore something in the hair, and a great chain of white beads about their necks.

When I made my entrance before the king all the people gave a great shout, and, to do me honor, the Queen of Appamatuck was appointed to bring me water wherewith I might wash my hands, and another brought me a bunch of feathers wherewith to dry them, instead of a towel; and then they feasted me in the best manner they could; which, after all, was but barbarous.

Then they held a great consultation about me, which I could not altogether understand, but the conclusion

"Pocahontas . . . . Darted Forward and Thus Prevented My Death."

was that I was to die; a fate which, in truth, was near coming to pass, but for God's goodness, as you shall hear. And, indeed, it did seem as if my last hour was at hand, for as many of the savages as could laid hold of me, and, having brought two great stones, which they placed before Powhatan, they dragged me to them, and laid my head thereon, making ready with their clubs to beat out my brains.

But now, mark the mercy of God towards me when in this evil case, for surely it was his handiwork. Their clubs were raised, and in another moment I should have been dead, when Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, a child of ten years old, finding no entreaties could prevail to save me, darted forward, and, taking my head in her arms, laid her own upon it, and thus prevented my death. She thus claimed me as her own, and for her sake Powhatan was contented that I should live, and that I should henceforth spend my time in making him hatchets and bells and beads and copper ornaments for Pocahontas. They made no manner of doubt but that I could make all these things, for in that country the men are of all handicrafts; nay, even the king himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows and arrows, or pots; plant, hunt, and do the same as his subjects.

NED OSBORNE'S LEAP

A STORY OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

(From Brave Lives and Noble.)

By CLARA L. MATEAUX.

AMONG all the rich and respected merchants whose fortunes had been made in those quaint timber houses overlooking the river every way, none was more rich or respected than the good cloth-worker, William Hewet, afterwards "Sir William" and Lord Mayor of London. Though possessed of land and fair estate, he loved the ceaseless, and, truth to tell, somewhat harassing, splash of the waters around and beneath this busy home better than the song of birds or the silence of the country. Here he had grown in wealth and the good esteem of his fellows; here he had brought his bride; here his "Baby Anne" was flourishing fair and fresh as a rose in June. What more could the heart of man desire? Master Hewet was content and thankful, and wished for no change.

But for all that the good merchant kept a close look-out after the business and the men and 'prentices in his employ. Well he knew that the latter were a troublesome set to deal with, ever ready to fling down their tasks and fly at the cry of "clubs" or a chance of a dispute or squabble. Only one youth could he rely on, and that one, a Kentish lad, more gently nurtured than the rest; one who had told him on his very first coming, and in all innocence of heart, that his father had bidden him become rich and respected, even as Master Hewet, and that he, Ned, intended doing so, by God's grace, and Master Hewet only nodded "yes." In those days 'prentice lads were usually considered and treated as members of the master's family, holding their peace and behaving submissively it might be, as became youth and ignorance, yet looking forward to the time when they, too, would be proud merchants, a high and independent position to hold, and only attainable after years of toil.

Two years had passed since then. Young Ned Osborne grew tall and straight, but not over strong. "Baby Anne" grew rosier and sweeter day by day — just a soft little prattler to kiss and caress and love — and the cloth-working was going on briskly, when one summer's morning something startling happened — something that might have broken the good merchant's heart; something that did alter the course of two lives.

Another satirical saying anent this peculiar neighborhood was to the effect that "if London Bridge had fewer eyes it would see better than it did." This was intended to insinuate that if those crowded houses had

not so many big windows, there would be less staring at the river going on, and more seeing concerning indoor matters. And there was truth in this saying, too; only perhaps if the "eyes" had not been so bright and lively Maid Lettuce would not have been tempted to open hers so widely, or to linger with bouncing "Baby Anne" clinging to the ledge, staring out at the gay scene — the ferryboat laden with folk bound to Paul's, or the fishermen's vessels bringing in shining stores, on which the sunshine glittered and glinted till the pretty fish shone like white light, attracting the child's blue eyes, just as the gay ribbons of some smart Court ladies did those of Maid Lettuce, who relaxed her hold better to stare, just at the instant when the child darted forward to clutch at her vanishing delights. In an instant there was a splash in the waters below; above, a girl was shrieking in despair, and signalling wildly to a distant boatman for help.

Ned Osborne, busy measuring cloth in a large room, became suddenly aware that for a single moment the stuff was shaded by a fluttering something that was past and gone and had splashed below, before he could draw breath. Why or how he felt so instantaneously that that "something" was dear "Baby Anne," he never knew; certainly he had no time to see. He did not stop to seek assistance; he did not shriek or call — Maid Lettuce above was doing that; he just bounded on to the deep sill, forced back the lattice, took one quick glance to where the mocking sun was gilding a bright little curly head, and then, flinging off his dark jerkin, went down with a muttered "God's mercy!"

into the very surf of the waters — down just in time to catch the soft little body, to feel the frightened clutch of cramped chubby fingers. Another moment, and "Baby Anne" might have been dashed against the cruel wood and clay that hedged them in all too closely.

WENT DOWN . . . INTO THE VERY SURF OF THE WATERS.

Well was it that the idler suddenly bent to his oars, and came quickly flying to the rescue, for Ned was at best a poor swimmer, and well-nigh exhausted with his efforts to support the child and himself so long. Well was it for the loving parents that only now they knew of the peril from which their darling had escaped so providentially.

And thus "Baby Anne" was saved by her father's "'prentice," and in the years to come Mistress Anne grew into a sweet, fair maiden, admired by all her neighbors. Young lovers wooed; even the handsome Earl of Shrewsbury would fain have wed the heiress of Sir William Hewet; yet she favored none but her fond father's partner, now making a grand name for himself

in the world of commerce. And when friends remonstrated, and would fain advise, because her father heeded none of these fine offers, the kind old merchant would rub his hands gleefully, and answer, "Tut, tut, sirs; Osborne saved her, Osborne shall wed her, an they will it so." They did "will," and as far as history tells, lived happily ever after. He won her even a title, for we find that by and by Queen Elizabeth granted Sir Edward Osborne and Richard Staper, the charter of the Levant Company, "doing good offices for the peace of Christendom, relief of Christian slaves, and good vent for the commodities of the realm."

The grandson of Ned Osborne, the cloth-worker 'prentice, was created Duke of Leeds in 1694; and surely he was an ancestor to be proud of. Such men

"Are fortune's jewels; moulded bright."

"I DID NOT DO THE JOB FOR MONEY"

AN ANECDOTE OF

SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.

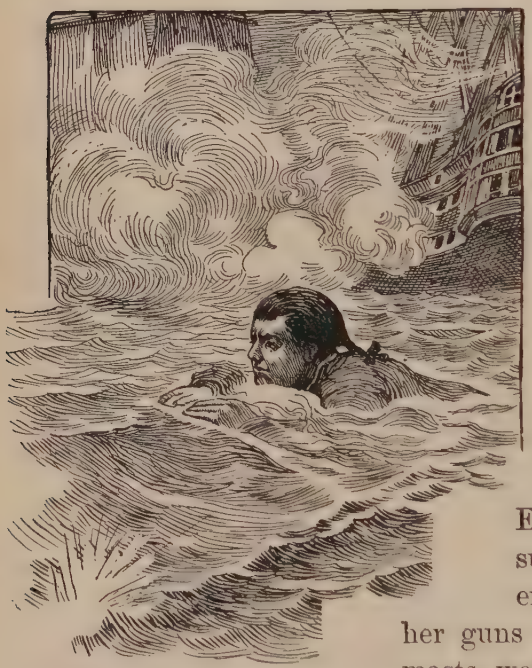
ONE day, early in the reign of the "Merrie Monarch," the shades of a stormy autumn afternoon closed over the North Sea. The howling wind and rising waves foretold a coming storm; but the English fleet, under as much sail as the ships could safely carry, steered to seaward.

The Admiral of the Fleet, Sir John Narborough, was not the man to fear danger or shun difficulties. Many years before he had been a cabin-boy, but by his cleverness, courage, and good conduct, he had raised himself to the highest rank in his profession. From the very bottom of the ladder he had climbed to the highest rung.

On that gloomy afternoon the admiral slowly paced the quarter-deck, and gazed eastwards. England was

then at war with Holland, and, at any moment, the Dutch men-of-war might come in sight.

All of a sudden there was joy on board, as, far away, the tall masts of the enemy's ships appeared on the horizon. The English blood was up, and the sailors eagerly awaited the approach of the Dutch fleet. The enemy on his part was equally ready for action, and as soon as the opposing ships were within musket range, they entered into a deadly combat.



There was a Plunge, and He was gone.

During the fierce struggle that ensued the English flag-ship was surrounded by the enemy, several of her guns were disabled, her masts were shot away, and her decks strewn with dead and dying. Those on board could tell that on the whole the English were getting the best of the fight, but they feared that help would come too late to save them. The admiral wished to draw assistance from another quarter, but he could hold no communication beyond the circle of ships which enclosed him, as no

signal would be visible on account of the blinding smoke.

Not knowing what else to do, Sir John Narborough wrote a note, and offered fifty guineas to the man who would deliver the message. The sailors knew that death was probably in store for him who attempted such a task, but at once many offered to perform the daring feat, and among the number was the cabin-boy, whose childish voice was heard above the rest. "Let me go, your honor," said he; "let me go;" and, as he spoke, he stepped forward and saluted the admiral, and pleaded so hard, that at last he was permitted to undertake the task. "Off with you," said Sir John; "and may God keep you safe."

The boy placed the message in his mouth; then there was a plunge, and he was gone. The billows raged, and the shot fell thick around the boy, while those on board strained their eyes to catch the first sign that he had passed the enemy's line and accomplished his mission. Soon the mighty English ships bore down upon the Dutch vessels, and the flag of England once more ruled the waves.

It was a proud moment for the youthful hero when he stood on deck surrounded by the crew, who had been called together to do him honor. The admiral advanced and handed him a purse of gold; but, to the surprise of all, the poor lad indignantly refused the reward. "I did not do the job for money," said he; "I did it for the sake of the flag; and if you are satisfied, that is all I want."

Sailors can bravely face death, and remain quite cool in the hour of danger, but even the presence of the

Admiral of the Fleet was insufficient to maintain order, and a deafening cheer arose from the assembled crew. "God bless you, my boy," said Sir John; and the sailors knew by the admiral's cheery tones and smiling face that their little breach of discipline had met with his approval.

The brave cabin-boy rose step by step to the highest rank in the Navy, and thirty years after, when, as Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he returned to England in triumph, one of the first to welcome him was Sir John Narborough.

FLORA MACDONALD, THE HEROINE OF THE "FORTY–FIVE"

(From Heroines of History.)

By FRANK MUNDELL.

"Bonnie Prince Charlie."

CHARLES EDWARD STUART, the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of song and story, known in history as the "Young Pretender," endeavored in 1745 to win back the throne which his forefathers had lost. Though victorious at Prestonpans and at Falkirk, Charles was driven northwards by the royal troops, and falling back on Inverness he made his last stand at Culloden, where the hopes of the Stuarts were forever shattered. After his defeat, the Prince was hurried from the field of battle by several of his officers, and spent the night in an empty house without covering or food.

On the following day, with three companions, and carefully disguised, Charles entered Lochiel's country, and proceeded on foot over mountain and moor on his way to the Western Isles, where he hoped to be able to get on board a vessel for France.

By this time a reward of thirty thousand pounds had been set on the Prince's head, and therefore it was of the utmost importance to conceal his identity from everyone whose loyalty was suspected. He could hardly hope to escape, for warships were cruising along the coast, militia were scouring the hills, and Government spies were spread in all directions. The fidelity of his followers was tested to the utmost, but, though the reward offered would have been to any of them an immense fortune, there was not one found base enough to betray the fugitive.

At length the islands of the west coast were reached, and in a wild spot in South Uist the Prince lay concealed for a month. Scouts, at the risk of their lives, surrounded the place of their retreat, and were ready at a moment's notice to guide him by secret paths to a new hiding-place on the first appearance of danger.

At length the Prince was so hemmed in, both by land and sea, that it was necessary to make a bold attempt to get him out of the country, and, as a last resource, a young lady named Flora Macdonald was applied to for her assistance. She was the step-daughter of Hugh Macdonald, an officer in the King's army, but secretly a friend of the Stuarts. Miss Macdonald was at that time twenty-four years of age, of middle stature, a pretty, agreeable young woman, of great sprightliness, modesty, and good-sense.

The first interview between the Prince and Flora took place on the island of Benbecula, where it was arranged that Charles should dress as a woman, and be passed off as Betty Burke, maid to Miss Macdonald. Before they started, Flora was made prisoner by the

militia because she had no passport. It so happened, however, that the commanding officer was her step-father, who furnished her with a passport for herself, her man, named Neil Makechan, and her maid Betty Burke.

On the 28th of June, about eight o'clock in the evening, they embarked in a small boat, but on approaching the island of Skye they found the place where they intended to land in possession of the militia. Shots were fired on the boat and an alarm was given, but the little party got safe into a creek, where they rested for a time. Then they succeeded in landing on another point of the island. Here the Prince was left in the boat while Flora called on Lady Macdonald, who, in an agony of terror, insisted on their immediate departure, as there were soldiers in the neighborhood.

FLORA MACDONALD.
(From a Painting by Hudson.)

Fortunately, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, Lady Macdonald's factor, offered to assist in conveying the Prince to Portree, and for this purpose accompanied Miss Macdonald to the shore. A servant who was with him said to Miss Macdonald that she had never seen such an impudent-looking woman as Betty Burke, who she thought must be a man in woman's clothes. "See," she said, "what long strides the jade takes, and how awkwardly she manages her petticoats."

It was near midnight when the little party arrived at Macdonald of Kingsburgh's house, and, not expecting her husband at so late an hour, Mrs. Macdonald had retired for the night. Unwilling to rise, the lady sent her compliments to Flora Macdonald, whom she knew, and desired her to make free with anything in the house; as for herself she was too sleepy and tired to see her that night. Directly afterwards her little daughter ran into the room, crying out, "Mamma! mamma! my father has brought hither a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife as ever I saw."

Kingsburgh himself then entered the room, and desired his wife to rise at once and prepare the best supper she could. In reply to her question about his guests, he told her that she should know in good time who they were. Mrs. Macdonald at once complied with her husband's request, but when she saw her visitor she "was so frightened," as she said, "at seeing sic a muckle trollop of a carlin make sic lang strides through the hall, that she did not like her appearance."

When the strange figure bent down and kissed her, she saw it was a man, and in a whisper asked her husband if their visitor was one of the unfortunate gentlemen escaped from Culloden. On hearing that such was the case, she wished to know if he could tell them anything about the Prince.

"My dear, it is the Prince," said her husband.

"The Prince!" cried she; "then we are all ruined, we shall all be hanged."

"Hout," cried he, "we shall die but once; and if we are hanged for this, we die in a good cause, doing only an act of humanity and charity. But go, make

haste with supper. Bring us eggs, butter, cheese, and whatever else is ready."

"Eggs, butter, cheese!" was the reply. "What a supper is that for a Prince?"

"Oh, wife," said her husband, "you little know how this good Prince has lived of late. This will be a feast to him. Besides, to make a formal supper would cause the servants to suspect something. The less ceremony, therefore, the better."

At supper the Prince placed Miss Flora Macdonald at his right hand, always paying her the greatest respect wherever she was, and Mrs. Macdonald at his left. The plentiful meal, so different from his late hard fare, and the cheerful surroundings, caused the Prince, for a brief period, to forget his miserable condition and the dangers by which he was surrounded.

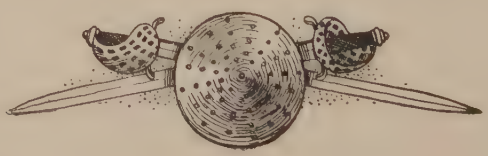
In the meantime the boatmen who had brought the party to the island had gone back to South Uist, where they were at once seized by the militia, and, being threatened with torture or death, revealed all they knew. They gave a description of the gown, with purple sprigs thickly stamped, and the white apron worn by the disguised Prince. It was therefore very fortunate that on the following day the Prince changed his clothes for a man's dress.

Not having slept in a bed for some time before, the Prince could scarcely be awakened in the morning, but, as everything was ready to continue the journey, Kingsburgh was obliged to call him up. When he was dressed, the ladies went into his room, and Mrs. Macdonald asked for a lock of his hair. He at once complied with her request, and the lock so given was

divided between the ladies. Kingsburgh gave the Prince a new pair of shoes, and religiously kept the worn ones. They were afterwards cut into small pieces and distributed among Jacobite friends. The sheets of the bed in which the Prince had slept were preserved by the two ladies, and at death they served them as shrouds — "pathetic memoirs of a devotion that was sweeter than life and stronger than death."

After breakfast Kingsburgh went with his guest for a short distance on the way, and when they parted the Prince embraced his host, and bade him a long and happy adieu. Thanking him for his services in a most affectionate manner, the Prince assured Kingsburgh that he would never forget them.

A guide led Charles by secret paths to Portree, while Miss Macdonald went on horseback another road; thereby the better to gain intelligence and to prevent discovery. Another person had also been sent forward to have a boat in readiness. Half a mile from the shore the Prince met Flora and bade her farewell. Taking her hand in his "he gazed down for a minute on the fair young face, and the eyes dimmed with tears but bright with the expression of profound fidelity of her race, then he reverently bared his head, and, bending down, kissed her twice on the forehead. 'For all that has happened,' he said, 'I hope, madam, we shall meet in St. James' yet.'" Then they parted, never to meet again.



GRACE DARLING

(From Heroism in Humble Life In Chambers's Miscellany.)

Grace Darling.

GRACE was born, November 24, 1815, at Bamborough, on the Northumberland coast, being the seventh child of her parents. Of the events of her early years, whether she was educated on the mainland, or lived constantly in the solitary abode of her parents, first at the Brownsman, and afterwards on the Longstone Island, we are not particularly informed. During her girlish years, and till the time of her death, her residence in the Longstone lighthouse was constant, or only broken by occasional visits to the coast. She and her mother managed the little household at Longstone. She is described as having been at that time, as indeed during her whole life, remarkable for a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. In person she was about the middle size — of fair complexion and a comely countenance — with nothing masculine in her appearance; but, on the con-

trary, gentle in aspect, and with an expression of the greatest mildness and benevolence. William Howitt, the poet, who visited her after the deed which made her so celebrated, found her a realization of his idea of Jeanie Deans, the amiable and true-spirited heroine of Sir Walter Scott's novel, who did and suffered so much for her unfortunate sister. She had the sweetest smile, he said, that he had ever seen in a person of her station and appearance. "You see," says he, "that she is a thoroughly good creature, and that under her modest exterior lies a spirit capable of the most exalted devotion — a devotion so entire, that daring is not so much a quality of her nature, as that the most perfect sympathy with suffering or endangered humanity swallows up and annihilates everything like fear or self-consideration — puts out, in fact, every sentiment but itself."

There is something, unquestionably, in the scene of Grace's early years which was calculated to nurse an unobtrusively enthusiastic spirit. The Farne Islands, twenty-five in number at low tide, though situated at no great distance from the Northumbrian coast, are desolate in an uncommon degree. Composed of rock, with a slight covering of herbage, and in some instances surrounded by precipices, they are the residence of little besides sea-fowl. On the principal one (Farne), in an early age, there was a small monastery, celebrated as the retreat of St. Cuthbert, who died there in the year 686. "Farne," says Mr. Raine, in his history of Durham, "certainly afforded an excellent place for retirement and meditation. Here the prayer or the repose of the hermit could only be interrupted by the scream of the water-fowl, or the roaring of the winds and

waves; not unfrequently, perhaps, would be heard the thrilling cry of distress from a ship breaking to pieces on the iron shore of the island; but this would still more effectually win the recluse from the world, by teaching him a practical lesson of the vanity of man and his operations, when compared with the mighty works of the Being who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Through the channels between the smaller Farne Islands the sea rushes with great force; and many a shipwreck, of which there is no record, must have happened here in former times, when no beacon existed to guide the mariner in his path through the deep. Rather more than a century before, a Dutch forty-gun frigate, with all the crew, was lost among the islands. In the year 1782, a large merchant-brig, on her return voyage from America, was dashed to pieces amongst them, under peculiarly distressing circumstances. During the dreadful gale which continued from January 31st to February 8th, 1823, three brigs and a sloop were wrecked in their vicinity, but all the crews were saved except one boy. Another brig was dashed to pieces on Sunderland Point, when all on board perished; and a large brig and a sloop were wrecked on the Harker. Mr. Howitt, speaking of his visit to Longstone, says: "It was like the rest of these desolate isles, all of dark whinstone, cracked in every direction, and worn with the action of winds, waves, and tempests, since the world began. Over the greater part of it was not a blade of grass, nor a grain of earth; it was bare and iron-like stone, crusted round all the coast, as far as high-water mark, with limpet and still smaller shells.

We ascended wrinkled hills of black stone, and descended into worn and dismal dells of the same; into some of which, where the tide got entrance, it came pouring and roaring in raging whiteness, and churning the loose fragments of whinstone into round pebbles, and piling them up in deep crevices with sea-weeds, like great round ropes and heaps of fucus. Over our heads screamed hundreds of hovering birds, the gull mingling its hideous laughter most wildly."

Living on that lonely spot in the midst of the ocean — with the horrors of the tempest familiarized to her mind, her constant lullaby the sound of the everlasting deep, her only prospect that of the wide-spreading sea, with the distant sail on the horizon — Grace Darling was shut out, as it were, from the active scenes of life, and debarred from those innocent enjoyments of society and companionship which, as a female, must have been dear to her, unaccustomed though she was to their indulgence.

She had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred by which her name has been rendered so famous.

The Forfarshire steamer, a vessel of about three hundred tons burden, under the command of Mr. John Humble, formerly master of the Neptune, sailed from Hull, on her voyage to Dundee, on the evening of Wednesday, the 5th of September, 1838, about half-past six o'clock, with a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet-iron; and having on board about twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, as nearly as could be ascertained — Captain Humble and his wife, ten seamen, four firemen, two engineers, two coal-

trimmers, and two stewards; in all, sixty-three persons.

The Forfarshire was only two years old; but there can be no doubt that her boilers were in a culpable state of disrepair. Previous to leaving Hull, the boilers had been examined, and a small leak closed up; but when off Flamborough Head, the leakage reappeared, and continued for about six hours; not, however, to much extent, as the pumps were able to keep the vessel dry. In the subsequent examinations, the engine-man, Allan Stewart, stated his opinion, that he had frequently seen the boiler as bad as it was on this occasion. The fireman, Daniel Donovan, however, represented the leakage as considerable, so much so, that two of the fires were extinguished; but they were relighted after the boilers had been partially repaired. The progress of the vessel was of course retarded, and three steam-vessels passed her before she had proceeded far. The unusual bustle on board the Forfarshire, in consequence of the state of the boilers, attracted the notice of several of the passengers; and Mrs. Dawson, a steerage passenger, who was one of the survivors, stated, that even before the vessel left Hull, so strong was her impression, from indications on board, that "all was not right," that if her husband, who was a glassman, had come down to the packet in time, she would have returned with him on shore.

In this inefficient state the vessel proceeded on her voyage, and passed through the "Bairway," between the Farne Islands and the land, about six o'clock on Thursday evening. She entered Berwick Bay about eight o'clock the same evening, the sea running high,

and the wind blowing strong from the north. From the motion of the vessel, the leak increased to such a degree, that the firemen could not keep the fires burning. Two men were then employed to pump water into the boilers, but it escaped through the leak as fast as they pumped it in. About ten o'clock she bore up off St. Abb's Head, the storm still raging with unabated fury. The engines soon after became entirely useless, and the engine-man reported that they would not work. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about, in order to get her before the wind, and keep her off the land. No attempt was made to anchor. The vessel soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south, she proceeded in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense, that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length breakers were discovered close to leeward; and the Farne lights, which about the same period became visible, left no doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board. Captain Humble vainly attempted to avert the catastrophe by running the vessel between the islands and the mainland; she would not answer the helm, and was impelled to and fro by a furious sea. Between three and four o'clock, she struck with her bows foremost on the rock, the ruggedness of which is such, that at periods when it is dry, it is scarcely possible for a person to stand erect upon it; and the edge which met the Forfarshire's timbers descends sheer down a hundred fathoms deep or more.

At this juncture a part of the crew, intent only

on self-preservation, lowered the larboard-quarter boat down, and left the ship. Amongst them was Mr. Ruthven Ritchie, of Hill of Ruthven, in Perthshire, who had been roused from bed, and had only time to put on his trousers, when, rushing upon deck, he saw and took advantage of this opportunity of escape by flinging himself into the boat. His uncle and aunt, attempting to follow his example, fell into the sea, and perished in his sight. The scene on board was of the most awful kind. Several females were uttering cries of anguish and despair, and amongst them stood the bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, frantically besought the protection which it was not in his power to give. Very soon after the first shock, a powerful wave struck the vessel on the quarter, and raising her off the rock, allowed her immediately after to fall violently down upon it, the sharp edge striking her about midships. She was by this fairly broken in two pieces; and the after part, containing the cabin, with many passengers, was instantly carried off through a tremendous current called the Pifa Gut, which is considered dangerous even in good weather, while the fore part remained on the rock. The captain and his wife seem to have been amongst those who perished in the hinder part of the vessel.

At the moment when the boat parted, about eight or nine of the passengers betook themselves to the windlass in the fore part of the vessel, which they conceived to be the safest place. Here also a few sailors took their station, although despairing of relief. In the fore cabin, exposed to the intrusion of the waves, was Sarah Dawson, the wife of a weaver, with

two children. When relief came, life was found trembling in the bosom of this poor woman, but her two children lay stiffened corpses in her arms.

The sufferers, nine in number (five of the crew and four passengers), remained in their dreadful situation till daybreak — exposed to the buffeting of the waves amidst darkness, and fearful that every rising surge would sweep the fragment of wreck on which they stood into the deep. Such was their situation when, as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were descried from the Longstone by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. A mist hovered over the island; and though the wind had somewhat abated its violence, the sea, which even in the calmest weather is never at rest amongst the gorges between these iron pinnacles, still raged fearfully. At the lighthouse there were only Mr. and Mrs. Darling and their heroic daughter. The boisterous state of the sea is sufficiently attested by the fact, that, at a later period in the day, a reward of £5, offered by Mr. Smeddle, the steward of Bamborough Castle, could scarcely induce a party of fishermen to venture off from the mainland.

To have braved the perils of that terrible passage then, would have done the highest honor to the well-tried nerves of even the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy being undertaken and accomplished mainly through the strength of a female heart and arm! Through the dim mist, with the aid of the glass, the figures of the sufferers were seen clinging to the wreck. But who could dare to tempt the raging abyss that intervened, in the hope of succoring them! Mr. Darling, it is said, shrank

from the attempt — not so his daughter. At *her* solicitation the boat was launched, with the assistance of her mother, and father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed, that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the Forfarshire, others of the family being always at hand.

In estimating the danger which the heroic adventurers encountered, there is one circumstance which ought not to be forgotten. Had it not been ebb tide, the boat could not have passed between the islands; and Darling and his daughter knew that the tide would be flowing on their return, when their united strength would have been utterly insufficient to pull the boat back to the lighthouse island; so that, had they not got the assistance of the survivors in rowing back again, they themselves would have been compelled to remain on the rock beside the wreck until the tide again ebbed.

It could only have been by the exertion of great muscular power, as well as of determined courage, that the father and daughter carried the boat up to the rock: and when there, a danger — greater even than that which they had encountered in approaching it — arose from the difficulty of steadying the boat, and preventing its being destroyed on those sharp ridges by the ever restless chafing and heaving of the billows. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued. The deep sense which one of the poor fellows entertained of the generous conduct of Darling and his daughter, was testified by his eyes filling with tears when he described it. The thrill of delight which he experi-

enced when the boat was observed approaching the rock, was converted into a feeling of amazement, which he could not find language to express, when he became aware of the fact that one of their deliverers was a female!

The sufferers were conveyed at once to the lighthouse, which was in fact their only place of refuge at the time; and owing to the violent seas that continued to prevail among the islands, they were obliged to remain there from Friday morning till Sunday. A boat's crew that came off to their relief from North Sunderland were also obliged to remain. This made a party of nearly twenty persons at the lighthouse, in addition to its usual inmates; and such an unprepared-for accession could not fail to occasion considerable inconvenience. Grace gave up her bed to poor Mrs. Dawson, whose sufferings, both mental and bodily, were intense, and contented herself with lying down on a table. The other sufferers were accommodated with the best substitutes for beds which could be provided, and the boat's crew slept on the floor around the fire.

VOLNEY BECKNER

(From Chambers's Miscellany.)

VOLNEY was born at Londonderry in 1748; his father having been a fisherman of that place, and so poor, that he did not possess the means of giving his son a regular school education. What young Volney lost in this respect was in some measure compensated by his father's instructions at home. These instructions chiefly referred to a seafaring life, in which generosity of disposition, courage in encountering difficulties, and a readiness of resource on all occasions, are the well-known characteristics. While yet a mere baby, his father taught him to move and guide himself in the middle of the waves, even when they were most agitated. He used to throw him from the stern of his boat into the sea, and encourage him to sustain himself by swimming, and only when he appeared to be sinking did he plunge in to his aid. In this way young Volney Beckner, from his very cradle, was taught to brave the dangers of the sea, in which,

in time, he moved with the greatest ease and confidence. At four years of age he was able to swim a distance of three or four miles after his father's vessel, which he would not enter till completely fatigued; he would then catch a rope which was thrown to him, and, clinging to it, mount safely to the deck.

When Volney was about nine years of age, he was placed apprentice in a merchant ship, in which his father appears to have sometimes sailed, and in this situation he rendered himself exceedingly useful. In tempestuous weather, when the wind blew with violence, tore the sails, and made the timbers creak, and while the rain fell in torrents, he was not the last in manœuvring. The squirrel does not clamber with more agility over the loftiest trees than did Volney along the stays and sail-yards. When he was at the top of the highest mast, even in the fiercest storm, he appeared as little agitated as a passenger stretched on a hammock. The little fellow also was regardless of ordinary toils and privations. To be fed with biscuit broken with a hatchet, sparingly moistened with muddy water full of worms, to be half covered with a garment of coarse cloth, to take some hours of repose stretched on a plank, and to be suddenly wakened at the moment when his sleep was the soundest, such was the life of Volney, and yet he enjoyed a robust constitution. He never caught cold, he never knew fears, or any of the diseases springing from pampered appetites or idleness.

Such was the cleverness, the good temper, and the trust-worthiness of Volney Beckner, that, at his twelfth year, he was judged worthy of promotion in the vessel,

and of receiving double his former pay. The captain of the ship on board which he served, cited him as a model to the other boys. He did not even fear to say once, in the presence of his whole crew, "If this little man continues to conduct himself with so much valor and prudence, I have no doubt of his obtaining a place much above that which I occupy." Little Volney was very sensible to the praises that he so well deserved. Although deprived of the advantages of a liberal education, the general instructions he had received, and his own experience, had opened his mind, and he aspired, by his conduct, to win the esteem and affection of those about him. He was always ready and willing to assist his fellow-sailors, and by his extraordinary activity, saved them in many dangerous emergencies. An occasion at length arrived, in which the young sailor had an opportunity of performing one of the most gallant actions on record.

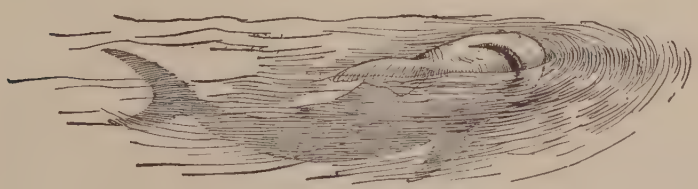
The vessel to which Volney belonged was bound to Port-au-Prince, in France, and during this voyage his father was on board. Among the passengers was a little girl, daughter of a rich American merchant; she had slipped away from her nurse, who was ill, and taking some repose in the cabin, and ran upon deck. There, while she gazed on the wide world of waters around, a sudden heaving of the ship caused her to become dizzy, and she fell over the side of the vessel into the sea. The father of Volney, perceiving the accident, darted after her, and in five or six strokes he caught her by the frock. Whilst he swam with one hand to regain the vessel, and with the other held the child close to his breast, Beckner perceived, at a dis-

tance, a shark advancing directly towards him. He called out for assistance. The danger was pressing. Every one ran on deck, but no one dared to go farther; they contented themselves with firing off several muskets with little effect; and the animal, lashing the sea with his tail, and opening his frightful jaws, was just about to seize his prey. In this terrible extremity, what strong men would not venture to attempt, filial piety excited a child to execute. Little Volney armed himself with a broad and pointed sabre; he threw himself into the sea; then diving with the velocity of a fish, he slipped under the animal, and stabbed his sword in his body up to the hilt. Thus suddenly assailed, and deeply wounded, the shark quitted the track of his prey, and turned against his assailant, who attacked him with repeated lunges of his weapon. It was a heart-rending spectacle. On one side, the American trembling for his little girl, who seemed devoted to destruction; on the other, a generous mariner exposing his life for a child not his own; and here the whole crew full of breathless anxiety as to the result of an encounter in which their young shipmate exposed himself to almost inevitable death to direct it from his father!

The combat was too unequal, and no refuge remained but in a speedy retreat. A number of ropes were quickly thrown out to the father and the son, and they each succeeded in seizing one. Already they were several feet above the surface of the water. Already cries of joy were heard — "Here they are, here they are — they are saved!" Alas! — they were not saved! at least one victim was to be sacrificed to the rest. En-

raged at seeing his prey about to escape him, the shark plunged to make a vigorous spring; then issuing from the sea with impetuosity, and darting forward like lightning, with the sharp teeth of his capacious mouth he tore asunder the body of the intrepid and unfortunate boy while suspended in the air. A part of poor little Volney's palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up to the ship, while his father and the fainting child in his arms were saved.

Thus perished, at the age of twelve years and some months, this hopeful young sailor, who so well deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed, in saving the life of his father, and of a girl who was a stranger to him, at the expense of his own, we are surely entitled to place his name in the very first rank of heroes. But the deed was not alone glorious from its immediate consequences. As an example, it survives to the most distant ages. The present relation of it cannot but animate youth to the commission of generous and praiseworthy actions. When pressed by emergencies, let them cast aside all selfish considerations, and think on the heroism of the Irish sailor boy — Volney Beckner.



JAMES MAXWELL

(From Chambers's Miscellany.)

JAMES was of a family of brave men, natives of Stirlingshire. Having wished a number of years ago to emigrate to Canada, the family removed westward, intending to sail from the Clyde; which, however, they were prevented from doing. The person intrusted with the money raised for the expenses of the voyage and subsequent settlement, acted unfairly, and absconded; so that they were compelled, for want of funds, to remain in Port-Glasgow, where three or four of the lads became sailors. They were all first-rate men, and employed as masters or pilots of different steam-vessels, either at home or abroad. James was appointed to act as pilot on board a fine steam-vessel called the Clydesdale, of which the master was a worthy young man, named Turner.

About the year 1827, the vessel was appointed to sail between Clyde and the west coast of Ireland; and one evening, after setting out on the voyage across the Channel, with between seventy and eighty passengers, Maxwell became sensible at intervals of the smell of fire, and went about anxiously endeavoring to discover whence it originated. On communicating with the master, he found that he too had perceived it; but neither of them could form the least conjecture as to where it arose. A gentleman passenger also observed an alarming vapor, which alternately rose and passed away, leaving them in doubt of its being a reality. About eleven o'clock at night this gentleman went to bed, confident of safety; but while Maxwell was at the helm, the master ceased not an instant to search from place to place, as the air became more and more impregnated with the odor of burning timber. At last he sprung upon deck, exclaiming, "Maxwell, the flames have burst out at the paddle-box!" James calmly inquired, "Then shall I put about?" Turner's order was to proceed. Maxwell struck one hand upon his heart, as he flung the other above his head, and with uplifted eyes uttered, "Oh, God Almighty, enable me to do my duty! and, oh, God, provide for my wife, my mother, and my child!"

Whether it was the thoughts of the dreadful nature of the Galloway coast, girdled as it is with perpendicular masses of rock, which influenced the master in his decision to press forward, we cannot tell; but as there was only the wide ocean before and around them, the pilot did not long persist in this hopeless course. He put the boat about, sternly subduing every expression

of emotion, and standing with his eyes fixed on the point for which he wished to steer. The fire, which the exertions of all the men could not keep under, soon raged with ungovernable fury, and, keeping the engine in violent action, the vessel, at the time one of the fleetest that had ever been built, flew through the water with incredible speed. All the passengers were gathered to the bow, the rapid flight of the vessel keeping that part clear of the flames, while it carried the fire, flames, and smoke, backward to the quarter-gallery, where the self-devoted pilot stood like a martyr at the stake. Everything possible was done by the master and crew to keep the place on which he stood deluged with water; but this became every moment more difficult and more hopeless; for, in spite of all that could be done, the devouring fire seized the cabin under him, and the spot on which he stood immovable became intensely heated. Still, still the hero never flinched! At intervals, the motion of the wind threw aside the intervening mass of flame and smoke for a moment, and then might be heard exclamations of hope and gratitude as the multitude on the prow got a glimpse of the brave man standing calm and fixed on his dreadful watch!

The blazing vessel, glaring through the darkness of night, had been observed by the people on shore, and they assembled on the heights adjoining an opening in the rocks about twelve yards wide; and there, by waving torches and other signals, did their best to direct the crew to the spot. The signals were not misunderstood by Maxwell, whose feet were already roasted on the deck! The fierce fire still kept the engine in furious action, impelling the vessel onward; but this could

not have lasted above another minute; and during the interval he ran her into the open space, and alongside a ledge of rock, upon which every creature got safe on shore — all unscathed, except the self-devoted one, to whom all owed their lives! Had he flinched for a minute, they must all have perished. What would not any or all of them have given, when driving over the wide sea in their flaming prison, to the man who would have promised them safety! But when this heroic man had accomplished the desperate undertaking, did the gratitude of this multitude continue beyond the minute of deliverance! We believe it *did not!* One man exclaimed, "There is my trunk — I am ruined without it: five pounds to whoever will save it!" Maxwell could not hesitate in relieving any species of distress. He snatched the burning handle of the trunk, and swung it on shore, but left the skin of his hand and fingers sticking upon it — a memorial which might have roused the gratitude of the most torpid savage! But he who offered the reward forgot to pay it to one who could not and would not ask of any one on earth.

As might have been expected, Maxwell's constitution, though very powerful, never recovered from the effects of that dreadful burning. Indeed, it required all the skill and enthusiasm of an eminent physician under whose care he placed himself, to save his life. Though the flames had not actually closed round him as he stood on his awful watch, yet such was the heat under him and around him, that not only, as we have said, were his feet severely burnt, but his hair, a large hair-cap, and huge dreadnought watch-coat, which he wore,

were all in such a state from the intense heat, that they crumbled into powder on the least touch. His handsome athletic form was reduced to the extremest emaciation; his young face became ten years older during that appalling night; and his hair changed to gray.

HEROINES OF THE REVOLUTION

(From Watch Fires of '76.)

By S. A. DRAKE.

WELL, then, as I said, 'twas at Monmouth. Clinton had evacuated Philadelphia. The British were in full retreat across the Jerseys; we after them. Washington thought he had them. So did we. One part of our army was advanced so as to hang on their rear, and worry them, until the main body could come up. So easy, wasn't it? We thought their rear-guard would be easily handled; because their whole line, wagons, artillery, and all, don't you see, stretched out for twelve miles along the road. Then we would scoop in the wagons. There's where we made a big mistake. Instead of doing as we thought, John Bull was marching wrong end foremost, with horns to the rear. So in place of worrying him, as they thought, he tossed and gored our advanced guard until they were tired, and gave up the fight.

Our people were trying to rally on some high ground, to which the enemy had driven them, when Washing-

ton rode up. He was the maddest man I ever laid eyes on. There was our vanguard all fought out and in disorder. There were the British lining up beyond us for a fresh attack. Boys, if I was to live as long as old Methuselah himself, I shall never forget that moment. I saw Washington straighten himself up in his saddle like a man of bronze. I heard him give Lee such a tremendous scolding that the poor man turned as white as a sheet. Out flew the orders. Aids were soon scurrying over the field in every direction. Our men plucked up heart again. Our artillery came up at a gallop. Up came the old Continentals, with steady tramp, bayonets fixed, all on edge to retrieve the fortunes of the day. It was glorious, glorious!

Sir Henry Clinton.

"Where shall I put in, General?" asked the bluff old brigadier, who had rode on ahead, busily mopping his forehead with his red bandanna as he spoke.

"Halt your men here, General. The enemy are going to advance directly. Our guns are getting into position to check them until we can have time to make a stand. You must support the guns, sir." He then rode off to the rear.

General Knox posted us; our orders were to silence that battery, firing over against us, and at it we went, hammer and tongs. After a few discharges the smoke grew so thick that we fired at the flashes of the other battery's guns. They were not slow at giving us as

good as we sent them; and what with the terrible heat, the suffocating smoke, and the blinding dust and dirt that the enemy's balls threw over us every minute or so, it was the hottest place I ever got into, by all odds. But we made it hot for them on the other hill too, or I miss my guess.

I remember that about this time Colonel Wesson of the Old Ninth rode up to our battery to see what was going on. He was another old salamander. His regiment lay on the slope of the hill just behind us, taking it easy.

"Blame this smoke," he roared out; "how do we know the enemy's infantry ain't stealing a march on us?"

"Because their guns haven't slackened their fire yet, Colonel," my captain answered him.

The cannon-smoke hung down over us as high, perhaps, as a man's head from the ground. There wasn't a breath of air. The colonel leaned down over his horse's neck to see if he couldn't peek out under it, when, biff! there came a round shot from the enemy's battery, tearing the coat from his back and the flesh from his body. Had he sat upright an instant longer, he must have been killed outright. As it was, he became a cripple for life.

I was working away like a blacksmith at my piece, black in the face, with not a dry rag on me, when who should I see but Molly, the wife of our gunner, fetching water from a neighboring spring. She never scooched a mite. Just how many times she trotted back and forth on this errand I don't know, and therefore can't say; but at any rate, she was

coming up again, with her canteen full, when a shot struck the gunner fairly, and down he went like a log.

Molly was at his side, and down on her knees, in a moment. One look was enough. The man was done for. He never spoke again.

While the woman sat crouching over the dead man, in speechless grief, a mounted officer came up, and ordered the piece to the rear, because there were not now men enough left to serve it. What men there were prepared to obey the order, when Molly sprang to herfeet, laid her hand on the breech of the gun, and with flashing eyes, cried out, "Stop!"

The men all thought she had gone crazy.

"Stop, I say!" she again exclaimed; "that cannon shall never leave the field for want of some one to serve it. Come, lads," turning to the amazed artillerymen, who stood staring at her in astonishment, "since they have killed my poor husband, I will try my best to take his place, and avenge his death." She then wrenched the rammer

from the dead man's grasp, sprang forward to the muzzle of the piece, rammed home the cartridge with all the strength and fury of an Amazon, and in another moment the gun was again dealing death and dismay in the enemy's ranks. That gun didn't go to the rear. And so Molly stood to her post, as well as the best of them, throughout the action, to the wonder and admiration of all who saw her, never flinching or making even a whimper until the order came to cease firing. Then she sat herself down on the ground, by the side of her poor dead husband, threw her apron over her head, and gave way to her pent-up grief.

Among the rest, Washington saw her at work at her gun. After the battle he gave her an officer's commission, of which she was very proud. After that she wore an epaulet, and was called by everybody, "Captain Molly."

During the British General Tryon's descent upon Connecticut in 1779, — a most dastardly affair for men calling themselves soldiers to engage in, by the way, — he met with some of the true Yankee spirit among the brave girls and dames of Norwalk and Fairfield, both of which places he burned to the ground, thus turning the poor inhabitants out of house and home.

Most of them had fled at the enemy's approach, having had timely warning of it, leaving their little all to the invader's mercy; but among those who stayed behind to protect their property, was a wealthy family by the name of Ross, or rather, I should say, the women of the family, for Squire Ross, the head of it, was absent from home on some business of his own.

Squire Ross was a lawyer of some note in that part of the country, who had taken little or no part in the struggle for freedom. Perhaps it was on this account that Mrs. Ross and her daughter Lavinia had decided not to leave their house, but to await the arrival of the British troops, as if nothing had happened. Indeed, they were very far from foreseeing that the total destruction of this flourishing village was the one object which had brought Tryon's soldiery there — congenial employment for which they were well fitted.

British Soldier.

However, for fear of being troubled by these marauders, the women armed themselves and their domestics, locked their doors, and awaited the result as calmly as they could.

They did not have long to wait. The soldiers came, divided themselves into squads, spread themselves out through the village, and set about their cruel work. Their orders were to spare not, and soon smoke and flames were rising in every part of the village. Not even the meeting-houses were spared. One squad surrounded the Ross house, while another set fire to the out-houses belonging to it. Upon being refused admittance, they began an assault upon the dwelling itself, whose only garrison was a few weak women, trembling with fear at every shot that came crashing through the windows.

One of these messengers of death struck down Mrs. Ross. Instead of shrieking and fainting dead away,

the daughter was nerved to desperation at the sight. She had a musket in her hand. Taking deliberate aim, she fired at one of the nearest of the assailants. The man dropped. Lavinia kept on loading and firing until several more had fallen under her unerring aim.

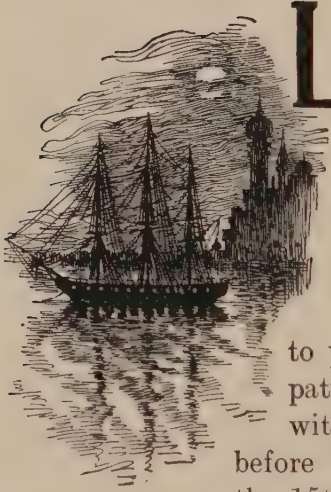
This unlooked-for resistance served only to exasperate the infuriated marauders all the more; and they finally forced their way into the house, rushed upon and disarmed the plucky Lavinia, and would, in their rage, undoubtedly have put her to death on the spot, but for the timely interference of a lieutenant, who had fortunately come up at the moment when the soldiers had effected their entrance into the house.

Miss Ross was put under guard, and taken away as a prisoner to the enemy's camp. From here she made her escape through the aid of the very lieutenant who had saved her life. Gratitude had prompted her to acknowledge to him, that to him alone she owed her rescue from death, and out of the fulness of her heart she spoke. Her remarkable beauty and intelligence, no less than her distress of mind at being separated from her friends, won his consent to assist her in making her escape. Horses, a trusty guide, and a suitable disguise for himself, were procured. At the appointed time the generous lieutenant conducted the homeless and friendless girl to a place of safety before he left her to return to his duty.

THE CUTTING OUT OF THE PHILADELPHIA

(From Dewey and Other Naval Commanders.)

By EDWARD S. ELLIS, A.M.



LATE in the day, February 9, 1804, the ketch left Syracuse for Tripoli, accompanied by the Siren, Lieutenant Stewart, to cover the retreat. The weather became so bad that the attempt had to be postponed, since the ketch was sure to be dashed to pieces on the rocks. The impatient crew was compelled to withdraw and wait for a week before the weather moderated. On the 15th, everything being favorable, the crew of the ketch bade good-by to their friends and set out on their perilous mission.

The night was clear and starlit, and at nine o'clock the ketch was in full view of the city and its twinkling lights, with the dark shores crowded with batteries, while far ahead, under the guns of the Bashaw's castle, lay the Philadelphia. The wind fell and the little

craft crept slowly through the water, seemingly into the very jaws of death, until the outlines of the silent frigate loomed to sight through the gloom. Following Decatur's guarded orders, the men lay flat on the deck, all concealing themselves as best they could, while five or six, dressed as Maltese sailors, lounged about in plain sight.

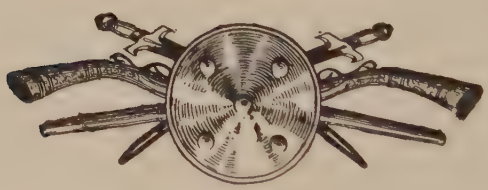
The quartermaster at the wheel, obeying the directions of Decatur, steered so as to foul the Philadelphia, from which there suddenly came a hail. Lieutenant Decatur whispered to the pilot to say they had just arrived from Malta, and, having lost their anchor, wished to make fast to the Philadelphia's cables until another could be got from shore. A brief conversation followed, during which the ketch edged closer, but the Tripolitans soon discovered the men in the stargleam, and the alarm was sounded; but with great coolness and haste the ketch was worked into position and Decatur gave the order to board.

The eager Americans, with cutlass and boarding pike in hand, dashed through the gun-ports and over the bulwarks. In a twinkling the quarter-deck was cleared and all the Tripolitans on the forecastle were rushed overboard. The noise brought up a number of Turks from below, but the moment they saw what was going on they either leaped into the sea or hid themselves in the hold. They were pursued, and within ten minutes the frigate was captured, without a shot having been fired or an outcry made.

An abundance of combustibles had been brought, and they were now distributed and fired so effectively that nothing could save the fine vessel. Then the

Americans scrambled back to the ketch, Lieutenant Decatur being the last to leave the doomed frigate, from which the dazzling glare lit up the harbor, and revealed the smaller boat straining to get away. The batteries on shore opened fire, but, in their excitement, they aimed wildly, and no harm was done. Every American safely reached the Siren, waiting anxiously outside. The two made sail for Syracuse, where Captain Preble was vastly relieved to hear the news. The ketch was renamed the Intrepid, and Decatur, for his daring exploit, was promoted to the rank of captain and presented with a sword by Congress.

The Philadelphia was totally destroyed, and its remains still lie at the bottom of the harbor of Tripoli. In referring to this exploit, the great English naval commander, Lord Nelson, said it was "the most bold and daring act of the age."



THE EXILES OF SIBERIA

(From A Book of Golden Deeds.)

By C. M. YONGE.

PRASCOVIA was the daughter of a captain in the Russian army, who, for some unknown reason, had undergone the sentence of exile to Siberia, from the capricious and insane Czar Paul I. The Russian government, being despotic, is naturally inclined to be suspicious, and it has long been the custom to send off persons supposed to be dangerous to the state, to live in the intensely cold and remote district of Siberia. Actual criminals are marched off in chains, and kept working in the mines; but political offenders are permitted to live with their families, have a weekly sum allowed for their support, and when it is insufficient, can eke it out by any form of labor they prefer, whether by hunting, or by such farming as the climate will allow.

The miseries of the exiles have been much mitigated in these later times, many more comforts are permitted them, and though closely watched, and suffering from many annoying regulations, those of higher rank re-

ceive a sufficient sum out of their own revenues to enable them to live in tolerable ease, and without actual drudgery; and at Tobolsk, the capital of Siberia, there is a highly educated and accomplished society of banished Poles and of Russians who have incurred suspicion.

Under the Czars who reigned before the kind-hearted Alexander I., the banishment was far more terrible. It was not only the being absent from home and friends, but it was a fall from all the luxuries of civilized life to the utmost poverty, and that in a climate of fearful severity, with a winter lasting nine months, and the sun unseen for many weeks of that time. Captain Lopouloff was condemned for life, was placed in the village of Ischim, far to the north of Tobolsk, and only obtained an allowance of ten kopeks a day. His wife, and their little girl of about three years old, accompanied him, and the former adapted herself patiently to her situation, working hard at the common domestic cares which she had been used to trust to servants; and as the little Prascovia grew older, she not only helped her mother, but gained employment in the village, going out to assist in the late and scanty rye harvest, and obtaining a small bundle of the rye as her wages. She was very happy, even in this wild dreary home, amid all the deep snows, iron frosts, and long darkness, until she was nearly fifteen, when she began to understand how wretched her father was in his banishment. He had sent a petition to the Governor of Siberia, in the charge of an officer, who had promised to represent his case strongly, and the watching for the answer, and continued disappointment, whenever a

courier arrived from Tobolsk, rendered him so restless, that he no longer tried to put on a cheerful countenance before his daughter, but openly lamented his hard fate, in seeing her growing up untaught and working with her hands like the meanest serf.

His despair awoke Prascovia from her childish enjoyments. She daily prayed that he might be brought home and comforted, and, as she said herself, it one day darted into her mind like a flash of lightning, just as she finished saying her prayers, that she might go to Petersburg and obtain his pardon. Long did she dwell upon the thought, going alone among the pine-trees to dream over it, and to pray that grace and strength might be given her for this great work — this exceeding bliss of restoring her father to his home. Still she durst not mention the project; it seemed so impossible, that it died away upon her lips whenever she tried to ask her father's permission, till at last she set herself a time, at which nothing should prevent her from speaking. The day came; she went out among the whispering pines, and again prayed for strength to make her proposal, and that her father might be led to listen to it favorably. But prayers are not always soon answered. Her father listened to her plan in silence, then called out to his wife: "Here is a fine patroness! Our daughter is going off to Petersburg to speak for us to the Emperor," and he related all the scheme that had been laid before him, with such a throbbing heart, in a tone of amusement.

"She ought to be attending to her work instead of talking nonsense," said the wife; and when poor Prascovia, more mortified at derision than by anger, began

to cry bitterly, her mother held out a cloth to her, saying in a kind, half-coaxing tone, "Here, my dear, dust the table for dinner, and then you may set off to Petersburg at your ease."

Still day after day Prascovia returned to the charge, entreating that her scheme might at least be considered, till her father grew displeased, and severely forbade her to mention it again. She abstained; but for three whole years she never failed to add to her daily prayers a petition that his consent might be gained. During this time her mother had a long and serious illness, and Prascovia's care, as both nurse and housewife, gave her father and mother such confidence in her, that they no longer regarded her as a child; and when she again ventured to bring her plan before them, they did not laugh at her, but besought her not to leave them in their declining years to expose herself to danger on so wild a project. She answered by tears, but she could not lay it aside.

Another difficulty was, that without a passport she would have been immediately sent back to Ischim, and so many petitions from her father had been disregarded, that there was little chance that any paper sent by him to Tobolsk would be attended to. However, she found one of their fellow-exiles who drew up a request in due form for a passport for her, and after six months more of waiting the answer arrived. She was not herself a prisoner, she could leave Siberia whenever she pleased, and the passport was enclosed for her. Her father, however, seized upon it, and locked it up, declaring that he had only allowed the application to go in the certainty that it would be refused, and that

nothing should induce him to let a girl of eighteen depart alone for such a journey.

Prascovia still persevered, and her disappointment worked upon her mother to promise not to prevent her from going, provided her father consented; and at last he yielded. "What shall we do with this child?" he said: "we shall have to let her go." Still he said, "Do you think, poor child, that you can speak to the Emperor as you speak to your father in Siberia? Sentinels guard every entrance to his palace, and you will never pass the threshold. Poor, even to beggary, without clothes or introductions, how could you appear, and who will deign to present you?" However, Prascovia trusted that the same Providence that had brought her the passport would smooth other difficulties; she had boundless confidence in the Power to whom she had committed herself, and her own earnest will made obstacles seem as nothing. That her undertaking should not be disobedient was all she desired. And at length the consent was won, and the 8th of September fixed for her day of departure.

At dawn she was dressed, with a little bag over her shoulder, and her father was trying to make her take the whole family store of wealth, one silver rouble, though, as she truly said, this was not enough to take her to Petersburg, and might do some good at home, and she only took it at last when he laid his strict commands on her. Two of the poorest of the exiles tried to force on her all the money they had — thirty copper kopeks and a silver twenty-kopek piece; and though she refused these, she affectionately promised that the kind givers should share in any favor she should obtain.

When the first sunbeam shone into the room, there was, according to the beautiful old Russian custom, a short, solemn silence, for private prayer for the traveller. Then, after a few words, also customary, of indifferent conversation, there was a last embrace, and Prascovia, kneeling down, received her parents' blessing, rose up, and set her face upon her way — a girl of

A Russian Village.

nineteen, with a single rouble in her pocket, to walk through vast expanses of forest, and make her way to the presence of her sovereign.

The two poor exiles did their utmost for her by escorting her as far as they were allowed to go from Ischim, and they did not leave her till she had joined a party of girls on their way to one of the villages she had to pass. Once they had a fright from some half-

tipsy lads; but they shook them off, and reached the village, where Prascovia was known and hospitably lodged for the night. She was much tired in the morning, and when she first set forth on her way, the sense of terror at her loneliness was almost too much for her, till she thought of the angel who succored Hagar, and took courage; but she had mistaken the road, and by-and-by found herself at the last village she had passed the night before. Indeed, she often lost her way; and when she asked the road to Petersburg, she was only laughed at. She knew the names of no nearer places in the way, but fancied that the sacred town of Kief, where the Russian power had first begun, was on the route; so, if people did not know which was the road to Petersburg, she would ask for Kief. One day, when she came to a place where three roads branched off, she asked some travellers in a carriage that passed her, which of them led to Kief. "Whichever you please," they answered, laughing; "One leads as much as the other either to Kief, Paris, or Rome." She chose the middle one, which was fortunately the right, but she was never able to give any exact account of the course she had taken, for she confused the names of the villages she passed, and only remembered certain incidents that had impressed themselves on her memory. In the lesser hamlets she was usually kindly received in the first cottage where she asked for shelter; but in larger places, with houses of superior order, she was often treated as a suspicious-looking vagabond. For instance, when not far from a place called Kamouicheff, she was caught in a furious storm at the end of a long day's march. She hurried on in hopes of

reaching the nearest houses; but a tree was blown down just before her, and she thought it safer to hasten into a thicket, the close bushes of which sheltered her a little against the wind. Darkness came on before the storm abated enough for her to venture out, and there she stayed, without daring to move, though the rain at length made its way through the branches, and soaked her to the skin. At dawn, she dragged herself to the road, and was there offered a place in a cart driven by a peasant, who set her down in the middle of the village at about eight o'clock in the morning. She fell down while getting out, and her clothes were not only wet through with the night's drenching, but covered with mire; she was spent with cold and hunger, and felt herself such a deplorable object, that the neatness of the houses filled her with alarm. She, however, ventured to approach an open window, where she saw a woman shelling peas, and begged to be allowed to rest and dry herself, but the woman surveyed her scornfully, and ordered her off; and she met with no better welcome at any other house. At one, where she sat down at the door, the mistress drove her off, saying that she harbored neither thieves nor vagabonds. "At least," thought the poor wanderer, "they cannot hunt me from the church;" but she found the door locked, and when she sat down on its stone steps, the village boys came round her, hooting at her, and calling her a thief and runaway; and thus she remained for two whole hours, ready to die with cold and hunger, but inwardly praying for strength to bear this terrible trial.

At last, however, a kinder woman came up through

the rude little mob, and spoke to her in a gentle manner. Prascovia told what a terrible night she had spent in the wood, and the starost, or village magistrate, examined her passport, and found that it answered for her character. The good woman offered to take her home, but on trying to rise, she found her limbs so stiff that she could not move; she had lost one of her shoes, and her feet were terribly swollen; indeed, she never entirely recovered the effects of that dreadful night of exposure. The villagers were shocked at their own inhospitality, they fetched a cart and lodged her safely with the good woman, with whom she remained several days, and when she was again able to proceed, one of the villagers gave her a pair of boots. She was often obliged to rest for a day or two, according to the state of her strength, the weather, or the reception she met with, and she always endeavored to requite the hospitality she received by little services, such as sweeping, washing, or sewing for her hosts. She found it wiser not to begin by telling her story, or people took her for an impostor; she generally began by begging for a morsel of food; then, if she met with a kind answer, she would talk of her weariness and obtain leave to rest, and when she was a little more at home with the people of the house, would tell them her story; and when, if nothing else would do, and she was in urgent need, the sight of her passport secured attention to her from the petty authorities, since she was there described as the daughter of a captain in the army. But she always said that she did not, comparatively, often meet with rebuffs, whilst the acts of kindness she had received were beyond counting. "People fancy,"

she used afterwards to say, "that my journey was most disastrous, because I tell the troubles and adventures that befell me, and pass over the kind welcomes I received, because nobody cares to hear them."

Once she had a terrible fright. She had been refused an entrance at all the houses in a village street, when an old man who had been very short and sharp in his rejection came and called her back. She did not like his looks, but there was no help for it, and she turned back with him. His wife looked even more repulsive than himself, and no sooner had they entered the miserable one-roomed cottage, than she shut the door and fastened it with strong bolts, so that the only light in the place came from oak slips which were set on fire and stuck into a hole in the wall. By their flicker Prascovia thought she saw the old people staring at her most unpleasantly, and presently they asked her where she came from.

"From Ischim. I am going to Petersburg."

"And you have plenty of money for the journey?"

"Only eighty copper-kopeks now," said Prascovia, very glad just then to have no more.

"That's a lie," shouted the old woman; "people don't go that distance without money."

She vainly declared it was all she had; they did not believe her, and she could hardly keep back her tears of indignation and terror. At last they gave her a few potatoes to eat, and told her to lie down on the great brick stove, the wide ledges of which are the favorite sleeping places of the poorer Russians. She laid aside her upper garments, and with them her pockets and her pack, hoping within herself that the smallness of the

sum might at least make her not worth murdering; then praying with all her might, she lay down. As soon as they thought her asleep, they began whispering.

"She must have more money," they said; "she certainly has notes."

"I saw a string round her neck," said the old woman, "and a little bag hanging to it. The money must be there."

Then after some lower murmurs, they said, "No one saw her come in here. She is not known to be still in the village."

And next the horrified girl saw the old woman climbing up the stove. She again declared that she had no money, and entreated for her life, but the woman made no answer, only pulled the bag from off her neck, and felt her clothes all over, even taking off her boots, and opening her hands, while the man held the light; but, at last, finding nothing in the bag but the passport, they left her alone, and lay down themselves. She lay trembling for a good while, but at last she knew by their breathing that they were both asleep, and she, too, fell into a slumber, from which she did not waken till the old woman roused her at broad daylight. There was a plentiful breakfast of peasant fare prepared for her, and both spoke to her much more kindly, asking her questions, in reply to which she told them part of her story. They seemed interested, and assured her that they had only searched her because they thought she might be a dishonest wanderer, but that she would find that they were far from being robbers themselves. Prascovia was heartily glad to leave their house; but when she ventured to look into her

little store, she found that her eighty kopeks had become one hundred and twenty. She always fully believed that these people had had the worst intentions, and thanked God for having turned their hearts. Her other greatest alarm was one morning, when she had set out from her night's lodging before any one was up, and all the village dogs flew at her. Running and striking with her stick only made them more furious, and one of them was tearing at the bottom of her gown, when she flung herself on her face, recommending her soul to God, as she felt a cold nose upon her neck; but the beast was only smelling her; she was not even once bitten, and a peasant passing by drove them off.

Winter began to come on, and an eight-days' snowstorm forced her to stop till it was over; but when she wanted to set off again, the peasants declared that to travel on foot alone in the snow would be certain death even to the strongest men, for the wind raises the drifts, and makes the way undistinguishable, and they detained her till the arrival of a convoy of sledges which were taking provisions to Ekatherinenburg for the Christmas feasts. The drivers, on learning her story, offered her a seat in a sledge, but her garments were not adapted for winter travelling, and though they covered her with one of the wrappers of their goods, on the fourth day, when they arrived at the kharstina, or solitary posting-station, the intense cold had so affected her that she was obliged to be lifted from the sledge, with one cheek frost-bitten. The good carriers rubbed it with snow, and took every possible care of her; but they said it was impossible to take her on without a sheepskin pelisse, since otherwise her death from the increasing

cold was certain. She cried bitterly at the thought of missing this excellent escort, and on the other hand, the people of the kharstina would not keep her. The carriers then agreed to club together to buy her a sheepskin, but none could be had; no one at the station could spare theirs, as they were in a lonely place, and could not easily get another.

Though the carriers even offered a sum beyond the cost to the maid of the inn, if she would part with hers, she still refused; but at last an expedient was found. "Let us lend her our pelisses by turns," said one of the carriers. "Or rather, let her always wear mine, and we will change about every verst." To this all agreed. Prascovia was well wrapped up in one of the sheepskin pelisses, whose owner rolled himself in the wrapper, curled his feet under him, and sung at the top of his lungs. Every verst-stone there was a shifting of sheepskins, and there was much merriment over the changes, while all the way Prascovia's silent prayers arose that these kind men's health might suffer no injury from the cold to which they thus exposed themselves.

At the inn at which they put up at Ekatherinenburg, the hostess told Prascovia the names of the most charitable persons in the town, and so especially praised a certain Madame Milin, that Prascovia resolved to apply to her the next day for advice how to proceed further. First, as it was Sunday, however, she went to church. Her worn travelling dress, as well as her fervent devotion, attracted attention, and as she came out, a lady asked her who she was. Prascovia gave her name, and further requested to be directed where to find Madame Milin, whose benevolence was everywhere talked of. "I am afraid," said the lady, "that this Madame Milin's beneficence is a good deal exaggerated; but come with me, and I will take care of you."

Prascovia did not much like this way of speaking; but the stranger pointed to Madame Milin's door, saying that if she were rejected there, she must return to her. Without answering, Prascovia asked the servants whether Madame Milin were at home, and only when they looked at their mistress in amazement, did she discover that she had been talking to Madame Milin herself all the time.

This good lady kept her a guest all the rest of the winter, and strove to remedy the effects of the severe cold she had caught on the night of the tempest. At the same time, she taught Prascovia many of the common matters of education becoming her station. Captain Lopouloff and his wife had been either afraid to teach their daughter anything that would recall their former condition in life, or else had become too dispirited and indifferent for the exertion, and Prascovia had so entirely forgotten all she had known before her

father's banishment, that she had to learn to read and write over again. She could never speak of Madame Milin's kindness without tears, but the comfort and ease in which she now lived, made her all the more distressed at the thought of her parents toiling alone among the privations of their snowy wilderness. Madame Milin, however, would not allow her to leave Ekatherinenburg till the spring, and then took a place for her in a barge upon the river Khama, a confluent of the Volga; and put her under the care of a man who was going to Nishni Novgorod, with a cargo of iron and salt.

Unfortunately this person fell sick, and was obliged to be left behind at a little village on the banks of the Khama, and Prascovia was again left unprotected. In ascending the Volga, the barge was towed along by horses on the bank, and in a short sharp storm, the boatmen, in endeavoring to keep the barge from running against the bank, pushed Prascovia and two other passengers overboard with a heavy oar. They were instantly rescued, but there was no privacy in the barge, and as Prascovia could not bear to undress herself in public her wet clothes increased the former injury to her health. Madame Milin, trusting to the person to whom she had confided her young friend, to forward her on from Novgorod, had given her no introductions to any one there, nor any directions how to proceed, and the poor girl was thus again cast upon the world alone, though, thanks to her kind friend, with rather more both in her purse and in her bundle than when she had left Ischim; but, on the other hand, with a far clearer knowledge of the difficulties that lay before her, and a much greater dread of cities.

The bargemen set her ashore at the foot of a bridge at the usual landing-place. She saw a church on a rising ground before her, and, according to her usual custom, she went up to pray there before going to seek a lodging. The building was empty, but behind a grating she heard the voices of women at their evening devotions. It was a nunnery, and these female tones refreshed and encouraged her. "If God grants my prayers," she thought, "I shall hide myself under such a veil as theirs, for I shall have nothing to do but to thank and praise Him." After the service, she lingered near the convent, dreading to expose herself to the rude remarks she might meet at an inn, and at last reproaching herself for this failure in her trust, she returned into the church to renew her prayers for faith and courage. One of the nuns who had remained there told her it was time to close the doors, and Prascovia ventured to tell her of her repugnance to enter an inn alone, and to beg for a night's shelter in the convent. The sister replied that they did not receive travellers, but that the abbess might give her some assistance. Prascovia showed her purse, and explained that the kind friends at Ekatherinenburg had placed her above want, and that all she needed was a night's lodging; and the nun, pleased with her manner, took her to the abbess. Her artless story, supported by her passport, and by Madame Milin's letters, filled the good sisterhood with excitement and delight; the abbess made her sleep in her own room, and finding how severely she was suffering from the effects of her fall into the Volga, insisted on her remaining a few days to rest. Before those few days were over, Prascovia was seized

with so dangerous an illness that the physicians themselves despaired of her life ; but even at the worst she never gave herself up ; "I do not believe my hour is come," she said. "I hope God will allow me to finish my work." And she did recover, though so slowly that all the summer passed by before she could continue her journey, and then she was too weak for rough posting vehicles, and could only wait among the nuns for the roads to be fit for sledges.

At last she set off again for Moscow in a covered sledge, with a letter from the abbess to a lady, who sent her on again to Petersburg, under the care of a merchant, with a letter to the Princess de T——, and thus at length she arrived at the end of her journey, eighteen months after she had set off from Ischim with her rouble and her staff. The merchant took her to his own house, but before he had found out the Princess, he was obliged to go to Riga, and his wife, though courteous and hospitable, did not exert herself to forward the cause of her guest. She tried to find one of the ladies to whom she had been recommended, but the house was on the other side of the Neva, and as it was now February, the ice was in so unsafe a state that no one was allowed to pass. A visitor at the merchant's advised her to get a petition to the Senate drawn up, begging for a revision of her father's trial, and offered to get it drawn up for her. Accordingly, day after day, for a whole fortnight, did this poor girl stand on the steps of the Senate house, holding out her petition to every one whom she fancied to be a senator, and being sometimes roughly spoken to, sometimes waved aside, sometimes offered a small coin as a beggar, but

never attended to. Holy Week came on, and Prascovia's devotions and supplications were addressed entirely to her God. On Easter-day, that day of universal joy, she was unusually hopeful; she went out with her hostess in the carriage, and told her that she felt a certainty that another time she should meet with success.

"I would trouble myself no more with senates and senators," said the lady. "It is just as well worth while as it would be to offer your petition to yonder iron man," pointing to the famous statue of Peter the Great.

"Well," said Prascovia, "God is Almighty, and if He would, He could make that iron man stoop and take my petition."

The lady laughed carelessly: but as they were looking at the statue, she observed that the bridge of boats over the Neva was restored, and offered to take Prascovia at once to leave her letter with Mde. de L——. They found this lady at home, and already prepared to expect her; she received her most kindly, and looked at the petition, which she found so ignorantly framed and addressed, that it was no wonder that it had not been attended to. She said that she had a relation high in office in the Senate who could have helped Prascovia, but that unfortunately they were not on good terms.

Easter-day, however, is the happy occasion when, in the Greek Church, all reconciliations are made. Families make a point of meeting with the glorious greeting, "Christ is risen," and the response, "He is risen indeed;" and the kiss exchanged at these glad tidings seals general pardon for all the bickerings of the year. And while Prascovia was at dinner with her friends, this very gentleman came in, with the accustomed

words, and, without further delay, she was introduced to him, and her circumstances explained. He took great interest in her, but assured her that applications to the Senate were useless; for even if she should prevail to have the trial revised, it would be a tedious and protracted affair, and very uncertain; so that it would be far better to trust to the kind disposition of the Czar Alexander himself.

Prascovia went back to the merchant's greatly encouraged, and declaring that, after all, she owed something to the statue of Peter the Great, for but for him they might not have observed that the Neva was open! The merchant himself now returned from Riga, and was concerned at finding her affairs no forwarder. He took her at once to the Princess de T——, a very old lady, who received her kindly, and let her remain in her house; but it was full of grand company and card-playing, and the Princess herself was so aged and infirm, that she, as well as all her guests, forgot all about the young stranger, who, with a heart pining with hope deferred, meekly moved about the house—finding that every opening of promise led only to disappointment. Still she recollected that she had been advised to present a request to M. V——, one of the Secretaries of the Empress Mary, widow of the last, and mother of the present Czar. With this, she went to his house. He had heard of her, but fancying hers a common case of poverty, had put out fifty roubles to be given to her. He was not at home when she called; but his wife saw her, was delighted with her, drew from her the whole history of her perseverance in her father's cause, and kept her to see M. V——. He,

too, was warmly interested, and going at once to the Empress-mother, who was one of the most gentle and charitable women in the world, he brought back her orders that she should be presented to the Empress that very evening.

Poor child, she turned pale, and her eyes filled with tears at this sudden brightening of hope. Instead of thanking M. V——, her first exclamation was, "My God, not in vain have I put my trust in Thee." Then kissing Mme. V——'s hands, she cried, "You, you alone can make my thanks acceptable to the good man who is saving my father!"

She never disturbed herself as to her dress, or any matter of court etiquette: her simple heart was wrapped up in its one strong purpose. Mme. V—— merely arranged the dress she had on, and sent her off with the Secretary. When she really saw the palace before her, she said, "Oh, if my father could see me, how glad he would be. My God, finish Thy work!"

The Empress Mary was a tender-hearted woman of the simplest manners. She received Prascovia in her private room, and listened most kindly to her story; then praised her self-devotion and filial love, and promised to speak in her behalf to the Emperor—giving her three hundred roubles for her present needs. Prascovia was so much overcome by her kindness, that when afterwards Mme. V—— asked how she had sped in her interview, she could only weep for gladness.

Two days after, the Empress-mother herself took her to a private audience of the Emperor himself and his wife, the Empress Elizabeth. No particulars are given of this meeting, except that Prascovia was most

graciously received, and that she came away with a gift of five thousand roubles, and the promise that her father's trial should be at once revised.

And now all the persons who had scarcely attended to Prascovia vied with each other in making much of her: they admired her face, found out that she had the stamp of high birth, and invited her to their drawing-rooms. She was as quiet and unmoved as ever; she never thought of herself, nor of the effect she produced, but went on in her simplicity, enjoying all that was kindly meant. Two ladies took her to see the state apartments of the Imperial palace. When they pointed to the throne, she stopped short, exclaiming, "Is that the throne? Then that is what I dreaded so much in Siberia!" And as all her past hopes and fears, her dangers and terrors rushed on her, she clasped her hands, and exclaiming, "The Emperor's throne!" she almost fainted. Then she begged leave to draw near, and, kneeling down, she kissed the steps, of which she had so often dreamt as the term of her labors, and she exclaimed aloud, "Father, father! see whither the Divine Power has led me! My God, bless this throne — bless him who sits on it — make him as happy as he is making me!" The ladies could hardly get her away from it, and she was so much exhausted by the strength of her feelings, that she could not continue her course of sight-seeing all that day.

She did not forget the two fellow-exiles who had been so kind to her; she mentioned them to every one, but was always advised not to encumber her suit for her father by mentioning them. However, when, after some delay, she received notice that a ukase had been

issued for her father's pardon, and was further told that His Majesty wished to know if she had anything to ask for herself, she replied, that he would overwhelm her with his favors if he would extend the same mercy that he had granted to her father to these two poor old banished gentlemen; and the Emperor, struck by this absence of all selfishness, readily pardoned them for their offence, which had been of a political nature, and many years old.

Prascovia had always intended to dedicate herself as a nun, believing that this would be her fullest thank-offering for her father's pardon, and her heart was drawn towards the convent at Nïshni, where she had been so tenderly nursed during her illness. First, however, she went to Kief, the place where the first Christian teaching in Russia had begun, and where the tombs of St. Olga, the pious queen, and Vladimir, the destroyer of idols, were objects of pilgrimage. There she took the monastic vows, a step which seems surprising in so dutiful a daughter, without her parents' consent; but she seems to have thought that only thus could her thankfulness be evinced, and to have supposed herself fulfilling the vows she had made in her distress. From Kief, she returned to Nïshni, where she hoped to meet her parents. She had reckoned that about the time of her arrival they might be on their way back from Siberia, and as soon as she met the abbess, she eagerly asked if there were no tidings of them. "Excellent tidings," said the abbess. "I will tell you in my rooms." Prascovia followed her in silence, until they reached the reception-room, and there stood her father and mother! Their first im-

pulse on seeing the daughter who had done so much for them was to fall on their knees; but she cried out with dismay, and herself kneeling, exclaimed, "What are you doing? It is God, God only, who worked for us. Thanks be to His providence for the wonders He has wrought in our favor."

For one week the parents and child were happy together; but then Captain Lopouloff and his wife were forced to proceed on their journey. The rest of Prascovia's life was one long decline; her health had been fatally injured by the sufferings that she had undergone; and though she lived some years, and saw her parents again, she was gently fading away all the time. She made one visit to Petersburg, and one of those who saw her there described her as having a fine oval face, extremely black eyes, an open brow, and a remarkable calmness of expression, though with a melancholy smile. It is curious that Scott has made this open-browed serenity of expression a characteristic of his Jeanie Deans. Prascovia's illness ended suddenly on the 9th of December, 1809.

AGOSTINA OF ZARAGOZA

(From A Book of Golden Deeds.)

By C. M. YONGE.

ONE of the most unjustifiable acts of Napoleon's grasping policy was the manner in which he entrapped the poor, foolish, weak Spanish royal family into his power, and then kept them in captivity, and gave their kingdom to his brother Joseph. The whole Spanish people were roused to resistance by this atrocious transfer, and the whole of the peasantry rose as one man to repel this shameful aggression. A long course of bad government had done much to destroy the vigor of the nation, and as soldiers in the open field they were utterly worthless; but still there were high qualities of patience and perseverance

among them, and these were never more fully shown than in their defence of Zaragoza, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Aragon.

This city stands in an open plain, covered with olive-grounds, and closed in by high mountains. About a mile to the south-west of the city was some high ground called the Torrero, upon which stood a convent, and close beside the city flowed the Ebro, crossed by two bridges, one of which was made of wood, and said to be the most beautiful specimen of the kind of fabric in Europe. The water is of a dirty red, but grows clear when it has stood long enough, and is then excellent to drink. There were no regular fortifications, only a brick wall, ten or twelve feet high, and three feet thick, and often encroached upon by houses. Part of it was, however, of old Roman workmanship, having been built under Augustus, by whom the town was called Cæsarea Augusta, a name since corrupted into Zaragoza (both *z*'s pronounced as softly as possible). Four of the twelve gates were in this old wall, which was so well built as to put to shame all the modern buildings and their bad bricks. These were the material of even the churches and convents, all alike with the houses, and so bad was the construction that there were cracks in most of the buildings from top to bottom. The houses were generally three stories high, the streets very narrow and crooked, except one wide and long one, called sometimes the Calle Santa, sometimes the Cozo. Zaragoza was highly esteemed as the first seat of Christianity in Spain; indeed, legend declared that St. James the Great had preached there, and had beheld a vision of the blessed virgin, standing

upon a marble pillar, and bidding him there build a church in honor of her. The pillar was the great object of veneration in Aragon, and there was a double cathedral, with service performed alternately in the two parts. So much venerated was our Lady of the Pillar, that Pilar became a girl's name in the surrounding country, and this was the centre of pilgrimages to the Aragonese, as St. James's shrine at Compostella was to the Castilians. As is well said by Southey, in the fiery trial of the Zaragozans, "the dross and tinsel of their faith disappeared, and its pure gold remained." The inhabitants appeared, like most Spaniards since the blight of Philip II.'s policy had fallen on them, dull, apathetic beings, too proud and indolent for exertion, the men smoking cigaritos at their doors, the women only coming out with black silk mantillas over their heads to go to church. The French on first seizing it, with the rest of Spain, thought it the dullest place they had ever yet entered, and greatly despised the inhabitants.

General Lefebvre Desnouettes was sent to quiet the insurrection against the French in Aragon; and on the 13th and 14th of June, 1808, he easily routed the bodies of Spaniards who tried to oppose him. The flying Spanish troops were pursued into Zaragoza by the French cavalry, but here the inhabitants were able from their houses to drive back the enemy. Don José Palafox, a Spanish nobleman, who had been equerry to the King, took the command of the garrison, who were only two hundred and twenty soldiers, and endeavored to arm the inhabitants, about sixty thousand in number, and all full of the most determined spirit of re-

sistance to the invaders. He had only sixteen cannon and a few muskets, but fowling-pieces were collected, and pikes were forged by all the smiths in the town.

The siege began on the 27th of June. The French army was in considerable force, and had a great supply of mortars and battering cannon; such as could by their shells and shot rend the poor brick city from end to end. The Torrero quickly fell into their hands, and from that height there was a constant discharge of those terrible shells and grenades that burst in pieces where they fall, and carry destruction everywhere. Not one building within the city could withstand them, and they were fired, not at the walls, but into the town. All that could be done was to place beams slanting against the houses, so that there might be a shelter under them from the shells. The awnings that sheltered the windows from the summer sun were taken down, sewn up into sacks, and filled with earth, then piled up before the gates, with a deep trench dug before them; the houses on the walls were pulled down, and every effort made to strengthen the defences, the whole of the lately quiet, lazy population toiling earnestly together, in the midst of the deadly shower that was always falling from the Torrero, and striking down numbers as they worked.

The same spirit animated every one. The Countess Burita, a beautiful young lady, formed the women into an organized company for carrying wine, water, and food to the soldiers on guard, and relieving the wounded, and throughout the whole siege her courage and perseverance never failed; she was continually

seen in the places most exposed to the enemy's fire, bringing help and refreshment wherever she appeared among the hard-pressed warriors. The nuns became nurses to the sick and wounded, and made cartridges, which were carried to the defenders by the children of the place. The monks attended the sick and dying, or else bore arms, feeling that this — the cause of their country, their king, and their faith — had become to them a holy war. Thus men, women, and children alike seemed full of the same loyal spirit; but some traitor must have been among them, for on the night of the 28th, the powder magazine in the centre of the town was blown up, destroying fourteen houses and killing two hundred people. At the same time, evidently prepared to profit by the confusion thus caused, the French appeared before three of the gates, and a dreadful fire began from the Torrero, shells bursting everywhere among the citizens, who were striving in the dark to dig their friends out of the ruined houses.

The worst of the attack was at the gate called Portillo, and lasted the whole day. The sand-bag defence was frequently destroyed by the fire, and as often renewed under this dreadful shot by the undaunted Spaniards. So dreadful was the carnage, that at one moment every man of the defenders lay dead. At that moment one of the women who were carrying refreshments came up. Her name was Agostina Zaragoza; she was a fine-looking woman of two-and-twenty; and was full of a determined spirit. She saw the citizens hesitate to step forward to man the defences where certain death awaited them. Springing

forward, she caught the match from the hand of a dead gunner, fired his twenty-six pounder, and seating herself on it declared it her charge for the rest of the siege. And she kept her word. She was the heroine of the siege where all were heroines. She is generally called the Maid of Zaragoza, but she seems to have been the widow of one of the artillerymen, who was here killed, and that she continued to serve his gun — not solely as a patriot, but because she thus obtained a right to provisions for her little children, who otherwise might have starved in the famine that began to

The Worst of the Attack was at the Gate Called Portillo.

prevail. If this lessens the romance, it seems to us to add to the beauty and womanliness of Agostina's character, that for the sake of her children she should have run into the hottest of the peril, and taken up the task in which her husband had died.

Her readiness in that critical moment saved the Portillo for that time, but the attacks were renewed again and again with equal fury and fearful bloodshed. The French General had fancied that he could easily take such an unfortified place, and finding it so difficult, had lost his temper, and was thus throwing away his men's

lives; but after several such failures, he began to invest the city regularly. Gunpowder was failing the besieged, until they supplied its place by wonderful ingenuity. All the sulphur in the place was collected, nitre was obtained by washing it out of the soil of the streets, and charcoal by charring the stalks of the very large variety of hemp that grows in that part of Spain. At the end of forty-six days the city was entirely surrounded, provisions were falling short, and there was not a single place safe from the shot and shell. On the 2d of August, a hospital caught fire, and the courage of the women was again shown by their exertions in carrying out the sick and wounded from the flames in spite of the continued shot from the enemy's batteries; indeed, throughout the siege the number of women and boys who were killed was quite as great in proportion as that of men; the only difficulty was to keep them from running needlessly into danger.

On the 4th of August, the French opened a battery within pistol-shot of the gate called after the great Convent of St. Engracia. The mud walls were levelled at the first discharge, and after a deadly struggle the besiegers forced their way into the convent, and before the end of the day had gained all that side of the city, up to the main central street, the Cozo. General Lefebvre thought all was now over with his enemies, and summoned Palafox to surrender, in a note containing only these words — "Headquarters, St. Engracia, Capitulation." The answer he received was equally brief — "Headquarters, Zaragoza. War to the knife."

There they were! A street about as wide as Pall Mall was all that lay between besiegers and besieged,

to whom every frail brick house had become a fortress, while the openings of the narrow cross streets were piled up with sand-bags to form batteries. Soon the space was heaped with dead bodies, either killed on the spot or thrown from the windows, and this was enough to breed a pestilence among the survivors. The French let them lie, knowing that such a disease would be the surest destruction to the garrison, and they fired on the Spaniards whenever they ventured out to bury them. Upon this Palafox devised tying ropes to his French prisoners, and driving them out to bring in the corpses for burial. The enemy would not fire on their own countrymen, and thus this danger was lessened, although not entirely removed, and sickness as well as famine was added to the misery of the brave Aragonese. The manufacture of powder, too, could no longer be carried on, but happily Don Francisco, the brother of Palafox, was able to make his way into the city with three thousand men and a convoy of arms and ammunition. Padre Santiago Sass, the curate of one of the parishes of Zaragoza, showed himself one of the bravest of all the brave, fighting at every hazardous point, and at other times moving about among the sick and dying to give them the last rites of the Church. No one's heart failed in those eleven days of one continual battle from house to house, from room to room, when the nights were times of more dreadful conflict than the days. Often under cover of the darkness a party would rush across to seize a battery; and once a Spaniard made his way under cover of the corpses, which filled the whole space between the combatants, and fastened a rope to one of the French guns. It had almost been dragged

across the street, and was only lost by the breaking of the rope.

On the 8th of August, the Spaniards agreed that if they could not hold their ground in the city they must retire across the Ebro, break down the bridge, and defend the suburbs as they had defended the streets. Only an eighth part of their city now remained to them; and on the night of the 13th the enemy's fire was more destructive and constant than ever. The great Convent of St. Engracia was blown up, the whole of the French part of the city glared with flaming houses, the climax of the horrors of the siege seemed to be come! But the reports of the batteries gradually ceased, and with the early morning light the garrison beheld the road to Pamplona filled with French troops in full retreat.

In effect, intelligence had been received of reverses to the invaders, and of extended movements among the Spaniards, which had led the French to decide on quitting Zaragoza ere these desperate defenders should be reinforced by the army which was collecting to relieve them.

Their fortitude had won the day. The carnage had ended, and it remained for them to clear their streets from the remains of the deadly strife, and to give thanks for their deliverance. Agostina, in testimony of her courage, was to receive for life the pay of an artilleryman, and to wear a little shield of honor embroidered on her sleeve.

So ended the wonderful siege of Zaragoza. It is sad to know that when the French forces came in full numbers into Spain, the brave town shared the fate of the

rest of the country. But the resistance had not been in vain; it had raised a feeling for the gallant Spaniards throughout Europe, and inspired a trust in their constancy which contributed to bring them that aid from England by which their country was, after six years, finally freed from the French usurpation.

ANDREAS HOFER THE HERO OF THE TYROL

(From Hero Patriots of the 19th Century.)

By EDGAR SANDERSON, M.A.

Andreas Hofer.

THE Peace of Presburg, concluded by Napoleon with the Emperor of Austria, on December 26, 1805, after the glorious day of Austerlitz, was the immediate cause of trouble to the Tyrolese. That instrument of diplomacy handed them over to Bavarian rule, after more than four centuries of loving allegiance to the House of Hapsburg. National feelings were brutally disregarded in this annexation, and the faithless and cruel conduct of the Bavarian government inflamed the wound. The eighth clause of the Treaty of Presburg laid down that those countries (the ceded Tyrol and Vorarlberg) should "be enjoyed by the King of Bavaria in the same manner, and with

the same rights and prerogatives as the Emperor of Germany and Austria and the princes of his House enjoyed them, and *no otherwise*." These last two words were intended to preserve for the Tyrolese their ancient constitution, and all the rights and privileges which made the prosperous and intensely religious people practically free and self-governed, without any pressure of external authority. The King of Bavaria, Maximilian Joseph, on his courteous reception of some Tyrolese deputies at Munich, declared that "not one iota of their Constitution should be effaced." This solemn promise, apart from the treaty-obligation, was observed as follows: The constitution was abrogated. The public money was seized. New and heavy taxes were levied. The conscription, or compulsory service in the army, was introduced in place of volunteering for the national militia. The local authorities, to which the people had been accustomed for centuries, were superseded by a host of insolent officials from Munich. The Tyrolese were styled "Bavarians," and the country was re-parcelled into "circles" or territorial departments, with novel names. The use of their own language was forbidden to the Italian-speaking population of South Tyrol. To these injuries was added the bitterest insult in the sale, by public auction, of the ancient "Castle of Tyrol," near the lovely town of Meran, in the heart of the country. At that spot the Passeyr valley issues from the great mountain walls and opens into the valley of the Etch or Adige, with high mountains, here and there snow-capped, rising on every side, and the slopes around covered with vineyards. The castle, once the abode of Margareta Maul-

tasch, the Countess of Tyrol above mentioned, and of the Counts of her line, was the place from which the country derived its name.

But there was worse than all this in store for the Tyrolese. They were stabbed in their most tender point, the religion closely interwoven with their daily and their national existence. Visible proofs of this are the decorations of the houses, in the carvings of the balcony and roof; and the little wayside chapels and crosses, where the peasant may be seen at prayer on his way to his daily toil. The Tyrolese is most deeply attached to his priest, as the friend, the adviser, the arbiter in disputes, for all his flock. A system of religious persecution began under the auspices of the Bavarian king's chief adviser, a bigoted member of the new sect of *Illuminati*, or "Enlightened Ones," rejecting Catholic dogmas. The churches were plundered, and the sacred vessels were put to profane uses, being sold to Jews who flocked into the country to "do a trade" in silver plate. The Church-festivals were suppressed, the convents and monasteries were seized. The centre of this odious persecution was Meran, in which district the bishop and many priests who refused obedience to the orders of the Bavarian government were imprisoned. The peasants worshipped, in fact, only among the mountains and forests, at the secret summons of faithful patriotic priests, as none would attend the Church services of those who had submitted to the new tyrannical rule.

For some time, the country groaned in despair under this yoke; but a stern, strong purpose was slowly growing in the hearts of the people. One day a

mountaineer came down to Innsbruck, and stopped to gaze at the Bavarian colors, blue and white, where the Austrian black and yellow flag used to float. A passing Bavarian official asked him "whether he did not think the new colors prettier than the old ones?" "Oh, certainly," cried the peasant, "they are fine, but they will not last; in time the blue will turn yellow, and the white black."

In no Tyrolese breast did this feeling of patriotic hope stir more strongly than in that of the chief subject of this chapter in our record, Andreas Hofer. From his father he inherited an inn known as the Sandhof, or "House on the Sand," from its position, as it still exists, by the wild torrent of the Passeyr, where the bed widens into a little beach. As owner and keeper of this rustic tavern, Hofer was generally known among his countrymen as "the Sandwirth," or "landlord of Sand." The place is very central, at about four hours' march from Meran to the south and seven hours' rugged walk from Sterzing, half-way up the south side of the Brenner. Hofer had already fought against foes of Tyrol. In 1796, when war broke out between France and Austria, he led a company of riflemen against the French to Lake Garda, and after the Peace of Luneville, signed in February, 1801, he was very zealous, with an eye to future contests, in organizing a Tyrolese militia. Again, in 1805, he fought at the head of a few brave comrades against Marshal Ney. His position in his native country, prior to 1809, was already one of high distinction. To his calling as an innkeeper he added that of a dealer in horses and wine, and was well known in every quarter

from his frequent passage to and fro. In business he was highly esteemed for his truthfulness and just dealing. His simple, manly piety, outwardly evinced in purity of life, and his fervid patriotism, were the real bases of the devoted admiration which he won and retained among the Tyrolese. The "Sandwirth" became the chief national hero, not from any special capacity in military tactics or civil affairs, not from any conspicuous "dash" or recklessness on the field of battle, not from any gift of eloquence, but through the complete trust which all men felt in his integrity and in his absolute devotion to the cause of Tyrolese freedom. His one fault, as a leader of men, leant strongly to the side of virtue. He was so kindly in disposition, so extremely good-natured, so honest himself, that he was unable to distrust others, and these qualities, estimable in themselves, betrayed him by their excess into occasional lack of resolution and of adherence to plans deliberately formed. His great value as a leader lay in the personal magnetism which could at once raise ten thousand men by sending round the word, "Friends, come and help me!" Devoid, as we have hinted, of the splendid fighting qualities of his excellent colleagues Spechbacher and Haspinger, he was great in organizing victory with scanty means, in circumstances that seemed desperate to ordinary men.

The fame of Hofer had reached Vienna, and when the Austrian government was meditating the renewal of conflict with Napoleon, it was to him that application was first made with a view to a rising in Tyrol. The depth and ardor of Tyrolese loyalty were well known to the House of Hapsburg. The emperor

Maximilian I., who ruled in the days of our early Tudors, used to say, "The Tyrol is like a peasant's frock, coarse indeed, but right warm." The Archduke John, the most beloved member of the Imperial house in Hofer's day, reminded the people in one of his proclamations, that the same emperor had styled their country "the shield of Austria," and that Charles V. had, with yet higher eulogy, declared Tyrol to be "Austria's heart." Hofer was well known to this archduke, the emperor's brother, who had been governor of Tyrol, and a wanderer through the land in search of game and in scientific work. The high-born man highly esteemed the character of "the Sandwirth," who, when the archduke quitted the country, after the Treaty of Presburg, early in 1806, was chosen to represent the valley of Passeyr at a parting interview.

It was towards Hofer that the minds and hearts of his countrymen naturally turned for counsel and hope in the dark days which had fallen on the land. For some time his only word was "patience," but all through the year 1808 he was pondering ways and means, and planning for the advent of better things. An active secret correspondence had been long kept up by him with the government at Vienna, and he was, in the end, charged with the organizing of insurrection against the Bavarian authorities. Especially during the winter of 1808–1809 letters were passing to and fro between the Archduke John and the Tyrolese leaders, couched in terms not to be readily understood in case the documents were intercepted by Bavarian officials. Tyrol, in the letters, appeared as a betrothed bride, separated from her bridegroom (Austria), who at

last writes begging the father of the bride to come to the wedding, bringing his friends from the Etschthal, or valley of the Adige, and from the Innthal, and especially with "Barbone," as Hofer was styled by the Italian-speaking peasants of southern Tyrol, from his long black beard (*barba*), at that time uncommon among his people. In January, 1809, in accordance with this invitation, the Sandwirth and two other leading men went to Vienna for an interview with the archduke. A rising in Tyrol was arranged, and the three leaders, on their return, traversed the country in every direction, gaining over the chief men in each town and district. In these preliminary arrangements, Hofer's work included Salzburg and its neighborhood, and the Brixen, Ziller, and Inn valleys. His trade as a horse-dealer enabled him to go about without arousing suspicion, and when all was settled, he returned to the Sandhof and awaited the hour of action.

War between France and Austria came in the spring of 1809, and a proclamation from the archduke promptly summoned the Tyrol to arms. On April 9 a like document, issued by Hofer and other leaders, announced that the time had at last arrived. The Sandwirth was then forty-two years of age. Of middle height, he was thick-set, strongly built, and very muscular. Dark, vivacious eyes shone out of a round, ruddy face, with a kindly, sympathetic, cheerful, and resolute expression, the visage of a man of noble and chivalrous nature. His gait was measured, his voice soft and clear. His attire was that of a farmer of the better class, the picturesque dress of his native valley of Passeyr. Under an open jacket of dark material was a scarlet

vest crossed by broad braces of emerald green. At the waist came a broad black leathern belt, with the owner's initials embroidered thereon in small threads of goose-quill. Black chamois-leather breeches, stockings of blue wool, and heavy high boots completed the lower costume. His head bore a black goat's-hair steeple cap with broad brim, surrounded by scarlet silken string. A little bronze crucifix was worn round the neck, mostly hidden by the bushy black beard lying over the chest. Such was the man as he stood, on the appointed day, near his little inn, among some thousands of followers from the valley of Passeyr and other parts of the country around Meran. Each peasant warrior car-

Chamois.

ried a heavy rifle with which he could bring down a chamois at three hundred yards. In estimating the results of the struggle between these peasants, of whom only part had training as a militia, and the forces of France and Bavaria, we must remember that the regular troops of that age were mostly armed with smooth-bore muskets, not effective at a range exceeding eighty yards.

In November, a heavy fall of snow had covered the mountains, and the cold was terribly severe in the little dwelling on the Pfandler Alp, where no fire could be lit for fear of attracting attention to a place usually vacant in the winter months. In many messages, including one from the Emperor Francis, the patriot was implored to make his escape to Vienna; but he resisted all entreaties, declaring that he was saving himself for his country's future service; that he could not quit her soil; that if his enemies found him, they must take him; he would not be seized as one who had deserted his post. It is in this fanatical, and, as the selfish cynic would describe it, this almost besotted devotion to his beloved Tyrol, that we are to find the chief source of his countrymen's devotion to the Sandwirth. December passed away quietly with Hofer and Sweth. The year 1810 opened in gloom and storm. A price of 6,000 gulden (about $2000) had been set on the hero's head. One man alone was tempted thereby. To the disgrace of humanity, this was a friend to whose son Hofer had given his name "Andreas" at the font. The name of the wretch was Franz Raffl. He was on the lookout to earn the blood-money, and his chance came through Hofer's incaution, due to his

love for wife and son. One day they appeared at the hut door, taking refuge from their abode on the Schneeberg, which had become unsafe, and a fire was lit to warm them in their distress. The thin blue wreath of smoke was seen by the traitor as it rose against the snows of the Brantach mountain. One morning, Hofer, as he stepped from the gloomy hut into the clear frosty air, found Raffl lurking close at hand. He begged him to keep his secret, and gave him all the money he could spare. The promise was given, but the man went straight to the Bavarian official at St. Leonhard, and made report of his discovery.

A force of fifteen hundred men was sent up the Passeyr valley from Meran, guided by Raffl, and after marching nearly all night they reached the village of St. Martin. A detachment of six hundred men made their way up the Brantach mountain, and they reached the Pfandler Alp at early morning on January 20, 1810. The secretary, Sweth, was the first to hear the trampling of feet, and he and young Hofer sprang, half-dressed, from the window of the hay-loft. They were at once seized, bound, and laid down on the snow. In a few moments the hut-door was opened, and the Sandwirth appeared, saying to the officer in command, "I am Andreas Hofer. Do as you like with me. I am the guilty one. I ask mercy for my wife, my son, and this young man; they are innocent." He was at once seized and bound, submitting thereto without a struggle. When he heard that six hundred men were close at hand, and that nearly a thousand more troops were in the valley to support them, he stood erect, and smiled with a disdainful pride. The captors behaved with

gross brutality. A cord was flung round the hero's neck; his hands were bound with cruel tightness behind his back; and when he was helpless he was struck and insulted, even to the plucking out of pieces of his long black beard until the blood came and froze on his face. The prisoners were then marched down to St. Martin, along the rough, slippery path. The young Hofer and Sweth were without coats or shoes, and their feet were cut on the icy road. The Sandwirth bade them to be courageous and patient, saying, "Thus we can do penance for our sins." The Sand Inn, Hofer's old abode, was plundered by the troops left at St. Martin, and then for several hours the patriot marched, ill-treated and mocked, through his own beloved valley of Passeyr. Every door was closed; no face was at any window. No Tyrolese would behold the humiliation of their adored defender. He was then conveyed from Meran by carriage through the beautiful Adige valley to Botzen.

The brave and kindly General Baraguay d'Hilliers, on seeing the bonds and blood of the victim, expressed the utmost indignation at the treatment accorded to the illustrious prisoner, and received him with the respect due to his noble character. After some conversation with him he expressed his opinion to his staff in these terms: "There is something of the antique in that man; when I look on him, I imagine that I see a good brave knight of the days of Peter the Hermit." The captive, during his brief stay at Botzen, was lodged in a comfortable room, and many of his countrymen were admitted to see him. On the way to Mantua, after taking leave of his wife and son,

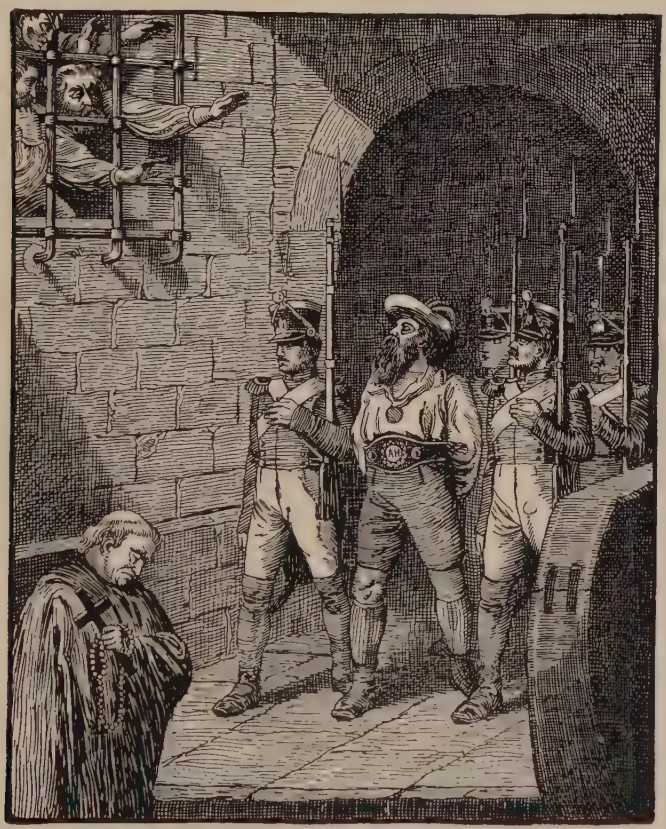
the simple piety and courage of Hofer were admirably shown. At the place of one halt for the night, the officers of the escort invited him to share their supper. The table was well spread, but it chanced to be a fast-day of the Church, and Hofer, finding nothing suitable for the occasion, sat down by the stove, recited the evening prayers, and supped afterwards on dry bread. The drinking of the military party was so deep that the house was set on fire, and Hofer, springing out of bed, saved the life of the sentry at his door by dragging him outside as he was being suffocated, in his sleep, with smoke. He would not escape in the confusion, as "it was against his honor." When the party reached Mantua, the prisoner was placed in a fortress on the banks of the Mincio. On the night of February 18, a court-martial was held, the president being General Bisson, a French officer who had been compelled to surrender to Martin Teimer at the first Tyrolese capture of Innsbruck. The votes were divided. All were for sparing the prisoner's life. Two were for complete acquittal. The fate of Hofer was, however, in the hands of one of the most vindictive of mankind, a man devoid of all chivalrous and generous feeling towards those who dared to oppose his will. No act of Napoleon's whole career, save, perhaps, the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, has left a worse stain on his memory than his base and cruel treatment of the Tyrolese hero-patriot. The victor over Austria was about to marry the emperor's daughter, the Archduchess Maria Louisa, and it was certain that Austrian intercession would be made on Hofer's behalf. Such a request, under all circumstances, could scarcely be

refused, and thus, in order to insure Hofer's death, an order was despatched for his execution within twenty-four hours after the closing of the court-martial. When all was over, Napoleon, with the meanest duplicity, caused his minister at Vienna to express to the emperor extreme regret for Hofer's hasty execution, with the assurance that his master would have prevented it, if it had been possible.

General Bisson did himself honor by his exertions to save a noble foe. He visited him in his cell, and offered him his life on condition of his joining the French service; this being, as Bisson knew, the only chance. The answer came, "I remain faithful to the House of Austria and the good Emperor Franz." During his last hours, Hofer prophesied the restoration of Tyrol to her lawful sovereign, and spoke with deep interest on her rights and claims. At five o'clock in the morning of February 20, 1810, he wrote his last wishes, in quaint, homely phrases of the Tyrolese dialect, to his brother-in-law in the Passeyr valley. The letter, expressive of the most sincere and simple piety, is touching and sublime in resignation to the will of God. Among the last words are, "Farewell, vain world! Dying appears to me so easy that my eyes do not become wet," and "the landlady" (Hofer's wife, as he was the Sandwirth or landlord of the Sand Inn) "must not be too much distressed." This letter is still preserved at his former abode, the *Wirthshaus am Sand*. The cross which he always wore on his breast is in the Museum at Innsbruck.

Clad in the dress of a Tyrolese soldier, with a priest at his side, Hofer moved forth from his prison to die.

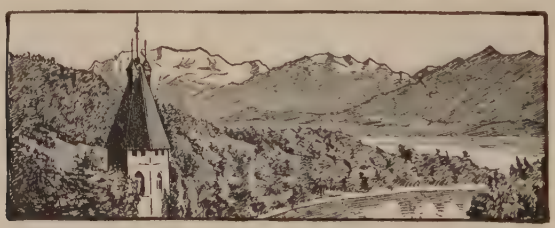
As he passed the Porta Molina, a fort in which many Tyrolese were confined, he was sorely tried by the sound of the weeping and the prayers of the prisoners on his behalf. At the citadel, many of his coun-



Hofer led to Execution.

trymen, at large on parole, were assembled, and pressing as close as possible to the escort, they knelt and implored his blessing. He was permitted to address to them a few words of comfort, of assurance of his love

for Tyrol, and of sorrow for having engaged them in a struggle that ended in failure. On a broad bastion near the Porta Ceresa the party halted for the execution. Hofer then delivered to the priest, Manifesti, all his remaining personal property — five hundred florins in Austrian notes, his silver snuff-box, and his beautiful rosary. The body of grenadiers then formed a square, open in the rear. Twelve men and a corporal stepped forward, while Hofer stood alone in the centre. Being requested to have his eyes bandaged and to kneel, he declined both, saying, "I have been used to stand upright before my Maker, and in that posture I will deliver up my spirit to Him." The first volley, given at his word, brought him wounded to his knees. Striving to raise himself, he cried, "Ah! how ill you aim!" Then the corporal, putting a pistol to his head, pulled the trigger, and finished Napoleon's evil work on a man who was, morally, vastly his superior. Thus perished, in the prime of life, to the deepest grief of his countrymen and amid the respect of the worthier of his foes, one of the truest and finest heroes and patriots of modern days.



HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY

(From Brave Deeds of Youthful Heroes.)

HERE is the story of a boy who not only risked, but gave up his life to save his village. Some years ago there was war between the French and the people who live in that little country to the northeast of Italy called the Tyrol. I suppose most people love their native land, but at this particular time the Tyrolese were so anxious to save their country that even the women and children followed the soldiers to battle, in hopes of being of some use to them.

One of the boys who thus followed his father was called Albert Speckbacher. He was only ten years old, but his father was one of the bravest leaders of the Tyrolese, and, young as he was, Albert was determined that he would help him somehow.

One day the French went to attack a village. Between them and it there was a deep ravine, at the bottom of which the river Ard dashed along at a terrific pace. The only way to reach the village was by cross-

ing a bridge. A strange sort of bridge it was, too, just the kind to keep a village free from any enemies. It was simply a great tree, which had been felled from the mountain-side and allowed to fall right across the ravine, so that its topmost boughs caught on the opposite rocks — a dangerous crossing-place, and one on which only one person could go at a time.

The Tyrolese knew what the French were doing, and a party of three hundred men, with Speckbacher as their leader, was sent down to defend this bridge. For an hour the battle raged on each side of the ravine, and the Tyrolese seemed to be getting the best of it. Then the French general ordered two cannon to be dragged up the rocks, and in a very short time more than half the brave Tyrolese were killed, Speckbacher amongst the number.

Little Albert knelt beside his father's dead body, and wondered what he could do to save his country. He saw that the Tyrolese were going to try to destroy the bridge. If that could be done, the French could not possibly enter the village. He watched them get their axes and begin cutting through the roots and trunk of the tree.

But as they boldly worked, the French rifles killed one after the other of them, till at last their courage failed, and no one came forward to take his place at the task which had proved fatal to so many. A great part of the tree had been cut through, but there still remained enough to hold it firm.

Albert looked down at his father's white face, then up to the bright heaven for a moment; then he seized the axe and worked with all his strength. A shower

of bullets fell round him, but none touched him. The tree was cut through at last, excepting at one point, which was quite out of his reach. It was only a small piece of the inner bark, but he could not get at it. Albert saw in a moment there was only one way in which he could break the tree away from this point. He must put a weight on the top of it, and so snap it off.

He waited till the French had fired their rifles once more, then, while they stopped to reload, he sprang upon the tree, jumping with all his might. His weight, light as it was, snapped the little piece by which it was held, and he and the bridge went tumbling into the ravine below.

Thus did the brave boy of ten sacrifice his life to save his native village.

The French retired when they saw the bridge fall, and the next day they found the body of the poor lad floating in the stream at the foot of the mountain. Enemies though they were they could admire such a noble deed as his. They buried the hero on the mountain-side, and put up a stone telling the story of his bravery.

BOLIVAR, THE WASHINGTON OF SOUTH AMERICA

(From Hero Patriots of the 19th Century.)

By EDGAR SANDERSON, M.A.

Bolivar.

BOLIVAR had already made great efforts to gather forces for a decisive blow, and, after manœuvring the enemy out of certain positions, he made his entry into Maracaybo on January 28, 1821; reduced the formidable fortress of Cartagena; took Teneriff, a town on the steep banks of the Magdalena; captured Cunego, in the hill-country; and, finally, stormed Santa Marta, with its seventeen batteries of external defence. Still hotly pressing the foe, he fought on June 25, the memorable battle of Carabobo, in the north of Venezuela, where he utterly defeated La Torre. On June 30 he captured La Guayra, while his lieutenant generals, under his guidance, fought successfully at Cumana and at every point where they displayed the republican yellow flag

with seven stars. Bolivar, early in July, entered Carácas, amid the usual demonstrations of rejoicing, as a conqueror who had now, for the third time, freed his native city from the oppressor. By the close of the year 1821 the Spaniards had been driven from every point of Colombia (then New Granada and Venezuela, we must remember) except the fortress of Puerto Cabello. In August, permanent political institutions had been established in a congress held at Bogotá, with Bolivar as president and General Santander as vice-president. We may here mention that it was not until July, 1824, that the country was finally cleared of the royalist troops.

The contest was now carried by the Spaniards into Peru, and in 1822, Bolivar, having practically achieved the independence of his own country and of New Granada, placed himself at the head of a new liberating army, and marched into the new territory which is now Ecuador. In June a victory, due to the skill and valor of General Sucre, was gained at Pichincha, a little north of the city of Quito, and the Quito province and Ecuador were added to Colombia. Bolivar then marched on Lima, the capital of Peru, which was evacuated by the Spaniards, and entered it on September 1, amidst the usual acclamations. He was invested forthwith with supreme political and military authority. The people regarded him as a modern specimen of the antique hero of Greece or Rome, and he was assuredly worthy of their enthusiastic homage. He declared, in a proclamation, that "he gratefully accepted the honors rendered to him, as the due of the brave men under his command. He assumed the 'odious dictatorial

authority' in order to make an end of civil discord, and to give stability and strength to the new states, but only on the express condition that no usurper like Napoleon should, under any circumstances, be allowed, in the name of freedom, to destroy that freedom which we have gained at so high a price in blood, and to confiscate, to his own profit, the glory of our citizen-soldiers." It is grievous to relate that Bolivar was soon compelled, by internal dissensions, to retire to Truxillo, on the coast to the north of Lima, and that the Peruvian capital was reoccupied by the Spanish troops. Towards the close of 1823 the Liberator, at the head of fresh forces, was able to re-enter Lima, where he addressed the National Congress of Peru in a speech which promised that "the soldiers from the Plata, the Magdalena, and the Orinoco should conquer and leave Peru free, or die." The independence of South America was then cemented in the confederation of the republics of Peru, Chile, Buenos Ayres, and Rio de la Plata, and recognized by Great Britain and the United States. There was, however, to be more bloodshed before the final establishment of peace.

In June, 1824, the "Deliverer" took the field with ten thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry, making his headquarters at Truxillo, and moving southwards to meet the enemy. The Spanish forces included about three thousand five hundred men at Cuzco under Laserna, the Viceroy of Peru; six thousand five hundred at Arequipa and Jauja under General Canterac, and one thousand away in the south under General Valdez, who soon had to move northwards to assist his comrades. The nearest Spanish force to Bolivar was

that of Canterac, and it was highly efficient in discipline and equipment. The cavalry and artillery were specially good. On August 2, a striking spectacle was seen in Bolivar's review of his army on the tableland between Rancas and Pasco, a little north of Reyes, at a height of twelve thousand feet above sea-level, on ground overlooked from east and west by the sublime peaks of the Andes and the Cordilleras stretching away towards Brazil. The force included veteran French and British soldiers, who had fought in the great European war on the soil of Spain, France, and Russia. An address of stirring eloquence from the chief, read at the same moment to each corps, bade them complete the great work of "saving a world from slavery." "Soldiers!" were the words, "Peru and America expect from you Peace, the daughter of Victory. Liberal Europe beholds you with delight, because the freedom of the New World is the hope of the universe. Will you disappoint it? No! no! you are invincible."

Canterac was, meanwhile, marching northwards to meet Bolivar. Between the two there lay a lake, and the armies, advancing respectively to north and south on the opposite sides, missed each other, and so delayed the expected collision for the space of four months. Detachments met on the plain of Junin, to the south of the lake, and in a cavalry action, where not a shot was fired but only the lance and sabre were employed, the royalists were thoroughly beaten, with the loss of nineteen officers and nearly three hundred and fifty men killed and wounded, and eighty prisoners. The victorious patriots lost only three officers and forty-two troopers. The army of Bolivar, marching south towards

Cuzco, met with no opposition; Canterac, with his force diminished by many desertions, having retreated in the same direction. In October Bolivar quitted the army, as he expected no further engagements in that year, and started for Lima to hasten forward reinforcements on the road from Colombia. It was during his absence that, on December 9, 1824, Bolivar's second-in-command, General Sucre, greatly aided by General Miller, a British soldier of high repute in that day, gained the glorious victory of Ayacucho, which practically ended the struggle. The loyalists held nothing but the forts of Callao, where General Rodil held out until the beginning of 1826.

On January 1, 1825, Bolivar laid down his dictatorship, and opposed the scheme for erecting an equestrian statue in his honor at Carácas. He bade the municipality "wait until after his death, in order to judge him without prejudice, and then accord to him whatever honors were thought suitable." "Never raise monuments," he said, "to a man in his life-time; he may change, he may betray. You will never have to charge me with this; but wait, wait, I say again." In June he visited Upper Peru, which separated itself from the government of Buenos Ayres and became a new republic, styled Bolivia, in honor of the Liberator, who was declared "perpetual protector," and was requested to draw up a constitution. In May, 1826, Bolivar had framed a scheme of government to Peru; but many people were dissatisfied with his proposal of a president for life, as the irresponsible executive official, with the power of naming his successor. He then intrusted the government of the country to a

council of his own choosing, and returned to Colombia to settle some disorders which had arisen between his supporters and those of an opposite faction.

Few patriots have met with a worse return for priceless services than Bolivar. Treason and anarchy were to do for Peru what the fortune of arms had spared her — bring the country to disgrace. Before the dictator's return to Colombia, while he was visiting the south of Peru, his journey being one continued triumph of enthusiastic reception, the military leaders Cordova, Paez, and Santander raised the standard of rebellion. Bolivar hastened to every point where his presence was needed, and order was soon restored. Cordova died in fight near Antioquia; Santander went into exile; Paez and others were pardoned, in regard to past services on behalf of freedom. The royalist party, thus baffled, resorted to the vilest measures. On one occasion the weapons of some fanatics were turned against Bolivar's life. One night a traitor, with a dozen assassins at his back, entered the Liberator's tent; but the intended victim escaped in his night-gear. On another occasion, his house was broken into, and the murderers reached his room, but they were driven off by his ready courage. His confidential servant was then gained over, and in open day his friend Monteagudo was struck down, by mistake, at his side. After these escapes from the poignards of his foes, Bolivar was assailed by the shafts of calumny. He was accused of ambitious schemes for the sovereignty of South America; and this charge was held to be confirmed by his summons of all the American nations to a grand congress at Tacubaya, on the

Isthmus of Panama. Bolivar's real aim was the independence of all South America by the establishment, at a point in the centre of the globe, looking to Asia on one side, and to Europe and Africa on the other, of a Supreme Court charged with watching over the interests of all Americans; of faithfully guarding treaties; of appealing to the whole union of states against foreign attack or oppression, or against any power which should dare to think of assailing the freedom of any particular state; of opposing all colonization from outside, and of rendering an injury done to one of the federated states a wrong to all.

During Bolivar's absence in Colombia, a movement against his measures arose in Peru, on the part of a division of the Colombian auxiliary army cantoned in the country. In January, 1827, a revolution began. The Peruvians abjured the code of Bolivar, deposed his council of ministers, and organized a new provisional government. In March the third division of the Colombian troops embarked at Callao, and landed in the southern part of Colombia, where they occupied Guayaquil, Cuença, and Quito. Their declared object was to restore constitutional order in opposition to any designs upon the republic entertained by Bolivar. The dictator was in the north of Colombia when he received news of these events. He instantly proceeded to the scene of trouble, but found that the revolted troops had already submitted peaceably to General Ovando, when they saw that the government was in the hands of the regular national executive. In September Bolivar went to Bogotá, took the oath as President, and assumed his functions. To appearance, Colombia

was restored to tranquillity under the rule of her constitutional officials. The nation was, however, divided between two great parties, the constitutional or republican, and the military or dictatorial.

In August, 1828, Bolivar, by a decree issued at Bogotá, assumed supreme power in all civil, military, naval, diplomatic, and judicial affairs, with a council of ministers to assist him in executive functions. The country was sorely troubled by dissension, and the dictator, ill-judged by many of his countrymen, and further wounded by the opinions held of him in the United States, was subjected to yet deeper griefs. General Sucre, the hero of Ayacucho, fell by an assassin's dagger. Paez, forgetting his solemn sworn promises, resorted again to revolt, and stirred up the passions of civil discord. Bolivar resolved to resign his supreme power, and in January, 1830, he issued a decree by which he retained only the title of "Commander-in-chief of the armies of Colombia." "In this capacity," he declared, "subject to the law like other citizens, with the least danger I shall be the defender of the government and of the republic, and I will overthrow every foe that dares to menace freedom." Even Bolivar, however, could not cope with the evils of civil strife. In May Venezuela declared her independence, and the same spirit of disaffection was shown in other provinces. He then resigned his military office, declaring in a letter addressed "To the Colombians," that "he had paid his debt to his native country and to humanity; that he had given his blood, his health, and his fortune to the cause of freedom; that, while danger lasted, he had shown his devotion. He now withdrew

into exile for the benefit of his fellow-citizens, and wished them farewell in giving this fresh proof of his patriotism and of his special love for the people of Colombia."

On May 12 Bolivar withdrew from Bogotá to his country-seat of San Pedro, near Santa Marta. Not wishing to draw on the national treasury for his expenses of travel, he sold his last patrimonial possession, a mine at Sanna. He then started for Cartagena, whence he was to sail for Jamaica, and thence embark for Europe. The government, on receiving his letter, proclaimed him "the Foremost Citizen of Colombia," and offered him an annual pension of thirty thousand dollars (about six thousand two hundred pounds) for life, "as a tribute of gratitude and admiration for his courage, his eminent services, and the employment of his fortune for the good of his country." The Liberator, reluctant, as it seems, to quit his native soil, received this message at San Pedro, to which he had returned. The hero was, in fact, worn out with the fatigue of his patriotic toils. After some months of confusion in public affairs, Bolivar consented to resume the dictatorship, simply for the restoration of order and the holding of elections. At this juncture he was seized with a fatal fever, and he died on December 17, 1830, at his country-seat. Calmly resigned to death, he had performed his last public act on December 11, in dictating and signing an address to the Colombian nation. Delirium then set in, with occasional lucid intervals, and thus he continued until his last hour, with no apparent anxiety save for the state of his country, which caused him to utter exclamations of "Union! union!"

Travelling Musicians of Peru

Among the great qualities of Simon Bolivar the foremost were his unselfishness and his energetic perseverance in pursuit of his chief aim in life. Far from seeking, as did many other so-called "patriots," to make his fortune out of revolution, he sacrificed his own patrimony in the cause of freedom. A landed proprietor and a slave-owner, he freed his negroes in order to make of them citizens and soldiers. A conqueror of wealthy provinces, he chose to be nothing but their deliverer and regenerator. President of Colombia, and dependent on his salary of about six thousand pounds a year, he bestowed one-half of this sum on the widows and orphans of his comrades in arms who had fallen in the war of independence. He further aided from his private purse the work of the famous British educational reformer, Joseph Lancaster, when he sought to establish his new system in Colombia. Above all, it was to his determined resolution and his sustained effort, in the face of great difficulties, of defeat, and of disunion among the friends of freedom, that South America owed her deliverance from the colonial tyranny of Spain.

A NOBLE AMERICAN WOMAN

(From A Book of Golden Deeds.)

By C. M. YONGE.

OSMOTHERLY is a small village in Yorkshire, not far from North Allerton. It had been much neglected, the houses were ill-built, and there had been little attention to the means of cleanliness, so that the place was exceedingly unhealthy, and the people were in the state of dulness and ignorance, that was sure to be the result of possessing a clergyman, who unhappily cared neither for their souls nor bodies, and did not even reside among them, but only came over from time to time to read the service in the church.

No wonder that a deadly low fever broke out in this unfortunate place, in the autumn of 1825, and went creeping on from house to house, laying one person low after another, so that the healthy could hardly be found to nurse the sick. Among the families upon whom it fell very heavily was that of an old widow,

who had seen better days, but had become nearly destitute, and had for many years past been chiefly supported by an allowance from her brother, who had settled as a merchant in America. This brother had died in the previous year, and his only child, Mary Lovell Pickard, at that time twenty-five years of age, had, after her long nursing of him, been persuaded to cross the Atlantic, and make acquaintance with her English relations.

She had spent many happy months with aunts and cousins in prosperous circumstances, but she was not going to neglect the poor old aunt in the North, and taking advantage of the escort of some friends who were going to Scotland, she travelled with them as far as to Penrith, and then went by coach to North Allerton, and by post-chaise to Osmotherly, where she intended to pay a three weeks' visit at Brush Farm, and be picked up again at Penrith on their return.

Her first letter from this place, written on the 2d of September, 1825, describes her hostess as "a small, thin old lady, with a pale complexion, and the very brightest black eyes, which sparkle when she speaks with a degree of animation almost amusing in such an old lady. She lives in a comfortable little two-story cottage, of four rooms, which far exceeds anything I ever saw for neatness," — though it seems to have had a clay floor. "I find," added kind-hearted Mary, "that I could not have come at a better time to do good, or a worse for gaining spirits." She found the poor old lady nearly worn out with the care of two little grandsons, one of whom was dreadfully ill

with whooping-cough, but could not be nursed at home, as his younger brother, a baby of a fortnight old, was equally ill with the same complaint, and his father was in great danger with the fever, and had just lost a brother of small-pox. And worse than all a son of the old lady had just been brought home in a melancholy state, that was almost madness.

Many would have thought only of flying from the fever. Mary Pickard only thought how she could help the sufferers. First she took charge of the sick child, who was soon very fond of her, and took a fancy to call her "Uncle Mady," and she likewise went about among the other poor, teaching them the care of their sick, and giving them every kind of nourishment they needed, aiding them with hand and head, till no wonder they were always declaring, "they never saw such a lady as Miss Pickard." What she gave away among them was never known, probably not even to herself; but it is plain that she must have been at the expense of their medical advice, since her aunt was totally dependent on her, and the daughter's husband had hitherto lived solely by his daily labor, while the rest of the parish was extremely poor, and the destitution caused by sickness was dreadful. She says herself that the "good little doctor" was her only helper, and no doubt she must have called him in, since in those days unions and union-doctors were not, and though parish-doctors were appointed, they were a benefit only in name to the poor, who depended almost entirely on private charity, where they were within reach of it, or else upon old women, cunning men, and herbalists. She had a hard fight with the village superstitious

fancies, and a harder one with the cottagers' habits of uncleanliness; and such was the panic that prevailed, that she could hardly rouse them into exertion to remove the dirt that was probably the cause of the sickness, and certainly much increased it. Whole families seemed to have owed their food to her, while their bread-winner was laid by; but there is no record of the details of her general doings; she said in after years, that she should like to write down an account of the curious things that had befallen her at Osmotherly, but she never had time to do so, and we only have her letters written to her American friends at the time, which speak of little but what concerned her relations, and for them the work she did would have seemed in itself sufficient.

Her cousin "Bessy's" husband died of the fever on the 8th of September, and Mary it was who closed his eyes, and the next day stood godmother to the poor little month-old baby, which was christened at its father's funeral, with little hope of its living, for its cough was bringing on fits. Two nights after she says: "I had been up with the little boy the greater part of the night before . . . but (in the true spirit of Polly Pickard, attempting to do more than any one would have thought reasonable), I was quite persuaded that, as I was to sit up, it was as well to do all I could; and as poor Bessy had not had a quiet night since her child was born, and was going to sleep alone in her house for the first time since her husband's death, I thought it would do her good, and me no harm, to sit up in her parlor, and take care of the baby in the cradle, that she might have a little sleep, and not feel

alone. The dear little baby had been better than for some time during the day, and I doubted not that it would lie in the cradle or on my knee very quietly, except during its coughing fits. Bessy went to bed; but the poor little creature grew worse, and coughed itself into a fit, in which it lay so long, that I thought it dead, and awoke its mother. But its little heart began to beat again, and it seemed to be reviving, though slowly, and I sent her off again. It appeared for some time to be recovering; but all at once it sunk away and died in my arms, so peacefully and sweetly, that I could scarcely be persuaded that it had not fallen into a still slumber, or had another fit. But it was indeed gone; and when I could bring myself to give it up, I arranged its little body for its last home. I don't know when I have had my feelings more excited. It was a lovely little creature, and I have nursed it so much since I have been here, that I found it had become an object of great interest to me: not a day has passed that I have not given three or four hours to it, and it was always so quiet with me, that it seemed almost to know when I took it." As to her own danger in the midst of infection: "Don't fear for me; I don't think I am going to be sick, and it will be for some good purpose if I am."

She took up her quarters with the poor bereaved mother, and was able to be a great comfort to her, by long talks at night, when all was still, showing her the way to the only true comfort, of which the poor, ill-taught young woman had hitherto known little. At the week's end, however, poor Bessy sickened of the worst form of typhus; and the next day the favorite

little Jamie fell ill also. The villagers thought the house doomed, and Mary saw not a creature but the doctor, day after day. The illness lasted eleven days, during which Mary never left her night or day, except to run back to the grandmother's for a change of clothes; for the sufferer did not like to be touched by any other person, and it was best that as few should be exposed to the infection as possible. "Her senses never forsook her for a moment, nor her deep sense of gratitude to God for the mercies which He had bestowed on her amid all her sufferings. It seemed to her that His immediate Providence had sent me to them just at this time; and her expressions of affection and thankfulness were indeed most delightful to me." She died on the 30th of September; and Mary returned to the care of the little Jamie, who was still extremely ill. The elder boy was seven years old, and able to understand the desolateness of his home, and, as he sat by the fire, kept on repeating at intervals the

She took up Her Quarters with the Bereaved Mother.

entreaty, "Cousin Mary, you will let me live with you, won't you?" Poor little fellow! he did not long need an earthly home; he, too, fell ill, and, after a most patiently-borne sickness, watched constantly by this loving friend, died on the 30th of October.

Still, Mary's nursing was not ended. On the 2d of November, she wrote: "There are very many cases of the fever in the village, and as I am almost the only person in it who is not afraid of infection, I still have full employment in assisting the poor sufferers. My cousin's little niece is still very ill. I have indeed been wonderfully preserved and strengthened. Heaven save me from presumption, but I cannot help feeling that I could not have lived through all that I have, unless God had protected me!"

By the end of the month, however, the fever had abated sufficiently for Mary to comply with the earnest entreaties of her friends, and come to them at Penrith; but it was a cruel parting with poor little Jamie, who had grown so fond of her, that his screams of agony at her departure long echoed in her ears. The welcome and quiet she enjoyed among her friends made the stay with them "like the rest of the Sabbath to the weary laborer," though she was very weak and weary, and needed much rest and care. But before December was at an end, came a letter from the doctor, telling her the poor old aunt herself was at the point of death, with the same malignant fever. Vainly did Mary's friends assure her that the danger of returning into the infected air was far greater than even all she had gone through before, in her present weakened state. She knew it was her duty to go, and took her leave of

them "with many solemn thoughts, though hid by cheerful looks," and feeling as if it was for ever that she parted with them.

After an eight hours' solitary journey, she arrived, and had the pleasure of the most ecstatic greeting from poor little Jamie. "He ran round me, jumped up in my lap, stroked and kissed my face, as if he could not trust to the evidence of one sense, and at last burst out a-crying, 'Uncle Mady won't go away again! — Uncle Mady live with Jamie every day, won't you, Uncle Mady?'"

Again she had to be sole nurse and servant in the sick house, "acting in a fourfold capacity," as she called it. She put up a little bed in a corner of her aunt's room, and devoted herself to her. It was less lonely than before; for the doctor had brought his sister to keep house for him, and Mary was able to see much of her. Moreover, the old aunt began to recover from the time of her arrival; and her American heart was rejoiced by the snow — "it looked so homeish, and so much like your happy home the last time I saw it, that I have been enjoying the sight highly."

But the cold and wet, at last, broke down her strength. One night, when alone, such a dreadful cramp seized her, that she fell on the floor, and for a considerable time could neither move nor make any one hear. For many days after, she lay on her bed, in a state of extreme weakness, from which she could hardly be recovered, but with unfailing brightness. It was always remarked, that "her worst days were her gayest ones"; and at length she recovered, and left the place where she had been for so many months truly a

ministering angel. She returned to that home in America which had, during her toils, seemed to her "like the dreams one has of heaven, in the twilight hours, between sleeping and waking." There she became a happy wife and mother, and continued to send remittances to the old aunt, as long as they were needed; but she lost sight of little Jamie, and had no further intercourse with him. He, however, did not forget her, and, early in 1849, sent a long, affectionate letter to her, dwelling gratefully on all she had done for his dying parents and himself. But, alas! the letter came too late. Mary — now the widowed Mrs. Ware — had long been sinking under a fatal malady, so endured, that "her sick chamber was always the happiest room in her house," and had died on a lovely April day, in which she looked up and said with a smile, "What a beautiful day to go *home!*"

Surely, if it be a glorious deed to save life at the risk of our own, Mary Lovell Pickard, standing alone among the dead and dying, in her cheerful resolution and strong trust, deserves honor as much as any hero who braved death in battle or in wreck.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND (MRS. FRY)

(From Brave Lives and Noble.)

By CLARA L. MATEAUX.

"BUT can nothing be done for these poor creatures?" asked a sweet, pained voice, and the pitiful blue eyes filled with tears of compassion. "Nothing; they are, I repeat, utterly irreclaimable, sunk in depravity and crime beyond the power of all rescue," and the officer rapped his big keys with a sharp click, to give emphasis to his speech, and would fain have turned away from the scene — one to which habit had hardened both him and many others; but not so the fair young "Friend" visiting Newgate.

"Utterly lost, sayest thou?" she repeated, in her soft pleading voice. "Dost thou mean to say — but thou surely canst not — that these poor creatures are beyond the power and mercy of their God?" and she looked pitifully at the prisoners in the yards.

"Well, no, of course not quite that, I suppose; but — but — well, the chaplain can do nothing with them, nor any one else that I know of," said the man confusedly. It seemed odd and strange to see this pretty

young lady so earnest concerning creatures looking and behaving, forsooth, not at all unlike wild animals; for this happened in the good old days when George III. was king, and when the reforms effected by Howard had been suffered to die out; and here in a square of less than two hundred yards were huddled a confused mass of female prisoners and children, some untried (and so might be innocent of offence), others convicted of all kinds of wrong-doing, almost all dirty and shameless. What else could come of it? — no place for washing or cooking, their only bed the hard, cold flags. In Mrs. Fry's own words to her brother: "All I tell thee is a faint picture of the reality, the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious manners and expression of the women toward each other, and the abandoned wickedness which everything bespoke are quite indescribable." And yet it was into such a place and to such people that this lady, nurtured in all refinement, ventured to bring the message of pardon and peace.

From her pleasant married home life she turned to these dismal prisons, where she found women begging at gratings for alms, which they squandered in drink or lost at cards, over which they fought — poor, wretched creatures! Mrs. Fry soon found that the biggest demon in the place was the compulsory idleness, of which, indeed, many complained bitterly, especially the newcomers.

On her first visit to Newgate she met with great difficulties — governor, chaplain, turnkeys, all alike strove to hinder. The task was more helpless and disgusting — not to say dangerous — than any lady could imagine. She would hear awful language; the crea-

tures were apt to turn brutally unmanageable. And what then? "Then," said the slight, flaxen-haired matron, sedate and grave, in her plain Quaker's dress, "then, as now, I shall be in God's hands. I fear no other — let me go."

And go she did, not so much as leaving her watch or purse at home for safety. Alone and unguarded, she was locked up with that awful crowd, which pressed about her with shrieks and jeers. They could not understand what such a one came for. Was it to give them money, which meant beer, gin, tobacco, bread? And while they pushed, and begged, and swore, she stood, — strong in the sublime charity that hopeth all things, believeth all things, — New Testament in hand, patiently waiting. By and by, however, the Babel lulled, and she opened the page where it spoke most kindly and tenderly of the poor and fallen of all time, not as reprobates and accursed, but as sisters, to be raised and comforted, and one day led, safe and purified, to the Father's feet.

Well was it that Elizabeth, being a Friend and used to meetings, was accustomed to hear her own voice. True, it trembled somewhat now; but otherwise she showed no fear of the wild, haggard group about her, and they were subdued in spite of themselves by the determination of this fragile woman to tell of something beautiful and new. A real lady, too, — one of the class that passed them by with disdain; a lady speaking as though she loved and sorrowed for them as women of many trials and worthy of all compassion. The tumult gradually hushed, the swearing, recrimination, and noise almost ceased. A few turned away;

but many listened. Some fell to weeping bitterly; they had heard those tender passages before, had scorned and forgotten. To others they were new, and almost unintelligible.

Once when a burst of clamor interrupted, a wild-eyed woman cried to them with ugly words, yet earnestly, "Be quiet! Hush! Let her go on. Don't you hear the angels have lent her their voices?"

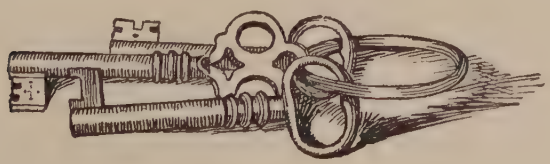
"Come again; do come again," they said entreatingly; and come again she did, and read, and advised, and clothed, and comforted. She spoke to them of the poor little children, their misery and ignorance, imploring them to assist her help and teach them, and to save them from ruin. She persuaded the governor to let her have a disused prison-cell, and then, with the help of other ladies that she enlisted in the cause, for such causes can always gain plenty of adherents if one bold earnest spirit takes them up in the name of suffering humanity; she started a school for all the poor infants — allowing the better instructed among the women to be assistants, and so profitably occupying the hours lately given up to idle rioting.

By and by the women themselves were taught to read, and many rules were formed, to which they bound themselves to submit; and, instead of there being such a scene as we hardly dare to mention, the female side of Newgate became more quiet and orderly than any other prison in England. The inmates learnt to read and write, to knit, to sew, and to spin. Their true and constant "Friend" also exerted herself to procure them work, by which they could earn a little money, which was carefully stored and saved, that they might not

start penniless at the end of their imprisonment. After some time, too, she published a report of the good result she had already effected, being anxious to attract public attention to a cause so much requiring interest and compassion. She says in it: — "After three years' practical experience, I am confirmed in my belief that much may be done with this erring, and may I not say this afflicted class of the community. There was a time when nothing was considered safe in Newgate. Now it is very different, and we hardly ever hear of pilfering. . . . It is not only those within the walls of the prison, but also those without, who give us encouragement and satisfaction, some of those who have left us proving very powerfully the effects of the care bestowed on them."

No wonder that one poor creature exclaimed, tearfully, when asked if she remembered Mrs. Fry: —

"God bless her, and the day she came to Newgate. She has done us all good, and we have, and shall always have good reason to bless her."



THE TEXAN REVOLUTION

While Texas was still a part of Mexico, the latter government was very jealous of the United States colonists who came thither, and finally forbade further immigration. As time went on the lives of the Texan settlers were made unendurable by continual acts of oppression and outrage, until in 1835 they resolved to secede from Mexico and establish a republic of their own. Immediately began a cruel warfare. A fierce battle was fought at San Antonio in October, 1835, and the entire Mexican army was driven out of Texas. But General Santa Anna was determined not to let the matter rest here, but to crush the Texan rebellion by sheer force of numbers. Early in 1836 he crossed the Rio Grande, and appeared before Bexar with a powerful army. The Texans saw the hopelessness of engaging so large a force in open field, and accordingly intrenched themselves in the Alamo, a strong fort near San Antonio. This fort was an oblong structure of about an acre in extent, surrounded by a wall eight or ten feet high and three feet thick. The story of the taking of the Alamo, and of the subsequent massacre, is told on another page. This atrocious act, more than anything else, led to the independence of the State. For it roused an indignant fire in the breasts of the hardy Texans which resulted in their great victory of San Jacinto, the defeat of the whole Mexican army, and the capture of Santa Anna himself with his best generals. At this famous battle, the Texans swept all before them with the war-cry, "Remember the Alamo!"

THE STORY OF THE ALAMO

(From History of the Revolution in Texas.)

By THE REV. C. NEWELL.

A Texan.

A STORM was now gathering on the Rio Grande, about to pour its desolating effects on the plains of Texas. War, with its most terrific attendants, was rolling on its crimson car, and vindictive Fury led the van: Santa Anna was coming, proclaiming death and extermination to the rebels. One thousand troops were at Metamoras, a thousand ready to cross into Texas above, a thousand more were already on the Rio Frio, and forces were rapidly gathering in all directions, destined against Texas. They were stimulated, some by hopes of revenge, some of plunder, some of fairer game, and all by the promise of honors, of pensions, and of liberal pay. Of these troops a large number were cavalry, the choice troops of the interior, and armed with lances, muskets, swords,

and pistols. Santa Anna had sworn to gain Texas, or lose Mexico. But he was about to attack and arouse the lion in his lair, — about to attack those, who, though few in numbers and weak in resources, yet mighty in spirit and in name, — the sons of the conquerors of Tyranny in the Old and New World, — were to roll back upon him the tide of war, and strike his myrmidons to the earth. There was about to be a contest on the soil of Texas, which, for its moral character, though not its physical, and for the object at stake, was to demand the sympathy and intensest interest of the civilized world. But let us not anticipate, but introduce the struggle as it came.

The plan adopted by the invader was to strike first at Bexar and Goliad, and then march into the heart of the Colonies; Generals Sezma, Filasola, and Cos, were to lead one division on Bexar; Urrea and Garay a second against Goliad; and Santa Anna, in person, at the head of a third division, was to pass on to Bexar, or Goliad, as circumstances might require. The disposable force of Texas, at this awful period, was limited almost entirely to a small garrison of one hundred and forty efficient men at Bexar, under the command of Colonel Travis, and about four hundred men garrisoned at Goliad, under the command of Colonel Fannin.

On the 21st of February a division of the Mexican army appeared before San Antonio, attacked and took possession of the town, drove the little Texan garrison into the Alamo, and immediately began the siege of that fort. Of the progress of the siege, which continued about two weeks, the most important information is given by the lamented Travis in his letter

addressed to the people of Texas of the 24th, and in one to the Convention, dated March 3d.

In the first he says: "I am besieged by a thousand or more Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual bombardment and cannonade for twenty-four hours, and have not lost a man. The enemy have demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I shall never surrender or retreat. Victory or death!"

In his letter to the Convention he says: "From the 25th to the present date, the enemy have kept up a bombardment and a heavy cannonade. They have been busily employed in encircling us with entrenched encampments on all sides. Notwithstanding all this, a company of thirty-two men from Gonzales made their way in to us on the morning of the first, at three o'clock, and Colonel Bonham (a courier) got in this morning. I have so fortified this place, that the walls are generally proof against cannon balls, and I still continue to entrench on the inside, and strengthen the walls by throwing up the dirt. At least two hundred shells have fallen inside of our works without having injured a man; indeed, we have been so fortunate as not to lose a man from any cause, and we have killed many of the enemy. The spirits of my men are still high, although they have had much to depress them. We have contended for ten days against an enemy whose numbers are variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to six thousand men, with General Sezma and

Colonel Batres, the aide-de-camp of Santa Anna, at their head. A re-enforcement of about two thousand men is now entering Bexar from the West, and I think it more than probable that Santa Anna is in town, from the rejoicing we hear. Colonel Fannin is said to be on the march to this place with re-enforcements, but I fear it is not true, as I have repeatedly sent to him for aid without receiving any. Colonel Bonham, my special messenger, arrived at La Bahia fourteen days ago with a request for aid; and on the entrance of the enemy into Bexar, ten days ago, I sent an express to Colonel Fannin, which arrived at Goliad next day, urging him to send us re-enforcements. None have yet arrived. I look to the Colonies for aid; unless it arrive soon, I shall have to fight the enemy on his own terms. I feel confident that the determined valor and desperate courage heretofore evinced by our men will not fail them in the last struggle; and although they may be sacrificed to the vengeance of a Gothic enemy, the victory will cost so dear, that it will be worse for him than a defeat. God and Texas! Victory or death!"

In a letter to a friend he says:—

"I am still here, in fine spirits. With one hundred and forty men I have held this place ten days against a force variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to six thousand; and I shall continue to hold it till I get relief from my countrymen, or I will perish in its defence. We have had a shower of bombs and cannon balls continually falling among us the whole time, yet none of us have fallen. We have been miraculously preserved. We had an action on the 25th ult. in which we repulsed the enemy with considerable loss:

on the night of the 25th, they made another attempt to charge us in the rear of the fort; but we received them gallantly, by a discharge of grape shot and musketry, and they took to their scrapers immediately. They are now encamped under entrenchments, on all sides of us. . . .

"All our couriers have gotten out without being caught, and a company of thirty-two men from Gonzales got in two nights ago; and Col. Bonham got in to-day, by coming between the powder-house and the enemy's encampment. . . .

"Let the Convention go and make a Declaration of Independence; and we will then understand, and the world will understand, what we are fighting for. If Independence is not declared, I shall lay down my arms, and so will the men under my command. But under the flag of Independence, we are ready to peril our lives a hundred times a day, and to dare the monster who is fighting us under a blood-red flag, threatening to murder all prisoners and to make Texas a waste desert. I shall have to fight the enemy on his own terms; yet I am ready to do it, and if my countrymen do not rally to my relief, I am determined to perish in the defence of this place, and my bones shall reproach my country for her neglect. With five hundred men more, I will drive Sezma beyond the Rio Grande, and I will visit vengeance on the enemies of Texas, whether invaders or resident Mexican enemies. All the citizens that have not joined us, are with the enemy fighting against us. Let the Government declare them public enemies, otherwise she is acting a suicidal part. I shall treat them as such, unless I have superior orders to the

contrary. My respects to all friends, and confusion to all enemies. God bless you."

This was the last ever heard from the lamented Travis, or any of his compatriots in arms. They sold their lives as dearly as possible, and fell to a man. Thus fall the brave, when the spirit of Liberty nerves them to the conflict!

As everything relating to this memorable siege must be interesting, I will insert a brief abstract from the journal of Almonte, an aid of Santa Anna, commencing with the 27th of February, three days subsequent to the date of Travis's letter: —

"*Saturday 27th.* — Lieutenant Menchard was sent with a party of men for corn, cattle, and hogs, to the farms of Seguin and Flores. It was determined to cut off the water from the enemy on the side next to the old mill. There was little firing from either side during the day. The enemy worked hard all day to repair some entrenchments. In the afternoon the President was observed by the enemy and fired at. In the night a courier was despatched to Mexico, informing the Governor of the taking of Bexar.

"*28th.* — News was received that a re-enforcement of two hundred was coming to the enemy by the road from La Bahia. The cannonading was continued.

"*29th.* — In the afternoon the battalion of Allende took post at the east of the Alamo. The President reconnoitred. At midnight General Sezma left the camp with the cavalry of Dolores and the infantry of Allende, to meet the enemy coming from La Bahia to the aid of the Alamo.

"*March 1st.* — Early in the morning General Sezma

wrote from the Mission de la Espada, that there was no enemy, or trace of any, to be discovered. The cavalry and infantry returned to camp. At 12 o'clock the President went out to reconnoitre the mill-site to the north-west of the Alamo. Colonel Ampudia was commissioned to construct more trenches. In the afternoon the enemy fired two twelve-pound shots at the house of the President, one of which struck the house.

"*2nd.* — Information was received that there was corn at the farm of Seguin, and Lieutenant Menchard with a party was sent for it. The President discovered in the afternoon a covered road within pistol-shot of the Alamo, and posted the battalion of Ximenes there.

"*3rd.* — The enemy fired a few cannon and musket shots at the city. I wrote to Mexico — directing my letters to be sent to Bexar — that before three months the campaign would be ended. The General-in-Chief went out to reconnoitre. A battery was erected on the north of the Alamo, within musket shot. Official despatches were received from Urrea, announcing that he had routed the colonists of San Patricio — killing sixteen, and taking twenty-one prisoners. The bells were rung. The battalions of Zapadores, Aldma, and Toluca, arrived. The enemy attempted a sally in the night at the sugar-mill, but were repulsed by our advance.

"*4th.* — Commenced firing very early, which the enemy did not return. In the afternoon one or two shots were fired by them. A meeting of Generals and Colonels was held. After a long conference, Cos, Castrillion, and others, were of the opinion that the Alamo should be assaulted *after* the arrival of two twelve-pounders, expected on the 7th inst. The President,

General Ramirez, and I, were of the opinion that the twelve-pounders should not be waited for, but the assault made. In this state things remained, and the General not coming to any definite resolution."

The storming of the Alamo took place on the morning of the 6th, the second day after the conference of the Mexican officers. The events of that memorable morning, on which was exhibited, perhaps the most obstinate and determined valor ever known, have been but very partially related, since not an American belonging to the fort — except a woman, Mrs. Dickerson, and a negro man, Colonel Travis's servant — was left to tell the tale. The account the most to be relied upon, and which is undoubtedly correct, is given by a negro man, Ben, who, at the time of the siege, acted as cook for Santa Anna and Almonte. Ben had previously been a steward on board several American vessels; had been taken up at New York in 1835 by Almonte as body servant; had accompanied him in that capacity to Vera Cruz, and thence to Bexar. After the fall of the Alamo he was sent, with Mrs. Dickerson and Travis's servant, to the Texan camp at Gonzales, and subsequently became cook to General Houston.

"I," says a highly respectable officer of the General's staff, "had repeated conversations with Ben relating to the fall of the Alamo. He knew but little. He stated that Santa Anna and Almonte occupied the same house in the town of Bexar, and that he cooked for both; that, on the night previous to the storming of the fort, Santa Anna ordered him to have coffee ready for them all night; that both he and Almonte were conversing constantly, and did not go to bed;

that they went out about midnight, and about two or three o'clock returned together to the house; that Santa Anna ordered coffee immediately, threatening to run him through the body if it was not instantly brought; that he served them with coffee; that Santa Anna appeared agitated, and that Almonte remarked 'it would cost them much'; that the reply was, 'it was of no importance what the cost was, that it must be done.'

"'After drinking coffee,' says Ben, 'they went out, and soon I saw rockets ascending in different directions, and shortly after I heard musketry and cannon, and by the flashes I could distinguish large bodies of Mexican troops under the walls of the Alamo. I was looking out of a window in the town, about five hundred yards from the Alamo, commanding a view of it. The report of the cannon, rifles, and musketry, was tremendous. It shortly died away, day broke upon the scene, and Santa Anna and Almonte returned, when the latter remarked, that "another such victory would ruin them." They then directed me to go with them to the fort, and point out the bodies of Bowie and Travis — whom I had before known — which I did. The sight was most horrid.'"

On other authority we have it, that at daybreak on the morning of the 6th, the enemy surrounded the fort with their infantry, with the cavalry forming a circle outside, to prevent the escape of the Texans. The number of the enemy was at least four thousand; opposed to one hundred and forty! General Santa Anna commanded in person, assisted by four generals and a formidable train of artillery. The Texans were

greatly exhausted by incessant toils and watchings, having sustained, for several days, a heavy bombardment and several real and feigned attacks. But American valor and love of liberty displayed themselves to the last; they were never more conspicuous. Twice did the enemy apply to the walls their scaling ladders, and twice did they receive a check; for the Texans were resolved to verify the words of the immortal Travis that he would make a "victory worse to the enemy than a defeat." A pause ensued after the second attack, which, by the exertions of Santa Anna and his officers, was again renewed, and the assailants poured in over the walls "like sheep." The struggle, however, did not end here. Unable, from the crowd and want of time, to load their guns and rifles, the Texans made use of the butt ends of the latter, and continued the fight till life ebbed out of their wounds, and the enemy had conquered the fort; but not its brave, its matchless defenders. They perished, but yielded not. Only one remained to ask quarter, which was denied by the ruthless enemy. Total extermination succeeded, and the darkness of death closed upon the scene! Spirits of the mighty had fallen; but their memory shall brighten the page of Texas history; and they shall be hailed, like the demigods of old, as the founders of new institutions, and the patterns of virtue!

The storming of the fort had lasted less than an hour. Colonel Travis had stood on the walls cheering his men, and exclaiming "Hurrah, my boys!" till he received the shot of which he fell. A Mexican officer then rushed upon him, and lifted his sword to destroy his victim,

who, collecting all his expiring energies, directed a thrust at his inhuman foe, which changed their fortunes, — for the victim became the victor; and the remains of both descended to eternal sleep — but not alike to everlasting fame.

The end of David Crockett, of Tennessee, the great hunter of the West, was as glorious as his career in life had been conspicuous. He and his companions were found with heaps of dead around them, whom they had immolated on the altar of Texan Liberty. His countenance was unchanged, and as fresh as when in his wonted exercise of the chase in the forest or on the prairie. Texas, with pride, numbers him among the martyrs to her cause.

Major Evans, of the artillery, was shot when in the act of setting fire to a train of powder to blow up the magazine, agreeably to the previous orders of Travis. The magazine was near a ton of powder, which, had it exploded, might have put an end to the career of Santa Anna, and blown to a more timely destruction the minions of his power, destined to whiten with their bones the plains of San Jacinto or the prairies of the West. Santa Anna, when the body of Evans was pointed out to him, drew his dirk and stabbed it twice in the breast.

James Bowie, who was lying sick, was murdered in his bed and his body mutilated.

The bodies of the Texans were denied the rite of burial; stripped, thrown in a pile, and burned! Thus was bigotry added to cruelty. But revenge had already been taken: fifteen hundred Mexicans lay weltering in their blood!

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

(From Deeds of Glory.)

English Soldier.

ON February 24th, 1852, the steamship Birkenhead arrived at Capetown with a number of soldiers on board. The Kaffir war was going on, and the men were on their way to join the army in the field. Having landed some women and children and some sick men, and shipped some horses for the troops, the vessel again set sail about six o'clock the next evening.

It was a beautiful clear night, and, as the coast was well known, the captain, in order to save time, kept rather close to the shore. At first all went well, and the men retired to rest; but, about two o'clock in the morning, there came a tremendous shock, and the ship stopped short.

The next moment the water came pouring into the vessel. The Birkenhead had struck on a rock with great force, and the rush of water was so great that

many of the men on the lower deck were drowned in their hammocks. The rest of the soldiers and all the officers hurried on deck.

The officer in command of the troops called his subordinates, and pointed out to them the need for keeping strict order. In a few moments sixty men were set to work at the pumps, and another sixty were told off to help with the boats. All the others were ordered to assemble on the poop-deck.

The horses having been thrown overboard, to give them a chance of swimming ashore, the women and children were told to get into the boats. Hardly had they done so when the fore part of the ship broke off, carrying one boat away with it. All this took place within a quarter of an hour from the time the ship struck.

When the bow broke off every man knew that in a minute or two the ship must go down with all on board. Still there was no confusion, and no sign of fear; and not a man left the ranks.

An army captain, who afterwards escaped, reported to his superior that the order which prevailed on board from the time the ship struck till she made her final plunge far exceeded anything that he had ever thought possible. Commands, he says, were promptly executed without a murmur. All passed off as quietly as if the men had been embarking, instead of going to the bottom.

Just as the vessel was going down, the captain of the ship called out that all who could swim might jump overboard and make for the boats. It was their only chance of life, but two of their officers begged them not

to take advantage of the offer, as the women and children would be drowned. That was enough for British soldiers, and only two or three made the attempt; the rest stood firm in the ranks watching the hungry sharks awaiting their prey.

A minute or two later the Birkenhead split up, and settled down beneath the waves; but not before the soldiers had, at the word of command, fired a volley over their own watery grave. A few of the soldiers managed to reach the shore, but by far the greater number went down with the ship, freely giving their lives for the sake of others.

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

SUPPOSED TO BE TOLD BY A SOLDIER WHO SURVIVED.

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down;
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever, like base cowards who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried — the waves tarried for their prey!
The sea turned one clear smile! Like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Formed us in line to die.

To die! — 'twas hard, while the sleek ocean glowed
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers: —
"All to the boats!" — cried one: — he was, thank God,
No officer of ours!

Our English hearts beat true: — we would not stir;
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not;
On land, on sea, we had our colors, sir,
To keep without a spot!

They shall not say in England that we fought
With shameful strength, unhonored life to seek
Into mean safety, mean deserters, bought
By tramping down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

What followed, why recall? — The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf.
They sleep as well, beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf.

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

BALAKLAVA, IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH

THE SIEGE OF BALAKLAVA

Balaklava, a small fishing village in the Crimea, the southern extremity of Russia on the Black Sea, by one heroic event won a fame eternal as that of Thermopylæ. In the Crimean War of 1854–1856, the traditional enemies, England and France, for once took up arms in a common cause, — to aid Turkey against the encroachments of Russia. The neighborhood of the Black Sea which both Russia and Turkey wished to control, was the scene of the chief events in the war. The allies determined to carry the campaign into the enemy's own territory, and to contest the possession of the Crimean peninsula. An army of 25,000 British under Lord Raglan, as many French, and 8,000 Turks landed on the west coast, thirty miles north of Sebastopol. Having been victorious in one engagement, the allies then moved to Balaklava, eight miles southeast of Sebastopol, and from there laid siege to the mighty fortress. The Russians with overwhelming masses endeavored to force them from their position, and this led to the sanguinary battles of Balaklava and Inkermann. The former engagement, on October 25, 1854, is famous for the charge of the Light Brigade, the heroic devotion of five hundred men to a duty which they knew meant death. Indeed, the charge did far more credit to the soldiers' gallantry than to their commander's generalship. A bungled order was responsible for the terrible sacrifice, of which a French general remarked, "It is magnificent, but it is not war." The story of the charge of the Light Brigade is told as follows in prose aided by Tennyson's famous verses.

BALAKLAVA, IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH

(From Deeds of Glory.)

Captain Nolan.

WHEN the battle of Balaklava raged most furiously, a written order to advance was brought to Lord Lucan, who was in command of a body of cavalry. No directions as to the destination of the troops were given, and Lord Lucan sought information of Captain Nolan, who brought the order. "Where are we to advance?" said he.

Right in front of them, about a mile and a half down the valley, was an immense body of Russians with thirty cannon. To these Captain Nolan pointed, saying that there were the enemy and their guns, and it was Lord Lucan's duty to advance.

It is now known that a mistake had been made. But a soldier's first duty is to obey, and as Lord Lucan

thought the order had been sent by Lord Raglan, he had nothing to do but to carry out the instruction. Though he knew that obedience meant death, he passed the order on to Lord Cardigan, who was in charge of the Light Brigade.

Lord Cardigan, Leader of the Six Hundred.

Just in front of the British line was a second body of Russian troops. These also were charged by the "thin red streak," although their enemies far out-numbered them. With flashing swords and fearless hearts the advancing force cut its way through the living mass.

Lord Cardigan also was aware that the order sent him and his Brigade to almost certain death, but he knew his duty too well to say a word. Quietly turning to his men, he said, "The Brigade will advance — March."

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to DO and DIE.
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

The fatal order was passed down the ranks, and at ten minutes past eleven on the morning of the twenty-fifth of October, 1855 — a day ever to be remembered — six hundred and seventy-three of the finest soldiers in the British service rushed forth, "cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them," to charge a whole army.

As the poet says: —

> Not once or twice in our fair island story
> The path of duty was the way to glory;

but the great act of this day stands forth as one of the most brilliant and glorious feats on record, and one which will forever find a place in the pages of history.

When the "Six Hundred" were about two-thirds of a mile from the Russian guns, a line of flame burst from the thirty muzzles. The gunners had aimed only too well, and the gaps in the British ranks proved that the shots had reached their mark. The first to fall was Captain Nolan, who brought the fatal order. Brave fellow! he had voluntarily joined the charge, and paid with his life for the mistake he had made in the order. Other officers were equally brave as they led their men against that mighty host. "Now, my brave lads," said Lord George Paget, "for old England! Conquer or die!"

Volley after volley was fired, and new gaps were made in the advancing ranks; but the Brigade rode straight for the guns, each man striving to out-do his fellow. Another volley — another — and yet another, and men and horses were cut down like grass before the scythe; but, with ringing cheers, rising above the

thunder of the guns and the groans of the dying, the gallant fellows who were left closed up the broken ranks and dashed on.

THE BRIGADE RODE STRAIGHT FOR THE GUNS.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
    All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
    Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
    Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
    Not the Six Hundred.

The charge was simply marvellous. For a few minutes the brave fellows even had possession of the

Russian guns; but they were overpowered by overwhelming numbers, and the slaughter was terrible, not more than one in four living to tell the story.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred!

THE BOY WHO SAVED THE SETTLEMENT

(From Brave Deeds by Youthful Heroes.)

SO recently as during the Indian war of 1855–56, in that portion of the United States which borders on the Pacific Ocean, north of California, a boy of fifteen, named Goodman, performed one of the most daring acts of the war, and one which made his name memorable not only among the whites, but also among the red men. Even to this day his valiant exploit is told by many a swarthy savage to his children, as they group about him at the wigwam fire, with all the eloquence that brave and unselfish deeds arouse in the red man's breast.

Young Goodman's parents were honest, simple, poor people, who had left one of the Atlantic States, which seemed to them to be overcrowded, for the sparsely settled region of Washington Territory, which was then inhabited only by Indians and a few daring

"He Saw the Whole Body of Warriors, Shouting and Gesticulating Wildly."

pioneers, principally engaged in trapping and hunting for the fur companies.

After many a weary month, spent in travelling over the great plains in bullock-carts, and suffering much from hunger, sickness, and the attacks of Indians, they finally reached a haven on Puget Sound, and there settled.

The family consisted of two little girls and our hero, who was only nine years of age when his parents settled in that wild region; but, young as he was, he proved to be useful, and helped his father as much as he could to build the log cabin which gave them permanent shelter.

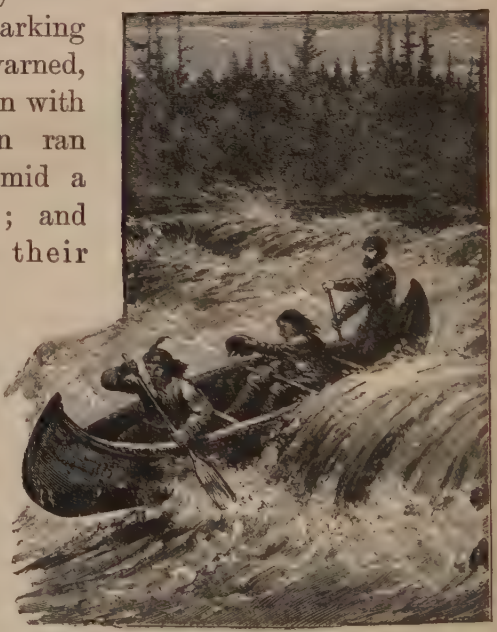
As he grew up he accompanied his father on hunting trips to provide venison for food, or on fishing excursions on Puget Sound, so that when he was twelve years of age he could handle a rifle or a bow and arrow very well, and he was as dexterous as any Indian in the use of the paddle.

The fame of the place spread after a while, and families from other States flocked there in such numbers that the Indians became alarmed, thinking they would be driven out of the country by this unexpected immigration; and, to prevent this, all the tribes, both on the coast and in the interior, united to expel or exterminate the whites.

These latter had not the most remote idea of the threatening storm, and it was only when they heard of the massacring of men, women, and children in several places, and the simultaneous rising of all the tribes throughout the country, that they became alarmed enough to unite for defence.

The Goodman family were informed of the approaching danger by a friendly squaw, and the father took immediate steps to protect those under his care by sending the wife and girls to a hamlet a few miles away, while he and his son remained to guard the house, if possible, or to learn the movements of the foe.

Mr. Goodman's caution had not been exercised too soon, for that very same night a party of painted warriors approached the place. But their presence was detected before they came too close by the barking of a dog. Thus warned, both father and son with a friendly Indian ran from the house amid a shower of arrows; and fleeing towards their canoe, they launched it in hot haste, and were soon beyond the reach of their dusky foes.



They hurried to the little Hamlet.

They hurried as fast as they could towards the little hamlet where the remainder of the family had been sent, and informed the residents of the coming danger. Then commenced a hurrying to and fro, and men, women, and children were soon engaged

in throwing up a fort of clay; and so well did they work that they had by the next day constructed a fortification large enough to afford shelter to all. After it was provisioned, all persons capable of handling a rifle or shotgun, whether men or boys, or even women, were called upon to aid in the defence, as they could expect nothing else than a cruel death if the place were captured.

About noon a large fleet of war canoes was seen approaching from the north, and when they got within rifle-range the battle commenced with all the fury that characterizes savage warfare.

The besieged were attacked at every point, but though there were twenty to one against them, they held out bravely, and when night came on the assailants were compelled to retire discomfited, if not defeated.

They had no idea of relinquishing the contest, however, because they knew very well how weak the garrison was; so they only retreated to a neck of land half a mile away, and beaching their canoes there, lit their camp fires, and, after dining, commenced their horrifying war-dance.

Young Goodman, who had fought as stubbornly as any man during the day, on seeing the position the savages had taken up, formed the daring plan of destroying their fleet, knowing well that if this were once gone, they were impotent for further mischief.

If caught, he knew that it meant a horrible death to him. He resolved to try it, nevertheless; and knowing that if he informed any one of his project he would not be allowed to undertake it, he kept it to himself.

Leaving the fort after dark, unobserved by any one, he marched through the dense and gloomy woods, and on approaching the Indian encampment, saw that the warriors were so interested in their war-dance that they did not even post sentinels. In fact, so engaged were they in the barbaric ceremony that they forgot to replenish the fires — an omission for which he felt very thankful, as it would aid his purpose.

Waiting until near midnight, when he knew the braves would become tired and sleepy, he undressed himself, and tying the few light garments he wore on his head, he walked quietly into the water, and swam rapidly until he rounded a point which brought him in sight of the camp. There he halted for a few moments to get his bearings; and when these were taken he drifted slowly downward, so as not to attract any attention from a vigilant foe.

When he reached the canoes he crawled noiselessly aboard one of them, and, partially dressing himself, set about his task in the coolest and most methodical manner possible. Fortune favored him, as she generally does the brave; for he found that the tide was unusually high, and the red men not having expected this, had only drawn their canoes far enough ashore to prevent their being swept away by the water at the ordinary level.

After he had cut away half a dozen, without being detected, he saw an Indian approaching, evidently to look after the canoes. But he did not lose courage, and when the painted savage drew near the very canoe which he had just cut away, he sank so deep in the water that nothing but a portion of his face was visible.

The Indian, after glancing at the canoes, returned to his howling, jumping companions.

When the savage had departed, the young hero went to work with a will, nor did he rest till all the ropes were cut. As the tide advanced he followed up the work, and pulled the beached canoes afloat; then, when it turned, he pushed them seaward, so that they might be carried away by the ebb; and in this he was so successful that the Indians were left without a boat in less than three hours from the time he had entered the water. When the last of the cut away fleet was about three hundred yards from the shore, he scrambled into the canoe which contained his rifle, and tying another large canoe to it, commenced paddling towards the fort. He had scarcely taken two strokes before a wild and fearful shout was heard on shore, and on looking in that direction he saw by the dim light of the dawn the whole body of warriors on the beach, shouting and gesticulating wildly, and pointing towards him.

Their terror-stricken cries nerved him to such daring that he stood up in his canoe and gave a lusty cheer, in which victory and defiance were equally mingled. This was promptly answered by a shower of arrows and a few musket-shots, but none touched the young hero, who proudly waved his hat.

Seeing only one boy amidst the fleet, a dozen Indians rushed into the water to try and capture some of the canoes; but young Goodman opened such an effective fire on them that the survivors were glad to return, as it seemed certain death to go any farther.

The victor then paddled as rapidly as possible towards the hamlet, leaving the strong tide to take

care of the canoes, and bring them in the same direction. When he reached the hamlet and told what he had done, he was cheered by the men, and kissed almost to suffocation by the women. When these greetings were over, some men jumped into the two canoes, and went out to bring in the fleet. They did not succeed in securing all, but they brought back twenty large canoes, able to hold from ten to twenty persons each.

The Indians, finding their fleet gone, beat a rapid retreat northwards through the woods, and did not appear again in that section; so that the daring act of this brave boy saved many a person from an ignominious death. His fame soon spread among white and red men, and while the former paid him all honors, even the latter could "scarce forbear to cheer."

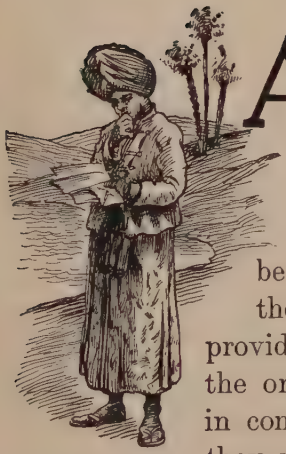
THE FIRST WINNER OF THE VICTORIA CROSS

THE VICTORIA CROSS

The Victoria Cross, one of the most famous and coveted of decorations, is in appearance a very simple affair. But it marks the man who wears it upon his breast as one of the knights of modern chivalry, — a nineteenth century hero. It is a British decoration, instituted by Queen Victoria at the close of the Crimean Campaign in 1856, and is awarded only to those who have performed, in the enemy's presence, some remarkable act of bravery or patriotic devotion. It is not confined to any class or order, but while it is coveted by the highest officers, may be won by the lowest private. It may be granted to a soldier or a sailor of any rank, or to a volunteer in service against an enemy. The badge itself has no intrinsic value, being made of bronze. It is in the form of a Maltese cross, having the royal crown of England in the centre, surmounted by the lion; and on a scroll below are inscribed the simple words, "For valor." The ribbon worn with the decoration is blue for the navy and red for the army. On the clasp are two branches of laurel, from which the cross is suspended. A pension of £10 a year, — about $50 in American money, — is granted to each winner of the Cross. A record of the many deeds of valor which have been acknowledged in this manner by a grateful sovereign would make stirring and inspiring reading. An account of one of these, the first to win the Victoria Cross, is chronicled in the following pages.

THE FIRST WINNER OF THE VICTORIA CROSS

(From Everyday Heroes.)



A ROYAL sign-manual, issued in December, 1858, declared that civilians who had borne arms as volunteers, both at Lucknow and elsewhere, during the time of the terrible Indian Mutiny, should be considered as eligible to receive the decoration of the Victoria Cross, provided that they were serving under the orders of a general or other officer in command of troops in the field when they performed the act of bravery for which it was proposed to confer the distinction.

The first person upon whom this coveted honor was conferred was Mr. Thomas Henry Kavanagh, an uncovenanted civilian, who had passed his whole life in India. During the siege of Lucknow he had served as assistant field-engineer, and in that capacity had accompanied several sorties, greatly distinguishing himself on every occasion. Early in November, 1857, when Lord Clyde advanced to the relief of Lucknow, it was deemed of the utmost importance by Sir James

Outram and General Havelock, then shut up in the Residency, to concert measures with the commander-in-chief, and to supply him with information respecting localities, etc. But who could pass through the rebel lines and the hostile population? It was indispensable that the person so employed should possess a perfect knowledge of the natives and their language; and then he would carry his life in his hands, for if discovered he would in all probability be put to death with horrible tortures. Mr. Kavanagh, however, volunteered on the brave and dangerous duty of proceeding through the city to the camp of the commander-in-chief, for the purpose of guiding the relieving force to the beleaguered garrison in the Residency.

His offer was accepted, and he performed his task with chivalrous gallantry and devotion, and subsequently penned a modest but graphic description of this remarkable feat. It appears that while passing through the entrenchment of Lucknow, about ten o'clock on the morning of November 9, Mr. Kavanagh learnt that a spy had come in from Cawnpore, and that he was going back in the night as far as Alumbagh, with despatches to his Excellency Sir Colin Campbell, who was said to be approaching Lucknow with five or six thousand men. Mr. Kavanagh sought out the spy, who was named Kunoujee Lal, whom he found very intelligent, and imparted to him his desire to venture in disguise to Alumbagh in his company. The spy hesitated a good deal at acting as guide, but made no attempt to exaggerate the dangers of the road. He merely urged that there was more chance of detection in two persons travelling together, and proposed that

they should take different roads and meet outside the city; but to this Mr. Kavanagh objected. The two then parted for a time, but the Englishman was resolved on carrying out his enterprise, although Sir James Outram had pronounced the undertaking to be so dangerous that he would not himself have asked any officer to attempt it.

Mr. Kavanagh secretly arranged for a disguise, so that his departure might not be known to his wife, who was not well enough to bear the prospect of an eternal separation. When he left home about seven in the evening, she assumed that he was going on duty for the night to the mines, in pursuance of his orders from Outram, as an assistant field-engineer. When he had completed his disguise, he entered the room of Colonel Napier, and no one present recognized him. He was dressed as a budmash, or an irregular soldier of the city, with sword and shield, native-made shoes, light trousers, a yellow silk koortah

No One Present Recognized Him.

over a tight-fitting white muslin shirt, a yellow-colored chintz sheet thrown round his shoulders, a cream-colored turban, and a white waistband or kummerbund. His face down to the shoulders, and his hands past the wrists, were colored with lampblack, the cork used being dipped in oil to enable the color to adhere. He could get nothing better, and he had little confidence in the disguise of his features, preferring rather to trust to the darkness of the night.

But Sir James Outram and his staff were satisfied, and after being provided with a small double-barrelled pistol, and a pair of broad pyjamas over the light drawers, Mr. Kavanagh proceeded with Kunoujee Lal to the right bank of the river Goomtee, running north of the entrenchment. Lieutenant Hardinge, of the irregular cavalry, accompanied the travellers as far as the river. Here they undressed and quietly forded the river, which was only about four and a half feet deep and one hundred yards wide at the point selected. Mr. Kavanagh's courage failed him while in the water, and if his guide had been within reach, he would probably have pulled him back and abandoned the enterprise. But the spy waded quickly through the stream, and, reaching the opposite bank, went crouching up a ditch for three hundred yards to a grove of low trees on the edge of a pond. Hither his companion followed, and the two then dressed themselves.

Mr. Kavanagh's confidence now returned, and with his tulwar resting on his shoulder, he advanced into the huts in front, where he accosted a matchlock man, who replied to his remark that the night was cold, "It is very cold; in fact, it *is* a cold night." The travel-

lers passed him adding that it would be colder by and by. After going six or seven yards further, they reached the iron bridge over the Goomtee, where they were stopped and called over by a native officer, who was seated in an upper-storied house, and seemed to be in command of a cavalry picket, whose horses were near the place saddled. The spy advanced to the light, and Mr. Kavanagh stayed back a little in the shade. After assuring their questioner that they had come from the encampment of Mundeon, then in possession of the enemy, and that they were going into the city to their homes, the travellers were allowed to proceed. They continued their way along the left bank of the river to the stone bridge, about eight hundred yards from the iron bridge, passing unnoticed through a number of Sepoys and matchlock men, some of whom were escorting persons of rank in palanquins, preceded by torches.

Native Officers.

The rest of this adventurous journey shall be described in Mr. Kavanagh's own words: — "Recrossing the Goomtee by the stone bridge, we went by a sentry unobserved, who was closely questioning a dirtily dressed native, and into the Chouk, or principal street of the city of Lucknow, which was not illuminated as

much as it used to be previous to the siege, nor was it so crowded. I jostled against several armed men in the street without being spoken to, and only met one guard of seven Sepoys, who were conversing with some women. When issuing from the city into the country we were challenged by a chowkeedar or watchman, who, without stopping us, merely asked us who we were. The part of the city traversed by me that night seemed to have been deserted by at least a third of its inhabitants.

"I was in great spirits when we reached the green fields, into which I had not been for five months. Everything around us smelt sweet, and a carrot that I took from the roadside was the most delicious I had ever tasted. I gave vent to my feelings in a conversation with Kunoujee Lal, who joined in my admiration of the province of Oude, and lamentation that it was now in the hands of wretches whose misgovernment and rapacity were ruining it.

"A further walk of a few miles was accomplished in high spirits. But there was trouble before us. We had taken the wrong road, and were now quite out of our way in the Dilkooshah Park, which was occupied by the enemy. I went within twenty yards of two guns, to see what strength they were, and returned to the guide, who was in great alarm, and begged I would not distrust him because of the mistake, as it was caused by his anxiety to take me away from the pickets of the enemy. I bade him not to be frightened of me, for I was not annoyed, as such accidents were not infrequent even when there was no danger to be avoided. It was now about midnight. We endeavored

to persuade a cultivator who was watching his crop to show us the way for a short distance, but he urged old age and lameness; and another, whom I peremptorily told to come with us, ran off screaming, and alarmed the whole village. We next walked quickly away into the canal running under the Charbagh, in which I fell several times, owing to my shoes being wet and slippery and my feet sore. The shoes were hard and tight, and had rubbed the skin off my toes, and cut into the flesh above the heels.

"In two hours more we were again in the right direction, two women in a village we passed having kindly helped us to find it; and about two o'clock we reached an advanced picket of Sepoys, who told us the way, after asking us where we had come from and whither we were going. I thought it safer to go up to the picket than to try to pass them unobserved.

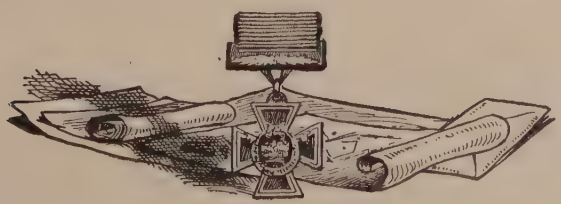
"Kunoujee Lal now begged I would not press him to take me into Alumbagh, as he did not know the way in, and the enemy were strongly posted around the place. I was tired and in pain from the shoes, and would therefore have preferred going into Alumbagh; but as the guide feared attempting it, I desired him to go on to the camp of the commander-in-chief, which he said was near Bunnee (a village eighteen miles from Lucknow), upon the Cawnpore road. The moon had risen by this time, and we could see well ahead. By three o'clock we arrived at a grove of mango-trees, situated on a plain, in which a man was singing at the top of his voice. I thought he was a villager, but he got alarmed on seeing us approach, and astonished us too by calling out a guard of twenty-five Sepoys, all of

whom asked questions, Kunoujee Lal here lost heart for the first time, and threw away the letter entrusted to him for Sir Colin Campbell. I kept mine safe in my turban. We satisfied the guard that we were poor men travelling to Umroola, a village two miles this side of the chief's camp, to inform a friend of the death of his brother by a shot from the British entrenchment at Lucknow, and they told us the road. They appeared to be greatly relieved on discovering that it was not their terrible foe, who was only a few miles in advance of them. We went in the direction indicated by them, and after walking for half an hour we got into a jheel or swamp, of which there are many in Oude. We had to wade through it for two hours up to our waists in water, and through weeds; but before we found out that we were in a jheel, we had gone too far to recede. I was nearly exhausted on getting out of the water, having made great exertions to force a way through the weeds, and to prevent the color being washed off my face. It was nearly gone from my hands.

Native Officer and Private.

"I now rested fifteen minutes, despite the remonstrances of the guide, and then went forward, passing between two pickets of the enemy, who had no sentries thrown out. It was near four o'clock in the morning

when I stopped at the corner of a tope, or grove of trees, to sleep for an hour, which Kunoujee Lal entreated I would not do; but I thought he overrated the danger, and, lying down, I told him to see if there was any one in the grove who would tell him where we then were. We had not gone far when I heard the English challenge, 'Who goes there?' with a native accent. We had reached a British cavalry outpost; my eyes filled with joyful tears, and I shook the Sikh officer in charge of the picket heartily by the hand. The old soldier was as pleased as myself when he heard from whence I had come, and he was good enough to send two of his men to conduct me to the camp of the advanced guard. An officer of her Majesty's 9th Lancers, who was visiting his pickets, met me on the way, and took me into his tent, where I got dry stockings and trousers. I thanked God for having safely brought me through this dangerous enterprise, and Kunoujee Lal for the courage and intelligence with which he had conducted himself during this trying night. When we were questioned he let me speak as little as possible. He always had a ready answer; and I feel that I am indebted to him in a great measure more than to myself for my escape. It will give me great satisfaction to hear that he has been suitably rewarded."



GARIBALDI, THE ITALIAN HERO

(From Hero Patriots of the Nineteenth Century.)

By EDGAR SANDERSON, M.A.

Garibaldi.

IN the spring of 1860, the day of glory for Garibaldi, the time for winning immortal renown at last arrived. The island of Sicily had come forward as the champion of freedom, throwing down the gauntlet to tyranny. Her heroes were few, the ranks of the tyrant of Naples, King Francis, successor to his father, "King Bomba," were well filled. The patriots who rose were soon scattered, driven from the capital, and forced to take to the mountains, the refuge and sanctuary of the freedom of nations when the bands in arms for liberty have been for the time overpowered by the drilled cohorts of the oppressor. A secret committee in Sicily, styled the *Buono publico* ("Commonweal") was in constant correspondence with the revolutionary committee at Genoa, of which Garibaldi was the soul.

The people of Palermo learned by a secret messenger who landed at Messina on April 10 that an expedition was preparing, and soon to the disgust of Maniscalco, the director of police, every dead wall of the Sicilian capital displayed in huge red letters, the terrible words "*Garibaldi viene!*" ("Garibaldi is coming!")

The "Thousand of Marsala," Garibaldi's noble band, started from the roadstead of Quarto, at Genoa, on the lovely moonlit night of May 5, 1860. They were on board two steamers, the Lombardo and the Piemonte. After taking on board some small arms and ammunition at Talamone, on the coast of Tuscany, anchor was weighed for Sicily on the afternoon of May 9. On the morning of the 11th, the island of Maritimo, about thirty miles west of Sicily, was sighted. During the voyage, the men had been divided into eight companies, each under a captain. The chief of the staff was Sirtori; and General Türr, a Hungarian, Garibaldi's "other self" in the campaign, was a staff-officer. About noon the expedition put into Marsala, on the western coast of Sicily, finding two British men-of-war anchored in the roadstead.

The gallant adventurers — old revolutionists and young university students from northern Italy, Hungarian officers of the rebellion against Austria in 1848, and French and Polish sympathizers with all that invoked the name of liberty — could not have arrived at a more lucky moment. The cruisers of the King of Naples had steamed eastwards from Marsala on that morning, while the Garibaldians were coming up from the west. As the Lombardo and the Piemonte entered the harbor, the hostile vessels were still in sight

towards Cape San Marco, on the south-west coast. Before they could return within cannon-shot, the men on the Piemonte had landed, and those on the Lombardo were beginning to disembark. The presence of the two British vessels acted as a restraint on the Neapolitan captains, and the whole invading force was on shore before the hostile cruisers opened fire with grapeshot and shell, which inflicted no injury on the

Landing of Garibaldi at Marsala.

Garibaldians. The Piemonte, abandoned to her fate, was carried off by the enemy; the Lombardo had grounded on a sandbank and was left behind. The poorer people of Marsala warmly welcomed the newcomers; the magnates and authorities received them under protest.

The prospect before the invaders of Sicily had the alternatives of victory or destruction. Garibaldi and his men must take Palermo or die. On the morning of

May 12 the little force marched eastwards to Salemi, where the leader proclaimed himself dictator of the island in the name of his sovereign, Victor Emmanuel. From every quarter the guerilla-bands and the *picciotti* (Sicilian country-folk) came pouring in, and on May 15 the army came in sight of the Bourbon forces — Neapolitans, and Swiss and Austrian troops in Bourbon pay — at Calatafimi, strongly posted along the hills overlooking the road fifty miles from Palermo. Their position was on the Pianto dei Romani, fronting the Vita hills on which the Garibaldians were ranged.

The Genoese carbineers, armed with excellent weapons, covered the front of the invaders as sharpshooters, with the other companies drawn up *en échelon* (ladderwise) behind them. The *picciotti*, with all their goodwill, were of little use for open warfare, being unable to stand the fire of regular troops, still less to execute the charges needful for capturing positions. Garibaldi's only reliance for real fighting in a regular action was on his "Thousand," among whom even the young students were quite prepared to put in practice his maxim. "Lose no time with artillery, but use your bayonets!"

The ground between the two forces was a wide undulating space, broken by a few farmsteads. The enemy had about two thousand men, with some artillery, and began the action by sending forward a few lines of sharpshooters, with supports and two guns. Opening fire with carbines and cannon, they advanced until the clang of the Garibaldian bugles gave them notice that disciplined men, not mere peasants, were in their front. The advancing force halted and recoiled,

and the "Thousand," with the Genoese carbineers in front, instantly charged. Garibaldi's intention was to put to flight the enemy's vanguard, and capture the two guns; but his impetuous men would not heed the sound of "Halt!" The Bourbon troops were driven back by the bayonet on their main body, and withdrew to the heights, which were defended with dogged courage. In crossing the valley, many Garibaldians fell from cannon-fire and musketry, but at the foot of Monte Romano they came for a time under shelter. The crest of the enemy's position could be reached only after scaling several terraces, and each of these was won under a hail of bullets. The Genoese fire was alone very effective; the wretched weapons furnished to the "Thousand" by the Sardinian government often missing fire.

As the assailants advanced, a knot of brave youths, fearing for Garibaldi, surrounded him in close array, to shelter him with their bodies. At the top the Bourbon troops made a brave resistance, and many of the chasseurs, having used up their ammunition, hurled down stones on the Garibaldians. Then the assailants, in a final desperate charge, put their foes to flight. The fugitives did not stop until they reached the town of Calatafimi, several miles away. The victory had cost the "Thousand" eighteen killed and a hundred and twenty-eight wounded.

This first success, slight in its material results, giving the victors possession of only one gun, a few rifles, and some prisoners, was of immense moral effect on the campaign. A handful of "filibusters," spoken of with solemn contempt by their foes, had routed a considerable

Bourbon force of excellent troops. On the morning of May 16 Calatafimi, abandoned by the enemy, was occupied by the invaders. The retreating foes were severely harassed by the people of the villages on the route, northeastwards, to Palermo, to which city the fleeing troops carried terror for the Bourbon party, and confidence for the patriots. On May 17 the invading army resumed its march, welcomed with frantic enthusiasm at every village and little town. From the beautiful plains of Alcamo and Partinico, the column ascended, by way of Borgetto, to the plateau of Renne, overlooking the lovely city of Palermo, and the valley in which it lies, the region which, abounding in fine orange-trees, with their masses of fruit, is known as the *Conca d' Oro*, or Shell of Gold. On the plateau the Garibaldians had their endurance tried by two days of heavy rain; but all discomfort was cheerfully borne in freedom's cause.

On May 20 the leader advanced his outposts to within a mile of Monreale, whence the high road leads directly down to Palermo, not five miles away. Garibaldi, in face of the great force, at least twelve thousand men, opposed to his few hundreds, resorted to a movement of almost unparalleled boldness and of consummate skill. If the Neapolitan commander, General Lanza, were informed of his plan, the destruction of the invaders was assured. Their leader relied upon the absolute fidelity of the country-fŏlk to the national cause, and felt confident that no intelligence of his movements would reach the foe until they were completed. He had resolved not to try for an entrance into Palermo from the side of Monreale, but

to move round from the west to the south of the city.

On the dark, rainy evening of May 21 the "Thousand" toiled over three mountain-tops to Parco, with their few pieces of artillery dismounted and borne on the backs of the men, while the *picciotti* kept the camp-fires blazing above Monreale. During the following day positions fortified by entrenchments and guns were occupied along the zigzag mountain-road leading up to Piana, six miles further away from Palermo. At dawn, on May 23, Garibaldi and General Türr climbed a summit and viewed the royal troops in camp on the plains to the west and north of the city. As they looked, a strong column began its march on Monreale, and firing continued during the day and into the night, as the *picciotti*, sheltered in the positions left by the "Thousand," impeded the advance of the enemy by unceasing irregular musketry.

On the morning of May 24, Garibaldi saw his antagonist, Lanza, with a numerous force, marching against his left flank and rear, while another strong body advanced directly on Parco. The hostile attack on the left was held in check by Türr, with his guns and two companies of the "Thousand," and at half-past two in the afternoon, by a rapid movement in retreat, the whole Garibaldian army was gathered at Piana, commanding the Corleone road to the interior. At a council of war held in the evening, Garibaldi explained his final plan for deceiving and dividing the Neapolitan forces.

Colonel Orsini, with the artillery and baggage, and an escort of fifty men, began an ostentatious retreat

along the road to Corleone, many miles in the interior. For a short distance Garibaldi and his men followed the retiring body, and then, in a dense wood, turned off into a path that led eastward to Misilmeri, south-east of Palermo. The night was clear, and Garibaldi and Türr, as they rode side by side, looked to the constellation of the Great Bear, which the Italian patriot had, from a child, connected with his own destiny. "General," cried the Hungarian, "it smiles on you. We shall enter Palermo." At midnight the little army bivouacked in the forest. At four o'clock in the morning of May 25 the march was resumed, and, after resting in the day at Marineo, the Garibaldians reached Misilmeri at ten at night. There they found some thousands of armed peasants (the *picciotti*) and some members of the "Committee of Sicilian Liberties," who were instructed to bid their friends in Palermo be ready on the morning of the 27th.

The Bourbon general, completely deceived, had caused Orsini to be pursued towards Corleone, in the belief that his men were following the main body of the invaders, and he only learned the truth when it was too late. Garibaldi, like a bird of prey preparing to pounce, was hovering, all unknown to his enemies, above Palermo, and on the evening of May 26, reinforced by many Sicilians, he started with about three thousand men from the tableland of Gibilrossa, making for the Porta di Termini of Palermo. He had only seven hundred and fifty trained and veteran soldiers for his daring enterprise, but in his hands, aided by the brave Colonel Tukery, by Bixio, Carini, and Türr, these few were a host. There was no direct road to

the city from the starting-place, and the men had to clamber down the sides of a ravine leading to the valley which opened on the highway. The *picciotti* were sent fleeing by a false alarm on the mountain-side, and at half-past one in the morning of the 27th, when the force was still three miles from the city, only thirteen hundred men remained together.

The decisive moment came about two hours later, when the vanguard of Garibaldi carried with the bayonet the Ammiraglio bridge over the Oreto, defended by about four hundred men. A strong column of the royal troops advanced on the left, but were stopped by a score or two of men detached by Türr, and the "Thousand," with fixed bayonets, rushed for the Termini gate. Even the veterans were stayed for a moment by the cross-fire of two guns. Garibaldi came up just as Tukery fell mortally wounded, and under his eye, in spite of the fire of a battalion of sharpshooters from the convent of Sant' Antonio on the left flank, the advance continued, and two hundred of his men were soon within the city. The people aided the assailants to erect barricades as a defence against the enemy's artillery fire, and Garibaldi, with some of his men, made his way to the centre of Palermo, and established his headquarters at the Palazzo Pretorio.

The city was now bombarded by the great guns of the Neapolitan men-of-war, and by artillery at the fort of Castellamare, in the bay, and at the Royal Palace. A fierce contest was carried on for three days, the royal troops being gradually driven back to the fort, the palace, and one or two other positions. The people, in a fury of wrath against their tyrants, gave zeal-

ous aid to the Garibaldians, arming themselves with daggers, spits, and all kinds of iron instruments, and working hard day and night to keep the "Thousand" supplied with cartridges. On the fourth day, Lanza, the king's general, asked for an armistice to bury his dead and to convey his wounded on board the fleet. This was the beginning of the end for Bourbon power in Palermo. When the column which had gone in pursuit of the Garibaldian guns and baggage towards Corleone returned, enraged at the deceit practised on them, they made a determined attack on Porta di Termini, and forced back the patriots for some distance, but were then checked by the barricades.

Negotiations with Lanza, opened at his request, and influenced in favor of the patriots by the arrival of new forces from the country, and by the return of Orsini with his guns, ended in the evacuation of the city by the royal troops. On June 20 the last Bourbon soldier had quitted Palermo, and the capital of Sicily, defended by the guns of a fleet, a strong fort, and about twenty thousand regular troops, had been won by the efforts of a few hundreds of bold invaders, aided by peasants and by a body of determined citizens badly armed. The conquest of the kingdom of Naples for freedom had been well begun, and preparations for conflict on the mainland were at once made by the great hero of the enterprise.

Enlistment commissions were opened at Palermo and in every part of the island; contracts for arms from abroad were negotiated; a foundry for cannon was established, and the manufacture of powder and cartridges was incessant. Palermo, the drill-ground of

despotism, had become a seed-plot of fighters for freedom. The cool hours of the day were spent in active drill by the young Sicilians. Reinforcements had started from Italy when the news of the first successes of the "men of Marsala" arrived. The Medici expedition, with three steamers and about two thousand men, arrived at Castellamare, a few miles west of Palermo, before the Bourbon troops had all embarked. Other contingents followed from all the Italian provinces, so that the dictator was able to despatch columns to all parts of Sicily in order to establish the new government and to deal with any hostile forces. One body, under General Türr, marched for the centre of the island. The right wing, under Bixio, started for the south coast; the left, under Medici, passed along the north coast, gathering volunteers, and with orders to concentrate the whole force on the strait of Messina. Colonel Cosenz also arrived at Palermo with two thousand men, followed by others despatched by various patriotic committees, the headquarters of which were at Genoa.

There was to be more fighting on Sicilian ground before the invasion of southern Italy was undertaken. The column under Colonel Cosenz went towards Messina to support Medici, who was threatened by a strong Bourbon force under General Bosco, marching from that city, in search of the Garibaldians, by way of Spadafora, on the north-east coast. Bosco had left his headquarters with four thousand excellent troops, comprising cavalry, infantry, and artillery, in order to keep up communications with Milazzo, and to attempt a surprise on Medici's corps, occupying Santa Lucia and

some neighboring villages. He was repulsed in an attack on Medici, and then fell back on Milazzo, occupying the plains to the south and harassing the whole population. This was the only hostile force remaining in Sicily, and Garibaldi resolved to be rid of it without delay. He took advantage of Colonel Corti's arrival off Palermo with about two thousand men, and, transferring a part of them to a British steamer, went on board himself, reached Patti, a small town on the north coast about twenty miles south-west of Milazzo, and thence joined Medici and Cosenz, with the determination to attack the Bourbon forces at dawn on the next day.

On July 20 the patriotic army engaged General Bosco, who was barring the chief road to Messina, to the south of Milazzo, having that town and its fortress as his base of operations. The position of Garibaldi's foes was much stronger than his own. Bosco had taken able advantage of every natural or artificial obstacle on the battlefield. His right, echeloned in front of the strong fortress, was protected by its heavy guns and covered in front by several hedges of cactus, forming excellent entrenchments from behind which Bosco's chasseurs, a fine body of men provided with good carbines, could fire into the badly armed ranks of their opponents. The Bourbon centre, with its reserves, was on the road leading along the shore to Milazzo, and had its front covered by a strong boundary-wall loopholed in many places. The front of this wall was protected by a piece of ground thickly overgrown with canes, making a front attack almost impossible. Bosco's left, occupying a line of houses east of Milazzo, formed a right angle with

the centre, and could thus pour in a flanking fire on any force attacking that position. The Garibaldian forces were ignorant of the ground, and much needless loss was thereby incurred.

The battle began only at broad daylight, Garibaldi making a vigorous attack with the bulk of his force on the enemy's centre and left. Many of the patriots fell, and the rest were driven back without even seeing their enemy on ground encumbered with trees, vines, and cane plantations. An obstinate conflict was maintained all the morning. By noon Garibaldi's left wing had fallen back some miles; his right and centre were holding out with difficulty. His men were wearied, while the enemy, having suffered trifling loss, were fresh and exultant, with ranks unbroken and in formidable positions. Success appeared hopeless when Garibaldi, bidding Medici, in the centre, hold out as long as he could, went off to collect some scattered forces with a view of making a diversion on the enemy's left wing, to the east of Milazzo. This was the turning-point of the day.

The Bourbon troops, assailed in flank behind their entrenchments, began to waver, and Garibaldi, charging boldly with his men, captured a gun which had been working great mischief by ricochet-firing with grapeshot along the road. The Bourbon cavalry supporting the gun made a brilliant charge, driving back the patriots, so that Garibaldi was passed by the advancing horsemen, and was obliged to throw himself into a ditch at the side of the road, where he defended himself, sword in hand, against one of the riders. He was soon relieved from his dangerous position. Colonel

Missori, coming up at the head of the men who had captured the gun, shot the cavalryman with his revolver. Then the Garibaldians rallied and drove the enemy in headlong flight towards Milazzo. Their centre was turned and the victory was soon complete. The heavy guns of the fortress opened fire to cover the retreat, but the exulting victors, amidst a hail of grapeshot, attacked the town, and at nightfall were masters of the place. The fort was surrounded on all sides, and barricades were raised in the streets exposed to its fire. The loss of the Garibaldians was about a thousand in killed and wounded, the former including Poggi, an officer of the Genoese carbineers, who had fought most bravely at Calatafimi. On July 24 the Bourbon troops, packed together in the fortress, surrendered the place, and the patriots were thus in possession of all Sicily except the fortresses of Messina, Agosta, and Syracuse.

Garibaldi promptly marched his men to the shores of the Strait of Messina. The town had been occupied without resistance by Medici, and the two columns from the interior joined the main force, making up a fourth division under Cosenz. A small fleet of steamers had been acquired, including the Veloce, a Bourbon warship brought over by its commander Anguissola, and renamed the Tukery, after the gallant leader of the vanguard, slain at the entry of Palermo. Sicily thus subdued for freedom, the two Calabrias and Naples were awaiting the advent of the patriots, and a landing was effected at Melito, on the south coast of Calabria, in the last week of August. Garibaldi was with this pioneer force, and he marched northwards for Reggio,

with a hostile squadron watching his movements. After some fighting outside the town, the forts of Reggio were surrendered, affording the invaders a base of operations with a vast quantity of provisions and ammunition. In the morning the corps of General Ghio, commanding at Reggio, was pursued and forced to capitulate with a number of field batteries. All the forts commanding the Strait of Messina were given up by the Bourbon troops, on whom the conquest of Sicily had produced a moral impression which made the rest of Garibaldi's great enterprise a comparatively easy task.

A triumphal march through the Calabrian provinces was made, with swift progress amongst the enthusiastic plaudits of a martial population, many of whom were already in arms against the Bourbon oppressor. The Neapolitan troops were panic-stricken. At Soveria, General Vial's division of about eight thousand men laid down their arms. Caldarelli's brigade and Morelli's column surrendered at Cosenza, in northern Calabria, and on September 7, after a hasty journey from Reggio, always keeping ahead of the main body of his troops, Garibaldi made his entry into Naples. His fame had preceded him, and with a small staff he passed through the midst of the Bourbon troops still in occupation, who presented arms to him with far more respect than they did, at that time, to their own generals.

The history of the world scarcely offers a parallel to the achievements which had brought this marvellous man, a son of the people, in his swift course of victory from Marsala to the capital of the tyrant whom he

overthrew, a city containing half a million of people, which he entered in perfect safety, while his army was yet a great way off, and with the Bourbon forces, paralyzed by fear, still possessed of all the forts of the chief points in the great town. The King of Naples had, on the previous day, left his palace for Capua, and the royal nest still warm, was occupied by the liberators of the people. At three o'clock in the afternoon of that great day, September 7, 1860, Garibaldi virtually signed his own act of abdication of dictatorial power in a decree by which he handed over the entire Neapolitan fleet to Admiral Persano for the King of Italy, together with the arsenal and the command of the forts. At that time, Victor Emmanuel's fleet consisted of only five frigates — three screws and two paddle-wheels — and some small vessels of little naval value. The splendid gift to his sovereign made by "the cabin-boy of Nice" added to that petty squadron ninety vessels, carrying seven hundred and eighty-six guns, with a complement of over seven thousand sailors. Of these ships twenty-seven were steamers, including a vessel of sixty guns, and eleven were ten-gun frigates. Of the sixty sailing-ships or more, the largest carried eighty guns, and there were five frigates with an average of fifty guns as armament. . . .

As a leader of men in the field of war, Garibaldi was no strategist. He knew little and cared less about organization, discipline, equipment, commissariat, or transport. His wonderful success was largely due to the supreme influence which his person and presence exercised over the minds and hearts of his followers. In the force which he led, there was little order, but

ever blind and passive obedience to his command. To make anything possible, he had but to will and to command, and he never failed to find men ready and willing to attempt it. If he asked for a score or two of troops for a particular enterprise, the whole battalion would rush forward. The great Italian was, however, a good tactician, with the sure glance, quick resolution, and prompt resource of his townsman Massena, Napoleon's *enfant gâté de la victoire.* On this head we may well take the testimony of an opponent, a very competent judge, one of the able German commanders against whom Garibaldi fought in 1870. General Manteuffel, in his history of the Franco-German War, declares that "Garibaldi's tactics were specially characterized by the great rapidity of his movements, by the sapient dispositions made under fire during the combat, and by his energy and intensity in attack."

Garibaldi, as he was one of the most brilliant, was also, in his personal appearance on the field of battle, one of the most picturesque leaders of his class in history. None could fail to admire and to be inspired by the sight, and by the clear, ringing silver voice, of the man of lion-like face, who sat his horse with perfect ease and calm, as if grown to the saddle, in his simple, tasteful garb of plain red shirt and gray trousers, over which were the folds of the Spanish-American *poncho*, an ample upper garment of thin white woollen cloth with crimson lining, serving as a standard round which his volunteers rallied in the thickest press of battle. His sword was a fine cavalry-blade, forged in England, and the gift of English friends. With this weapon, good at need for slashing in the fight, the hero might

be seen at his early breakfast on the tented field, cutting his bread and slicing his Bologna sausage. . . .

He could with difficulty obtain the means of living, yet in 1875 he declined the gift of a million of francs (nearly 200,000 dollars), and an annual pension of fifty thousand francs, assigned to him by the Italian Parliament. Offers of assistance poured in on every side from municipalities, working-men's societies, and wealthy individuals, as soon as the straitened means of "the donor of two realms" became known. He accepted some of these money-gifts, and finally, in 1876, he was induced, with the utmost reluctance, to accept the national award. Nothing if not honest and generous, Garibaldi at once paid every farthing of debt incurred by any member of the family, pensioned his wife, his eldest daughter and little ones, and placed in the hands of his old friend the patriotic Luigi Orlando, head of a great ship-building firm of Leghorn, a sum sufficient to prevent impending bankruptcy, thus, as Garibaldi urged when the loan was at first declined, "serving the interests of hundreds of working-men, who will be reduced to starvation if your dockyard is closed." Within three months, the timely loan was repaid, and the Orlando ship-building yard became one of the first in Europe, turning out the *Lepanto* and other huge ironclads for the Italian navy.

When he made his last appearance at Milan, in 1880, for the inauguration of the monument to the patriots who fell at Mentana, all who loved him were shocked to see the ravages which disease had made in a single year. The crowd followed him in silence as he passed along, stretched on his tent-bed, in an open carriage,

with hair now white, and livid face. In the spring of 1882, he visited Sicily, and, as he passed through Messina, a scene of his triumph in 1860, the people were struck dumb by the sight of the spectre of his former self, and welcomed him only with outstretched arms, tearful and stricken to the heart with sorrow. He re-embarked for Caprera on April 17, and on the night of June 1 the news, "He is dying," arrived in Italy. On the afternoon of the following day he lay silently gazing on the sea, his first and last love, from the open window, while two finches were gayly singing on the sill. As he watched them, he murmured, "May be they are the souls of my little ones come to call me. Feed them when I am gone." Again his eyes rested on the sky, the sea, and the faces of his dear ones. His last look was for his "best-beloved" Menotti, and at twenty-two minutes past six in the evening of June 2, 1882, the eagle eyes were sightless, the voice that had been as that of a trumpet was hushed, the "loving lion-heart" had ceased to beat.

A BRAVE STOKER

(From Deeds of Daring.)

By C. D. MICHAEL.

THE Thrasher had been cruising off the Cornish coast when, by some strange accident, she ran over the Dodman Rocks. Such was the speed at which she was travelling at the moment of the disaster that the force of the impact practically ripped her open, and thrust one of her boilers forward in such a way that the main steam pipe, unable to withstand the terrific strain suddenly placed upon it, suddenly burst.

The instant effect of this was the escape of a hissing, roaring cloud of steam, so fierce and so deadly that it immediately killed three men and severely scalded several others.

Confined in the narrow, stifling hole in which their work had to be done, the poor fellows had absolutely no chance of escape, and were killed and scalded where

they stood by that awful burst of steam. One of their number, Stoker Lynch, who at the moment of the catastrophe fortunately happened to be just out of the line of the steam, managed to make his way out of the danger, and reached the deck in safety.

But hardly had he time to realize his deliverance before he remembered that one of his mates — James Paul — was in that terrible death-trap from which he had just emerged, and was there being slowly scalded to death. His agonized cries reached the ears of Lynch; and without a moment's hesitation the brave fellow went back to what must have appeared at the instant certain death. He plunged into the cauldron-like stoke-hole, and, seizing his comrade, dragged him by sheer force up the gangway ladder on to the deck.

Just how he did it he never could afterwards explain. It must have needed almost more than human courage to descend into that blinding, scalding steam, and super-human strength after such a terrible ordeal to lift a helpless man and carry him out of it; but Stoker Lynch did it.

The brave fellow, however, in his daring act, did not escape scathless; for he as well as Paul was found to be badly injured, and both men were landed at Gorran Haven for treatment.

A Brave Stoker

"CHINESE" GORDON IN THE SOUDAN

(From In Perils Oft.)

By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

HAT is, perhaps, most striking in Gordon's career in China is the entire devotion with which the native soldiery served him, and the implicit faith they had in the result of operations in which he was personally present. In their eyes General Gordon was literally a magician, to whom all things were possible. They believed him to bear a charmed life, and a short stick of rattan cane which he invariably carried about, and with which he always pointed in directing the fire of artillery or other operations, was firmly looked on as a wand or talisman. These things have been repeated to me again and again by my own men, and I know they were accepted all over the contingent. These notions, especially the men's idea that their general had a charmed existence, were substantially aided by Gordon's constant habit, when the troops were under fire, of appearing suddenly, usually unattended, and calmly standing in the very hottest part of the fire.

Besides his favorite cane, he carried nothing except

field-glasses — never a sword or revolver, or rather, if the latter, it was carried unostentatiously and out of sight; and nothing could exceed the contrast between General Gordon's quiet undress uniform, without sword, belts, or buckles, and apparently no weapon but a two-foot rod, and the buccaneering or brigand-like costume of the American officers, strapped, armed, and booted like theatrical banditti. . . .

For six years Gordon remained without military employment of an active kind, but discharged with his usual fidelity the routine duties of commanding Royal Engineer at Gravesend (1865–1871).

In 1871 he was appointed British Commissioner to the European Commission of the Danube. In 1873 he was engaged by the Khedive to succeed Sir Samuel Baker as governor of the tribes in Upper Egypt, the Black Country, or the Soudan. He was told to fix his own terms, but would accept only £2000 a year. At this time one of the largest slave-hunters Zebehr Rahama, or the Black Pasha, who has recently figured so conspicuously in our newspapers, pretended to an equality with the Khedive himself, and undoubtedly in Equatorial Africa enjoyed a wider supremacy. All the slave-dealers had thrown in their lot with him, and it soon became evident that to weaken and overthrow his power would invoke a crusade against the slave-trade. How far the Khedive Ismail was sincere in his philanthropy we need not inquire; at least Chinese Gordon *was;* and the Khedive was rejoiced to accept the services of a man who, if a visionary philanthropist, was also a consummately able soldier. Gordon lost no time in entering upon his arduous and dangerous labors. He

reached Suakim on the 25th of February; with an escort of two hundred and twenty Egyptian troops crossed the desert to Berber, and thence ascended the Nile to Khartoum, where he arrived on the 12th of March. He remained at Khartoum for eight days, actively engaged in organizing his government. He held a review, visited the hospital and schools, despatched his lieutenants (of whom the ablest was Romulus Gessi, an Italian, whom he had known in the Crimea) upon various missions, and put forth the following proclamation: —

"By reason of the authority of the Governor of the Provinces of the Equatorial Lakes, with which his Highness the Khedive has invested me, and the irregularities which have until now been committed, it is henceforth decreed:

"1. That the traffic in ivory is the monopoly of the Government.

"2. No person may enter these provinces without a 'trokere' from the Governor-General of the Soudan, such 'trokere' being available only after it shall have received the *visa* of the competent authority at Gondokoro or elsewhere.

"3. No person may recruit or organize armed bands within those provinces.

"4. The importation of firearms and gunpowder is prohibited.

"5. Whosoever shall disobey this decree will be punished with all the rigor of the military laws.

"GORDON."

On the 16th of April Gordon arrived at Gondokoro, where he set himself to work to gain the confidence of the people, and to ameliorate their condition. Some he provided with grain, others he employed in planting maize. The slave-dealers found their operations

promptly interfered with. Taxation was reduced, oppression prevented. Justice was wisely administered between man and man. Military stations were formed in the surrounding country, at such points as would most effectively check the slave-traffic. Marauding chiefs were promptly dealt with and severely punished. Order was introduced into chaos; and the wretched natives began to breathe freely, relieved from the burdens that had crushed them into the dust. The indefatigable energy, the marvellous vigor of Gordon as he carried out his difficult task, constitutes a lasting reproach to the idlers of society, who lounge through life as if it had no responsibilities, interests, or duties. He seemed gifted with ubiquity; wherever a strong arm and a clear judgment were needed, Gordon was sure to make his appearance. From Gondokoro he pushed on a line of posts to the Victoria Nyanza; and his lieutenant, Gessi, sailed round that great equatorial lake in nine days. These rapid sentences give but a brief summary of the work accomplished by Gordon in the Soudan; but they will serve to reveal to the reader the immense vigor of the man, his breadth of view, his swiftness of action. Over the natives he attained an extraordinary influence; they almost worshipped him; he was their "Little Khedive," their hero, their deliverer. They shed tears when, in the autumn of 1876, he resigned his command — placing Colonel Prout, an American, in charge — and quitted the country which he had pacified. Travelling rapidly to Cairo, which he reached in twenty days from Khartoum, he went thence to Alexandria, and embarking for England, arrived in London on the 24th of December. Yielding, however,

to the strong pressure put upon him by the Khedive, he returned to the Soudan in the following spring, but with fresh powers and a more extensive sway. He was appointed Governor-General of the Soudan, of Darfour, and the Provinces of the Equator, a district of sixteen hundred and forty miles in length, by seven hundred miles in width. Under him were to be three vakeels or lieutenants; one for the Soudan proper, one for Darfour, and one for the Red Sea littoral and the Eastern Soudan. His instructions included the improvement of the means of communication, the development of commercial resources, and the suppression of the slave-trade. . . .

Mounted on his camel, he made his way to Massowah and entered upon a settlement of the Abyssinian difficulty; but while thus engaged the pressure of events compelled him to repair to Khartoum, where the slave-hunters had lifted up their heads and resumed their infamous expeditions. Thither he proceeded in all haste, riding thirty or forty miles a day, and on the 5th of May was formally installed in the capital as the Khedive's representative. The Cadi read the firman and a loyal congratulatory address; cannon thundered forth a salute. Gordon, who was not given to much speaking, simply said, "With the help of God I will hold the balance level." Afterwards he distributed liberal gratuities among the deserving poor, expending in three days a thousand pounds of his own money.

It was no common enterprise to which he had put his hand; none but a man of genius and a Christian enthusiast could have carried it through, for only a man of genius could possess the needful fertility of resource

and faculty of command; only an enthusiast could persevere in a work so unpromising, so laborious, so dangerous. Wild and bloodthirsty tribesmen had to be curbed and controlled; mutinous or refractory governors to be cowed or persuaded into obedience; the Turkish Bashi-Bazouks, who, while ostensibly guarding the frontier, secretly encouraged the traffic in human flesh, had to be disbanded; the great commercial highways to be opened up and kept open; the wide, rich province of the Bahr Gazelle, over which the mighty hunter Zebehr asserted the rights of sovereignty, had to be subdued and organized; a revenue had to be raised in countries long abandoned to anarchy; trade to be encouraged; the slave-dealers expelled; a trustworthy military force set on foot.

Much of this Gordon succeeded in doing, though often carrying his life in his hand, and in peril as much from pretended friends as from open foes. Men plotted his murder, but he lived on unharmed. Even the deadly climate seemed to work him no ill. Nothing daunted him; nothing prevailed against him. His troops were badly armed, badly drilled, and inferior in numbers to the legions of the slave-hunters; but whenever he was present with them they were always victorious. He was a host "in himself"; he won victories without an army. There is perhaps no more extraordinary incident in his career than his ride to Dara, when that station was threatened by Suleiman, the son of Zebehr, with six thousand armed slaves, notorious robbers and murderers. Here is his own graphic account of it: —

August 31, 1877. — "I got to Dara," he says,

"alone about 4 P. M., long before my escort, having ridden eighty-five miles in a day and a half. About seven miles from Dara I got into a swarm of flies, and they annoyed me and my camel so much that we jolted along as fast as we could. Upwards of three hundred were on the camel's head, and I was covered with them. I suppose that the queen fly was among them. If I had no escort of men, I had a large escort of these flies. I came on my people like a thunderbolt. As soon as they recovered, the salute was fired. My poor escort! where is it? Imagine to yourself a single, dirty, red-faced man on a camel, ornamented with flies, arriving in the divan all of a sudden. The people were paralyzed, and could not believe their eyes."

September 2. — "No dinner after my long ride, but a quiet night, forgetting my miseries. At dawn I got up, and putting on the golden armor the Khedive gave me, went out to see my troops, and then mounted my horse, and, with an escort of *my* robbers of Bashi-Bazouks, rode out to the camp of the other robbers, three miles off. I was met by the son of Zebehr — a nice-looking lad of twenty-two years — and rode through the robber bands. There were about three thousand of them, men and boys. I rode to the tent in the camp; the whole body of chiefs were dumbfounded at my coming among them. After a glass of water, I went back, telling the son of Zebehr to come with his family to my divan. They all came, and setting them in a circle, I gave them in choice Arabic my ideas — that they meditated revolt, that I knew it, and that they should now have my ultimatum, viz., that I would disarm them and break them up.

"They listened in silence, and then went off to consider what I had said. They have just now sent in a letter stating their submission, and I thank God for it. They have pillaged the country all round, and I cannot help it. I feel very sorry for the poor people, for they were my allies at Wudar, and through their absence with me their possessions were exposed to the attacks of these scoundrels. What misery! But the Higher than the highest regardeth it, and can help them. I cannot. The sort of stupefied way in which they heard me go to the point about their doings, the pantomime of signs, the bad Arabic, etc., was quite absurd. Fancy the son of Zebehr only three days ago took his pistol and fired three shots close to my cavass [a kind of orderly], because the poor fellow, who was ill, did not get up when he came to him. — You should have seen his face when I told him all this, when he protested his fidelity. However, I said it was all forgiven."

From Dara he went on to Shaka, the chosen retreat and stronghold of the slave-hunters, who, when awed by his absolute contempt of danger, treated him with the reverence due to a superior being. Thence, by way of El Obeid, he returned to Khartoum, the celerity of his movements in the Soudan, as in China, producing a feeling of astonishment, and even of fear, which served him better than an armed force. In January, 1878, the Khedive recalled him to Cairo to act as president of a financial commission; but the work lay outside the scope of his abilities, was thoroughly uncongenial, and he rejoiced when set at liberty to return to Khartoum. In his absence the old evil symptoms of anarchy and oppression had reappeared, and the ship

was tossing in such stormy waters that a firm hand was needed at the helm. His vigor soon restored order and tranquillity in the capital; and he sent his able lieutenant, Gessi, into the Bahr Gazelle province, where Suleiman had again risen in rebellion, to re-establish the Khedive's authority. Meanwhile he advanced to Shaka, breaking up the slave-dealers' caravans wherever he fell in with them, releasing the slaves, and punishing their cruel captors. Between June, 1878, and March, 1879, he captured no fewer than three and sixty of these caravans, releasing fully two thousand slaves.

While at Fozia, in June, 1879, he was informed of Ismail's deposition, and ordered to proclaim Tewfik as Khedive throughout the Soudan. He then returned to Khartoum, and left that city at the end of July for Cairo, whence, on the 30th of August, he was despatched on a mission to the King of Abyssinia. Johannes received him at his court with every mark of respect; but, from the nature of the claims he put forward, a satisfactory conclusion was impossible. Gordon, therefore, prepared to return to Cairo by way of Khartoum; but on reaching Char Amba, a mountain station on the frontier of the Soudan, he was arrested by a body of Abyssinian soldiery, and marched back to the village of the King's uncle. On the 17th of November he and his companions, still held as prisoners, marched on to Gondar, and reached Ras Garamudhiri. There the Abyssinians left them, and they pushed forward to the frontier, paying heavily by way of tolls and safe-conduct money. At Kya-Khu, Gordon was again arrested, and secured his release only by

heavy bribes. At last, on December 8th, he reached Massowah, where fortunately the Seagull gunboat was lying, and embarking on board of her, was enabled to enjoy the rest he needed after his arduous and perilous missions.

THE BLOWING UP OF THE ALBEMARLE [1]

(From Dewey and Other Naval Commanders.)

By EDWARD S. ELLIS, A.M.

IF ever man lived who knew not the meaning of fear, he was William Barker Cushing, born in Wisconsin in 1842. He entered the Naval Academy in 1857, remained four years, received his appointment from the State of New York, but claiming Pennsylvania as his residence. He was wild and reckless, and resigned in March, 1861, when even his closest friends saw little hope of his success in life.

Many heroes are referred to as fearless, but that man is reckoned brave who knows the full extent of the danger facing him, and yet does not hesitate to meet it; but Cushing was a youth who really seemed to love danger for its own sake, and never flinched while death was on every hand, but went unhesitatingly forward, when it would have been no reflection upon his courage had he turned about and run.

The breaking out of the Civil War offered so fascinating a field for him that he could not resist the temptation. The Secretary of the Navy always had a tender

[1] By courteous permission of J. Hovendon, publisher, New York City.

spot in his heart for the daring fellow, and when Cushing promised that if he would give him a chance he would prove himself worthy of the Secretary's confidence, that official consented and attached him to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron. At the very first opportunity Cushing displayed the wonderful personal intrepidity which was soon to make him the most famous naval officer of his age.

In the expedition against Franklin, Va., in the autumn of the year, he was placed in command of the gunboat Ellis, and showed such skill and bravery that he was recommended by the acting admiral to the Navy Department. Some weeks later he steamed into New River Inlet, with the object of capturing Jacksonville and destroying the salt works. He was successful, secured three vessels and drove the enemy from two pieces of artillery with which they were firing on him at short range. All was going well, but while still close to the abandoned works Cushing's little steamer ran aground, and, despite every effort, he could not work her free.

He saw it was useless to try to get the boat off. He therefore took everything out of her, excepting the pivot gun and ammunition, and, placing them on board one of the captured schooners, ordered the crew to leave. Knowing the enemy would soon return in overwhelming numbers, he asked for six volunteers to stay with him and fight with the single gun to the last. The response was prompt, for his daring spirit was infectious, and he instructed the others, in the event of him and his comrades being attacked, to make no attempt to help them.

Just as he anticipated, the Confederates opened upon the doomed steamer at daylight, firing from so many different points that the defenders were helpless. As fast as the gun could be loaded, it was pointed here, there and everywhere, for, no matter in what direction it was aimed, it was pretty sure to hit some of the enemy; but a single gun against a score could accomplish nothing, and the lieutenant had to decide whether to remain with the certainty of every man being shot to pieces, of surrendering, or of rowing in an open boat for more than a mile through the murderous fire. With scarcely a moment's hesitation, he resolved upon the last plan, which looked as suicidal as remaining on the steamer.

The gun was loaded to the muzzle and trained upon the enemy, so as to go off when heated, the steamer set on fire in several places, and, dropping into the smaller boat, the men pulled with might and main for the schooner. Fortune favors the brave, and they reached it in safety and soon after arrived at Beaufort.

This exploit won for Cushing the commendation of the Navy Department for "his courage, coolness and gallantry."

His restless spirit would not allow him to remain idle. He was continually engaging in some daring enterprise, in which it must not be supposed he displayed nothing more than headlong recklessness. That quality was supplemented by coolness and skill, without which he never could have attained the remarkable success that attended his career.

Among the numerous achievements the following will serve as an illustration of the young man's disposition:

Lieutenants Lamson and Cushing had command of a number of gunboats that were sent to the aid of General Peck, stationed at Norfolk. In the latter part of April it was learned that a Union boat had been decoyed ashore by the display of a white handkerchief and then fired upon. The angered Cushing asked for and received the privilege of retaliating for this treacherous act. In charge of seven boats, manned by ninety sailors, he set out and landed under the protection of the fire of the vessels. Leaving a part of his force to protect the boats, he started inland, taking a 12-pounder howitzer with him.

His objective point was a village three miles away, where several hundred cavalry was stationed. Advancing boldly, he drove in the pickets, and coming across a span of mules hitched to a cart, he tied the rope of a howitzer to the rear, lashed the animals to a gallop and went clattering into the village to the loud shouts of "Forward, double quick!"

Just as they entered the formidable body of cavalry were discerned, galloping down the street toward them, swinging their sabres and shouting at the top of their voices. In a twinkling the howitzer was unlimbered, and the charge of grape which was poured into the approaching horsemen was supplemented by a volley of musketry. The racket terrified the mules, which broke into a gallop, dragging the cart and ammunition after them, and never paused until they were among the ranks of the enemy. With a shout, Cushing was after them, followed by his men, and mules and ammunition were recovered in a twinkling. By this time the demoralized cavalry had fled, and Cushing, after

retaining possession of the village until dusk, leisurely made his way back to the boats.

The war having proven the immeasurable value of ironclads of the Merrimac type, the Confederates strained every nerve to build them, often succeeding under the most trying conditions. One of the most formidable of these craft was the Albemarle, upon which work was begun early in 1863, at Edward's Ferry, several miles up the Roanoke River. Iron was so scarce that the country was scoured for miles in every direction for bolts, bars and metal. As stated by Maclay, the keel was laid in an open cornfield, and an ordinary blacksmith's outfit formed the plant for building; but the makers persevered and completed a craft one hundred and twenty-two feet over all, with forty-five feet beam and drawing eight feet of water. The casemate was sixty feet long, constructed by massive timbers, covered with 4-inch planking, over which were placed two layers of 2-inch iron. The motive power was furnished by twin screws operated by engines of two hundred horse-power each. Her armament consisted of an Armstrong 100-pounder in the bow and another in the stern, the casemate being so pierced that the guns could be used at broadside or quarter.

At midnight, April 19, 1864, the Albemarle gave a proof of her prodigious power of destruction. On the preceding two days the Confederates had made a determined attack on Plymouth, held by the Union forces, and the ironclad now set out to render assistance. The wooden gunboats Miami and Southfield offered just the sort of targets the monster fancied. Under a full head of steam, the Albemarle rammed

her iron beak clean into the fire-room of the Southfield. The latter was skewered upon the projection and began slowly sinking. The snout was so entangled with the Southfield that the victim could not be shaken off, and as she sank she carried her foe with her. The bow of the ironclad dipped below the surface, and a most extraordinary and inglorious end seemed inevitable, when the Southfield touched bottom, rolled over and freed itself from the bow of the ram, which popped up again.

Meanwhile the Miami was pounding the iron hide of the monster, which shed the missiles as the Merrimac shed the broadsides from the Cumberland and Congress. When only a few feet from the Albemarle, Lieutenant Flusser, standing directly behind a gun of the Miami, let fly with a heavy shell, which, striking the armor of the Albemarle, was shivered into a thousand fragments, most of which rebounding, instantly killed the officer and wounded a dozen men. The Miami retreated, and the next day Plymouth surrendered to the Confederates.

In May, the Albemarle steamed down into the Sound and attacked the Union gunboats, which made an heroic defence. The monster received broadside after broadside and was repeatedly rammed, but suffered no material damage, while she killed four, wounded twenty-five and caused the scalding of thirteen, through piercing the boiler of one of her assailants.

It will be seen that this ironclad had become a formidable menace to the Union arms, not only in the immediate neighborhood, but further north. It was the in-

tention of her commander to clear out the fleets at the mouth of the river, and then make an excursion up the coast, somewhat like that which Secretary Stanton once believed the Merrimac was about to undertake. General Grant was pressing his final campaign against Richmond, and the Albemarle threatened to interfere with his plans, for if she made the diversion of which she was capable, she was likely to postpone indefinitely the wind-up of the war.

Ah, if some daring scheme could be perfected for destroying the Albemarle! What a feat it would be, and how vast the good it would accomplish! There was one young officer in the American navy who believed the thing could be done, and he volunteered to undertake it.

Well aware that the Unionists would neglect no means of blowing up the Albemarle, the Confederates used every possible precaution. At the wharf in Plymouth, where she was moored, a thousand soldiers were on guard, and her crew, consisting of sixty men, were alert and vigilant. To prevent the approach of a torpedo boat, the ram was surrounded by a boom of cypress logs, placed a considerable distance from the hull, and a double line of sentries was stationed along the river. What earthly chance was there under such conditions of any possible harm coming to her?

The picket boat in which Lieutenant Cushing undertook to destroy the rebel ram was built at New York under his supervision, and taken to Norfolk by way of the canals, and thence to Albemarle Sound again by canal. He made his preparations with great care, and on the night of Oct. 27, which was dark and stormy,

he started in his picket boat. He was accompanied by eight men and the following officers: Acting Ensign William L. Howarth, Acting Master's Mates Thomas S. Gay and John Woodman, Acting Assistant Paymaster Francis H. Swan, Acting Third Assistant Engineers Charles L. Steever and William Stotesbury.

Cushing took in tow a small cutter, in which he intended to capture the Confederate guard, that was in a schooner anchored near the wrecked Southfield, and prevent their sending up an alarm rocket as a warning to the sentinels above of the approach of danger. He stationed himself at the stern, his plan being to land a little way below the ram and board her from the wharf. A sudden dash promised her capture by surprise, when she could be taken down stream. If this scheme could not be carried out, he intended to blow her up with a torpedo as she lay at the dock.

The launch crept along the river bank as silently as an Indian canoe stealing into a hostile camp. The distance to be passed was fully eight miles, and the peril began almost from the moment of starting. The necessary commands were spoken in whispers, and the waiting men scarcely moved as they peered into the deep gloom and listened to the almost inaudible rippling of the water from the bow. Speed was reduced as they drew near Plymouth, in order to lessen the soft clanking of the engine or the motion of the screw.

They were still a mile below Plymouth when the shadowy outlines of the wrecked Southfield loomed dimly to view. The Confederates had raised her so that her hurricane deck was above the surface. Within a few yards of the wreck a schooner was anchored con-

taining a guard of twenty men with a field piece and rocket, provided for precisely such danger as now drew near. But on this night, of all others, the sentinels were dozing, for had they been vigilant they must have seen the little craft whose crew saw theirs and were on the *qui vive* to board on the instant of discovery.

This good fortune encouraged all hands, and as the schooner and wreck melted into the darkness the launch swept around a bend in the river and caught the glimmer of the campfires along the banks, partly extinguished by the falling rain. Still creeping cautiously on, the outlines of the prodigious ram gradually assumed form in the gloom. It looked as if the surprise would be complete, when a dog, more watchful than his masters, began barking. He had discovered the approaching danger, and the startled sentinels challenged, but no reply was made. A second challenge bringing no response, several muskets flashed in the night. Other dogs joined in barking, alarm rattles were sprung and wood flung upon the fires, which, flaring up, threw their illumination out on the river and revealed the launch and cutter. The hoarse commands of officers rang out, and the soldiers, springing from sleep, caught up their guns and rushed to quarters.

Amid the fearful din and peril Cushing cut the tow line and ordered the cutter to hasten down the river and capture the guard near the Southfield. At the same moment he directed the launch to go ahead at full speed. He had changed his plan. Instead of landing he determined to blow up the ram. When close to it he learned for the first time of the cordon of

logs which surrounded the Albemarle, but, believing they were slippery enough from remaining long in the water to be passed, he sheered off, made a sweep of a hundred yards and again charged under full steam for the obstruction.

As he drew near, the guards fired a volley which riddled Cushing's coat and tore off the sole of his shoe.

At the same moment he heard the vicious snapping of the primers of the huge guns, which showed they had missed fire.

"Leave the ram!" he shouted. "We're going to blow you up!"

The Confederates, however, did not follow the advice, and the launch fired her howitzer. Then she glided over the slimy logs and paused in front of the muzzle of a loaded cannon which could be almost reached with the outstretched hand. Still cool and self-possessed amid the horrible perils, Cushing stood erect, lowered the torpedo spar, shoved it under the overhang, waited a moment for it to rise until he felt it touch the bottom of the ram, when he gave a quick, strong pull on the trigger line. A muffled, thunderous explosion followed, an immense column of water rose in the air, and the tremendous tipping of the Albemarle showed she had received a mortal hurt.

It was accomplished at the critical second, for the rifled gun, filled with one hundred pounds of canister and pointed at the launch ten feet away, was immediately discharged. The careening of the ram deviated the aim just enough to prevent the crew from being blown to fragments; but, confident that a man could not escape, the Confederates twice called upon their assail-

ants to surrender, and several did so, but Cushing was not among them. With the same marvellous coolness he had displayed from the first he took off his coat and shoes, flung his sword and revolver aside and shouted:

"Every man save himself!"

Then he leaped into the water and began swimming with might and main down stream, the bullets skipping all about him; but he soon passed beyond sight and was still swimming when he heard a plashing near him. It was made by one of the acting master's mates, John Woodman, who was exhausted. Cushing helped him until he himself had hardly an ounce of strength left, when he was obliged to let go, and the poor fellow, calling good-bye, sank from sight.

When unable to struggle longer, Cushing let his feet drop and they touched bottom. He managed to reach land, where he sank down so worn out that he lay motionless until daylight. Then he crawled into a swamp, where he remained hidden until a friendly negro appeared, who extended every possible kindness to him. From him Cushing learned that the Albemarle had been destroyed, and was at the bottom of the river. It was thrilling news; and the following night, after he had thoroughly rested, and been fed by his dusky friend, he moved down the river, found a skiff, and in it he made his way to the fleet, bringing the first news of the success of an exploit which it is safe to say has never been surpassed in the history of our navy. Even the captain of the Albemarle declared that "a more gallant thing was not done during the war."

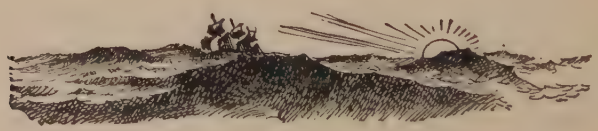
While conceding to Lieutenant Hobson the full credit for his daring achievement in sinking the Mer-

rimac in the channel of Santiago harbor, on June 3, 1898, it was by no means the equal of that of Lieutenant Cushing, thirty-four years before.

For his superb work Cushing received a vote of thanks from Congress and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant commander. He led a division of sailors in the second and what proved to be the successful attack upon Fort Fisher, in January, 1865. It was a desperate fight, and none displayed more heroism than the young officer who had destroyed the Albemarle.

Hon. J. T. Headley, the biographer of Cushing, in an article written immediately after the close of the Civil War, used these words: "Still a young man, he has a bright future before him, and if he lives will doubtless reach the highest rank in the navy. Bold, daring and self-collected under the most trying circumstances — equal to any emergency — never unbalanced by an unexpected contingency, he possesses those great qualities always found in a successful commander. No man in our navy, at his age, has ever won so brilliant a reputation, and it will be his own fault if it is not increased until he has no superior."

And yet Commander Cushing's reputation was not increased, nor was it through any fault of his own. It was not long after the war that his friends were pained to observe unmistakable signs of mental unsoundness in the young hero. These increased until his brain was all askew, and he died in an insane asylum in 1874.



HOBSON AND THE MERRIMAC[1]

(From Dewey and Other Naval Commanders.)

By EDWARD S. ELLIS, A.M.

SINCE the war with Spain was undertaken to liberate Cuba from the most frightful atrocities that mind can conceive, it was natural that the chief attention of our Government should be directed to the expulsion of the Spaniards from that island.

In view of what subsequently occurred we can smile at the general uneasiness and fear which prevailed in this country at the opening of hostilities regarding the fleets of Spain. She was known to have a formidable navy, and a great many believed it was superior to our own. There was no telling where it would strike the first blow. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and other seaboard cities made powerful preparations against the dread fleet, which in truth was no more to be feared than the ferryboats on the North River; and yet but for the preparations referred to, it is more than probable we should have suffered.

The most formidable fleet was under command of Admiral Cervera. Our own squadrons were engaged for weeks in hunting for it, and it was reported in a dozen different places. Finally it was learned that it

[1] By courteous permission of J Hovendon, publisher, New York City.

had taken refuge in the harbor of Santiago, the city of that name being besieged by the land forces under General Shafter. Immediately the American fleet of Admiral Sampson blockaded the ships of the enemy, determined to hold it powerless inside the broad harbor; for it followed as a matter of course that so long as it was bottled up there it could do nothing to help Spain.

No one could know his weakness better than the Spanish admiral. He had fine ships and fine guns, but his crews were undisciplined. They were wretched marksmen, and in no respect to be compared to our gunners, who demonstrated in the War of 1812 that they had no equals in the whole world. Knowing all this, Admiral Cervera was loth to venture out of the harbor of Santiago, and the days and weeks passed in idleness while the blockade continued.

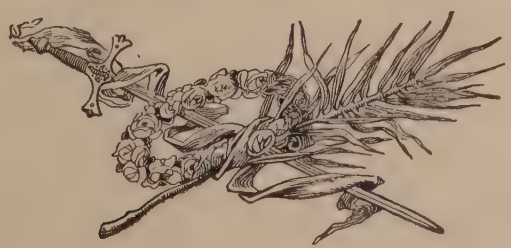
It was the fear that the Spanish ships would make a dash on some dark, stormy night and escape, that led to one of the most striking and brilliant exploits of the war. That is the sinking of the collier Merrimac in the channel of the harbor by Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, on the night of June 3. That the effort was not wholly successful does not detract from the glory of the brave men who went unflinchingly to what looked like almost certain death.

The companions of Lieutenant Hobson in this remarkable achievement were Osborn Deignan, George E. Phillips, Francis Kelly, George Charette, Daniel Montague, J. C. Murphy, and Randolph Clausen. The last-named was not one of the original six chosen; but he had been at work on the Merrimac preparing her for

the attempt, and hid himself away on the lumbersome craft, and they were obliged to take him.

As soon as the Spaniards discovered the approach of the Merrimac, in the darkness, they opened upon her with their batteries from both shores, and she was subjected to a fire which it would seem must riddle her like a sieve and kill every man. But under the direction of the cool-headed and daring lieutenant the collier was swung into the right position and, but for the shooting away of the rudder, would have been sunk directly across the channel, which would have been effectively blocked. The position of the wreck as a consequence was diagonal and left the passage partly open.

Having accomplished as nearly as possible the perilous task the brave party were obliged to remain clinging to a raft until morning, when the Spaniards discovered them and made them prisoners. Admiral Cervera himself helped to take Hobson out of the water, and was so filled with admiration of the extraordinary daring of himself and companions that he sent a flag of truce to Admiral Sampson with the welcome news that all the men were safe in his hands. They were confined at first in Morro Castle and later in the city of Santiago. They were treated with the respect their heroism deserved, and on July 6 were exchanged for a number of prisoners held by our forces.



NOTES

BAYARD, THE CHEVALIER. Pierre du Terrail, Chevalier de, "the Knight without fear and without reproach," was born 1476, near Grenoble, France; died in the field, 1524, with his face to the foe. He served under Charles VII., fought against Henry the VIII. of England, and was as conspicuous for his courage and bravery in battle, as for his simple modesty, his humanity, and his kindliness.

BOLIVAR, SIMON Y PONTE, named "The Liberator," for having rescued South America from the Spanish yoke, born in Carácas, 1783; died, 1830. He was in Paris at the time of the Revolution, and in 1809 visited the United States. When Venezuela declared its independence Bolivar fought against the Spaniards in several engagements. In 1813 he entered Carácas at the head of a victorious army and proclaimed himself Dictator. After many vicissitudes and heroic deeds, New Granada was joined with Venezuela; later on Ecuador was added. In spite of his unwillingness he was re-elected President in 1828. The republicans, however, feared his assumption of supreme power. Venezuela in 1829 separated from Colombia, and Bolivar laid down his authority and retired on a pension of $3000. He was sincerely devoted to the cause of liberty, and freely spent his own large fortune to further it.

BRUCE, ROBERT, THE, Scottish king, born, 1274; died, 1329. At first he swore fealty to the English King Edward I., but on his death he set himself to clear the English out of Scotland. He routed Edward II. at the battle of Bannockburn, and after long struggles succeeded in forcing the English to recognize Scottish independence and his right to the throne. His heart was buried in the Monastery of Melrose, and his body in the Abbey Church of Dunfermline.

DECATUR, STEPHEN, American naval commander, born, 1779 (of French descent); killed in a duel, 1820. Became a midshipman, 1798. He saw service against the French. In the war with Tripoli (1801–05) he gained great distinction by the exploit recorded in this volume, and was gazetted captain. In the war with England in 1812 he captured the *Macedonian*. In 1815 he fought against Algerian pirates, and in 1816 was appointed naval commissioner.

DOUGLAS, LORD, JAMES OF, Bruce's great captain in the long Scottish war of independence; born in 1273; died in Andalusia, 1330. The hero of seventy fights, he is said to have won all of them but thirteen. He was called "The Black Douglas" because of his swarthy complexion, and there are mothers in some parts of England who as lately as in the last half of the nineteenth century have used this name to scare their children into good behavior.

DOYLE, SIR F. H., English poet, born, 1810; died, 1888; educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. Was called to the bar, but horses, horse-racing and poetry interfered with his legal work. However, as he held a lucrative government position, he was able to gratify his desires. He published several volumes of verse, and a book of "Reminiscences and Opinions." By his "Birkenhead," "The Private of the Buffs," "The Red Thread of Honor," and "The Saving of the Colors," he in a sense made himself the laureate of heroism.

DRAKE, SAMUEL ADAMS, American editor and author, born in Boston, Mass., 1833. Served successfully through the Civil War, is author of many works of popular history and historic fiction. Among his books may be mentioned: "Old Landmarks of Boston," "Historic Mansions and Highways around Boston," "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast," "Around the Hub," "Heart of the White Mountains," "New England Legends and Folk Lore," "The Making of New England," "The Making of the Great West," "Burgoyne's Invasion," "The Taking of Louisburg," "The Pine Tree Coast," "The Battle of Gettysburg," "The Making of Virginia," "The Making of the Ohio Valley States," "Our Colonial Homes," "The Campaign of Trenton," "The Watch Fires of '76," "The Border Wars of New England," "On Plymouth Rock," "The Myths and Fables of To-day."

FRY, MRS. E., "The prisoner's friend," born in England, 1780; died, 1845; was the daughter of John Gurney, the rich banker, a member of the Society of Friends. In 1800 she married Joseph Fry, and ten years later became a preacher among the Friends. In 1813 she visited Newgate prison for the first time, and thenceforward her whole life and fortune were devoted to the work of prison reform. She succeeded in doing much to alter prison methods, and through her influence libraries were begun in naval hospitals and coastguard stations.

GARIBALDI, GIUSEPPE, the Italian patriot, born at Nice, 1807; died, 1882. The son of a fisherman, he determined to go to sea, though he had been educated with a view to the priesthood. When in 1834 Mazzini began the work of Italian liberation Garibaldi joined in it, and was condemned to death for taking part in an attempt to seize Genoa. He escaped, and fled to South America, and took part in the revolution against the Emperor of Brazil. After many adventures in South America he returned to Italy, and in 1849 threw in his lot with the revolutionists against Pope Pius IX. He was arrested, and ordered to leave the country. He went to New York, and worked for eighteen months at candle-making in Staten Island. Then he became captain of various merchantmen. In 1854 he returned to Italy, and settled down as a farmer in Caprera. Count Cavour called him to Turin, and he placed his sword at the service of King Victor Emmanuel. He was wounded at Aspromonte in 1862, and imprisoned at Spezzia. In the war of 1866 he escaped, and fought again against the Papal troops. His last fight was on the side of the French against the Germans in 1871. He wrote much in the later years of his life, chiefly against the Papacy and in favor of republicanism.

HOBSON, RICHMOND P., American naval officer, born, 1870. Midshipman on board the *Chicago*, 1888; studied for three years at the Royal Naval College, Woolwich, England. In March, 1898, he was ordered to join Commodore Sampson's fleet at Key West; thence he proceeded with the fleet to Santiago, where he performed the feat described in this book. This won for him universal admiration and several steps of promotion.

HOFER, ANDREAS. The patriot leader of the Tyrolese, born, 1767; died, 1810. In 1809 he called upon his people to drive out the French and Bavarians, and in seven weeks he swept the Tyrol clear of the latter. Later the French poured into the valleys of the Tyrol 40,000 men. Again Hofer in eight days routed them and retook Innspruck. But in the end the French and Bavarians were too much for him and his people. He disbanded his followers, and took to hiding in the mountains. In two months his hiding-place was betrayed, and he was captured and shot.

JOAN OF ARC, "The Maid of Orleans," was born in Domrémy, France, in 1412; burned at the stake at Rouen in 1431. She was brought up a simple country maiden, but in visions it was revealed to her how she should save her country from the English. She put on man's attire, succeeded in getting herself placed at the head of the troops, and drove the English out of Orleans; after this she was in several battles. She was taken prisoner and sold by John of Luxembourg, for 10,000 livres, to the English who, according to the barbarous habits of the times, first tortured her and then put her to death.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD, British essayist and historian, born, 1800; died, 1859. After a successful career at school and college he was called to the bar, but literature had stronger claims on him. His published poems, "Ivry," "The Spanish Armada," drew attention to him, and he was invited to contribute to the *Edinburgh Review*, to which he contributed many of his famous essays, beginning with that on Milton. "The Lays of Ancient Rome" was published in 1842. His unfinished "History of England" began to appear in 1848, and the fifth volume was published in 1861. His Life and Letters, by his nephew, Otto Trevelyan, published in 1876, are delightful reading.

MACDONALD, FLORA. "A name," said Doctor Johnson, "that will be remembered in history, and, if courage and fidelity are virtues, will be remembered with honor." She was born in 1722, and died in 1790, disguised as "Betty Burke the Irishwoman." She conducted the Young Pretender to safety in 1748. In 1770 she married the son of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, where she entertained Dr. Johnson. Her husband went to North Carolina in 1774, and fought with his five sons in the War of Independence. Returning in 1779, she was wounded during the voyage in a fight with a French privateer. Two years later her husband, who had been made a prisoner, returned, and they settled again in their old place at Kingsburgh.

RANDOLPH, SIR THOMAS, a trusted agent of Queen Elizabeth, born, 1523; died, 1590; was especially employed in diplomatic missions to Scotland. He was twice shot at. Once Mary ordered him to leave her court, and in 1581 he had to flee from Scotland for his life.

SANDERSON, EDGAR M. A., an English author and clergyman. He has written "The British Empire in the Nineteenth Century," "History of the World," "Africa in the Nineteenth Century," etc.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, famous novelist and poet, born in Scotland, 1771; died, 1832. Among his novels are, "Waverley," "Ivanhoe," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Monastery," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Woodstock," "Redgauntlet," and "Guy Mannering." His best-known poems are "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

SHOVEL, SIR CLOUDESLEY, English admiral, born about 1650; was apprenticed to a shoemaker; ran away to sea, but soon rose from cabin-boy to the quarter-deck; served under Sir John Narborough in the Mediterranean, burned four ships under the walls of Tripoli, commanded a ship in the battle at Bantry Bay, and in 1705 was made rear-admiral of England after many other exploits. On the voyage home from Toulon in 1707 his vessel, *The Association*, struck a rock off the Scilly Isles, and went down with eight hundred men on board. His body was washed ashore the next day, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP. The "President of Noblesse and of Chivalry," as the poet Spenser calls him, was born, 1554, and died, 1586. He was of high and noble lineage; and after travelling in Europe to complete his education, after the manner of those days, he went to court, and was at first a favorite of the fickle Queen Elizabeth. But she afterwards turned against him. He received a grant of thirty million acres in America in parts not yet discovered; was knighted and married in 1583. He was disappointed in his expectations of accompanying Drake on one of his expeditions, and was sent into the Netherlands to help the people in their struggle against Spain; and under the walls of Zutphen he received his death wound. Sidney will also be remembered for his poetical writings, his "Arcadia," his "Defence of Poesy," and his "Astrophel and Stella."

SMITH, CAPTAIN JOHN, English adventurer and explorer, born, 1580; died, 1631. As a boy he made up his mind to go to sea, though he was apprenticed to a merchant. He saw some soldiering in France under Henry IV. Thence he went to the Low Countries

and to Scotland; and after adventures in every part of Europe where adventure was to be found, he joined, in 1605, the expedition of a London company to explore Virginia. His own works tell the story of his life and adventures, which is not received with implicit belief. He wrote, "A True Relation of Occurrences in Virginia," "A Description of New England," "New England Trials," "General History of Virginia."

SPECHBACHER, JOSEPH, popular hero of the Tyrol, born, 1767; died, 1820. He fought under Andreas Hofer in the war of the Tyrolese against the French and Bavarians, and shared in his triumphs. When the Tyrolese soldiers were disbanded Spechbacher fled to the mountains, and for a long time remained in hiding, and escaped his pursuers from time to time in a manner little short of marvellous. Finally he succeeded in escaping to Austria; and when he was at length able to return to his native land, the Emperor of Austria gave him a pension of 1000 florins, which his wife and children, who had shared many of his vicissitudes, continued to enjoy after his death.

WALLACE, SIR WILLIAM, Scottish patriot, born about 1274, died about 1305. He first figures in history in 1299, at the head of a force against Edward I. of England. At the Battle of Falkirk, in 1298, he was routed by the same king. Seven years after he was captured, taken to London, crowned with laurel in mockery, tried for treason, and condemned and executed the very same day.

YONGE, CHARLOTTE M., English popular novelist, born 1823; died, 1900. She has published nearly a hundred and fifty books, and for many years was editor of *The Monthly Packet*. Her first book, "The Heir of Redclyffe," brought her immediate success, and she devoted a portion of its proceeds to fitting out a missionary schooner for Bishop Selwyn. The profits of "The Daisy Chain" she devoted to building a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand. In addition to her numerous volumes of fiction, she has written several historical works, — a work on Christian names, a Life of Bishop Patterson, and a monograph on Hannah More. All her stories are written with skill, are healthy and moral, but they are all made the vehicle for conveying High Church views.

BOOK OF BRAVE DEEDS

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Heroes of the Cross
William H. D. Adams

Daring Deeds of American Heroes
James O. Brayman

Heroic Happenings Told in Verse and Story
Elbridge S. Brooks

Great Events of the World
Rebecca Warren Brown

Hero Tales of the American Soldier and Sailor
James W. Buel

Heroes and Kings
Alfred J. Church

Boots and Saddles
Elizabeth B. Custer

Heroes and Heroines of the Scottish Covenanters
J. M. Dryerre

Heroes and Martyrs of Science
Henry C. Ewart

Heroines of Scotland
Robert S. Fittis

Heroes of the Indian Empire
Ernest Foster

Heroes of History and Legend
August W. Grube

The Miner Boy and His Monitor
Phineas C. Hadley

Heroes of Our Revolution
Thomas W. Hall.

True Stories of Brave Deeds
G. T. Hoare

The Sinking of the "Merrimac"
Richmond P. Hobson

Brave Women
Joseph Johnson

Deeds of Daring by Both Blue and Gray
D. M. Kelsey

Heroes of the Desert
Anne Manning

Careers of Danger and Daring
Cleveland S. Moffett

The Heroines of Domestic Life
The Heroines of History
Emily Owen

Heroes of Our War with Spain
Clinton Ross

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Mark Twain

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L. J. Valentine

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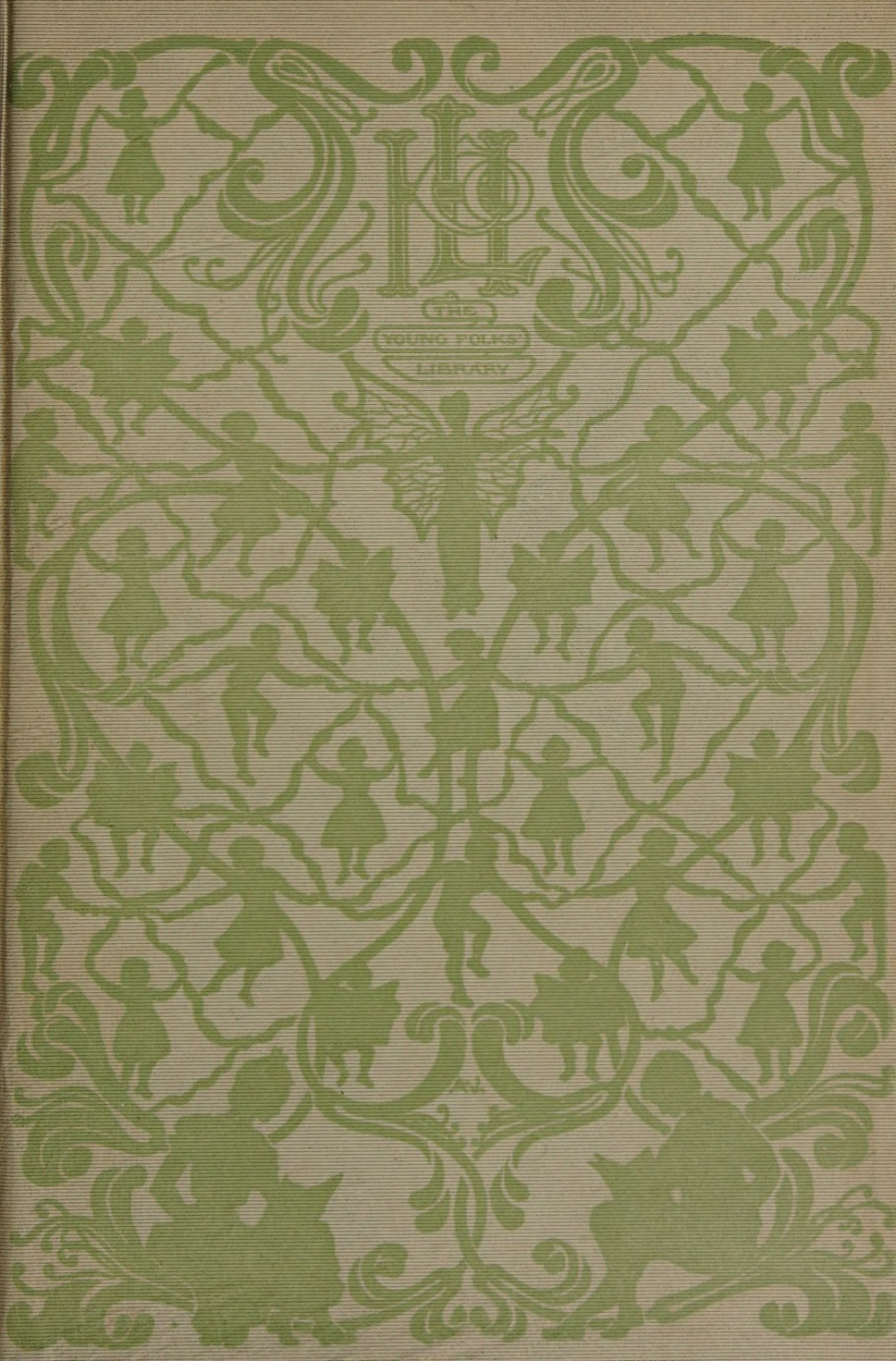
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